BRITANNIA and EVE

A MAGAZINE FOR MEN AND WOMEN

JULY 1950

TWO SHILLINGS

FOR EXPORT ONLY

Fervent ★ Coquette ☆ Blythe ★ Fantasy ★ Rapture ★ Idyll ★ Desire ★ Enchant

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 41 No. 1 JULY, 1950

CONDITIONS OF SALE AND SUPPLY.—This periodical is sold subject to the following conditions, namely, that it shall not without the written consent of the publishers first given, be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of by way of Trade except at the full retail price of 2s. 0d., and that it shall not be lent, resold, hired out or otherwise disposed of in a mutilated condition or in any unauthorized cover by way of Trade or affixed to or as part of any publication or advertising, literary or pictorial matter whatsoever.

Cover Design *by Angrave*

Articles

Women In The Arctic
by *Frank Illingworth* 13 and 78

Amusing The American
by *Sam Heppner* 14–15 and 72

Tremors In The Bull Ring
by *Ferdinand Tuohy* 16 and 72

What's It Like On The Moon?
by *David Gunston* 20 and 80

A Costly Royal Marriage
Written
by *Arnold Wareing*
Illustrated
by *Jack Matthew* 21–24 and 62

Weather Forecasting in Rhyme
by *R. H. Ferry*
Decoration
by *J. Nicolson* 25 and 62

Fantastic Cavalcade
by *A. M. Cotton*
Decoration
by *J. Nicolson* 28 and 66

War On The Roses
by *Cecily Morrison* 32–33 and 80

Books :
Reviewed
by *Trevor Allen* 34 and 80

The Glove—Testimony Of Faith 60 and 62

Home Section

A Bold Front On It
by *Walter Hayley* 35 and 66

Pleasure Of Their Company 36 and 79

Easy Going 37

Sterling Quality 38–39 and 74

Psychology Of Colour 40–41

Treasury Of Summer 42–43

On Playing The Waiting Game 44–45

Knitting :
Closed Front Cardigan 46 and 68
Knitted Flower Border 46 and 68

Plan For A Tan 47

Health and Beauty :
by *Chrysis*
Summer Health 48
Beautiful But Grey 48–49

Just The Place For It 50–51

You Don't Have To Be A Rabbit 52

Holiday Handwork 55

Cookery :
Sustaining Salads 56–57 and 70
On Toast 56–57
Soufflé 57

Parents Not Playmates 58

Stories

"Samson"
by *Jossleyn Hennessy*
Illustrations
by Frank Lea 9 and 79

Marion Kept The Ring
by Laurence Kirk
Illustrations
by W. L. Wynne 17–19 and 76

Winter Starlight
by *Mary Just*
Illustration
by *J. S. Goodall* 26–27 and 65

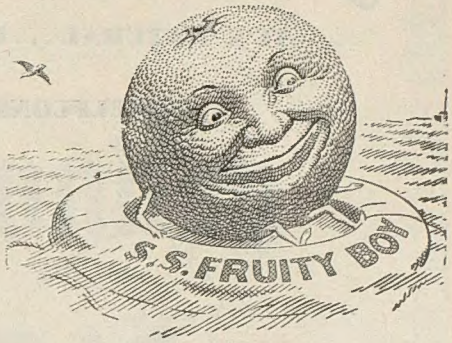
Duel At The Frontier
by *Michael Hastings*
Illustrations
by *S. Tresilian* 29–31 and 74

All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

The Inland and Foreign Postage for this issue is 3d. Canada 1½d.

BUOYS YOU UP

WHEN YOU'RE THIRSTY



IDRIS

THE QUALITY SOFT DRINK

Idris is a real life saver when you're thirsty. Very refreshing and so completely wholesome. Squashes 3/- per bottle.

Valstar DISTINCTIVE WEATHERWEAR

VALSTAR LTD., SALFORD 6, Lancs.

Also at 314 Regent Street, London, W.1

Enter - the new Beauty

IT'S NATURAL . . . LIGHTER

UNSELFCONSCIOUS !

and (styled for this NEW beauty)

ATKINSONS

SALON-TESTED COSMETICS

From Paris . . . a new note of naturalness ! And from Bond Street's most exclusive salon—these finer, lighter cosmetics, created to bring this new unselfconscious beauty to you in your own home.

For Atkinsons cosmetics have been Salon-tested by experts in Atkinsons own salon ; they have been proved ideal for *every* type of skin ! Now you, too, can possess the new loveliness —Atkinsons cosmetics bring you the new, lighter, more natural beauty which fashion decrees.

EXTRA LIGHT CLEANSING CREAM—*sinks deeply into pores, cleanses completely* 5/10

TINTED FOUNDATION CREAM—*spreads so lightly, holds so firmly—3 shades* . 4/6

EXQUISITE FACE POWDER—*with a new perfume, in attractive new box with novel compact filler—6 shades* . . . 4/1

ROUGE—*in three natural colours to blend with skin tones* 3/3

LIPSTICK—*in the intriguing dimplestick holder specially designed to fit your fingers—6 shades* 5/10

AC 3-796-100 J. & E. ATKINSON LTD., 24 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1

"This one's Made-to-Measure"

"You mean it's made to fit this particular job ?"

"That's right, sir. It's one of the special tools available to all Ford Dealers as part of the Ford Service Facilities. With specially designed tools we can do even the trickiest maintenance job exactly as it should be done ; and we can do it quickly. For you, sir, that means not only less time off the road ; but also less cost."

IN MOTORING— ***most for your money means*** **Ford**

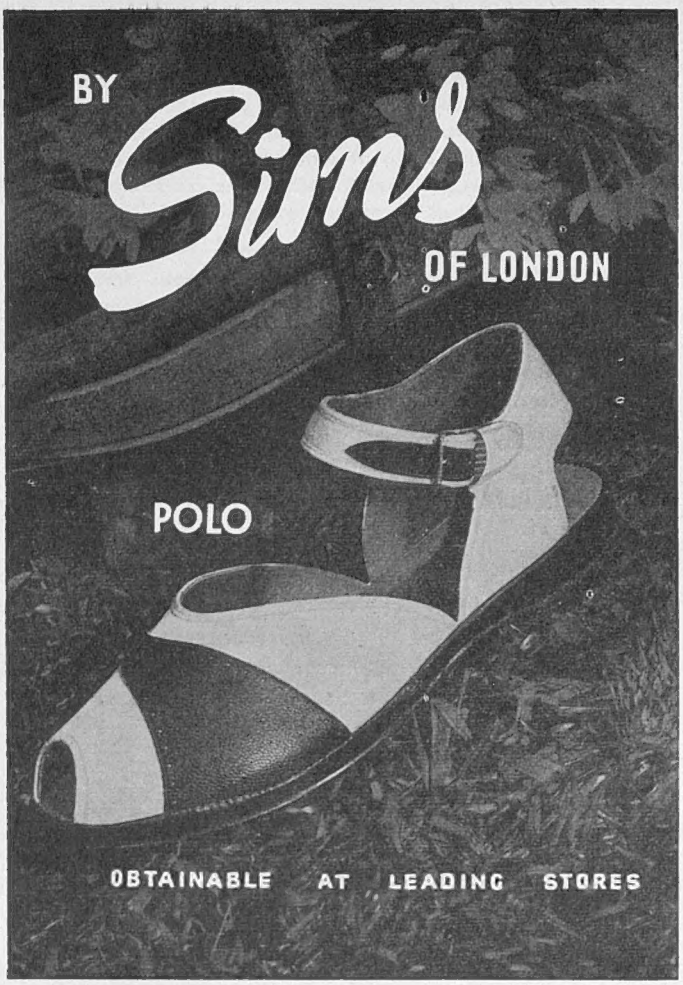
Mr. Micawber on Happiness

"Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure nineteen nineteen six, result happiness. Annual income twenty pounds, annual expenditure twenty ought six, result misery".

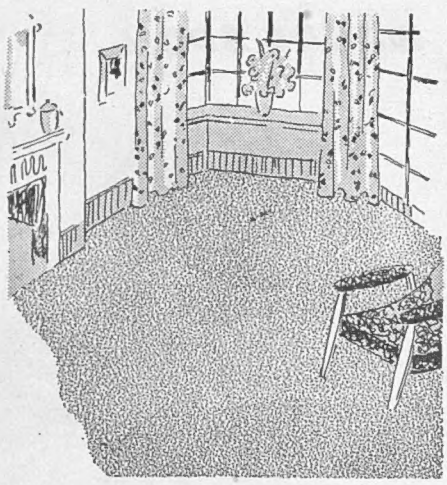
'DAVID COPPERFIELD' *by Charles Dickens*

Mr. Micawber's observation is as true today as it was when Charles Dickens wrote 'David Copperfield'. There is no surer way of keeping expenditure within income than by opening an account with the Midland Bank. For it is part of the Bank's service to keep accounts for its customers and to supply statements which form accurate records of their payments and receipts ; whilst the cheque book, apart from making payment of money simpler and safer, provides an up-to-the-minute record of expenditure. The means for putting into practice Mr. Micawber's formula for happiness are all to be found in an account with the Midland Bank.

MIDLAND BANK LIMITED



Send for samples of this attractive and economical carpeting



This needleloom carpet with rubber backing looks well . . . wears well . . . and gives a very soft tread. Requires no underfelt, is easily cut for fitting, lies flat and needs no sewing or binding. Available in 3 widths.

ONLY 9/6 PER YARD (18 in. wide)

IN 9 COLOURS 13/3 ,, ,, (27 in. wide)

25/6 ,, ,, (54 in. wide)

Carriage paid. Send 1/- for complete range of samples and full details.

PETER SHEPHERD & COMPANY

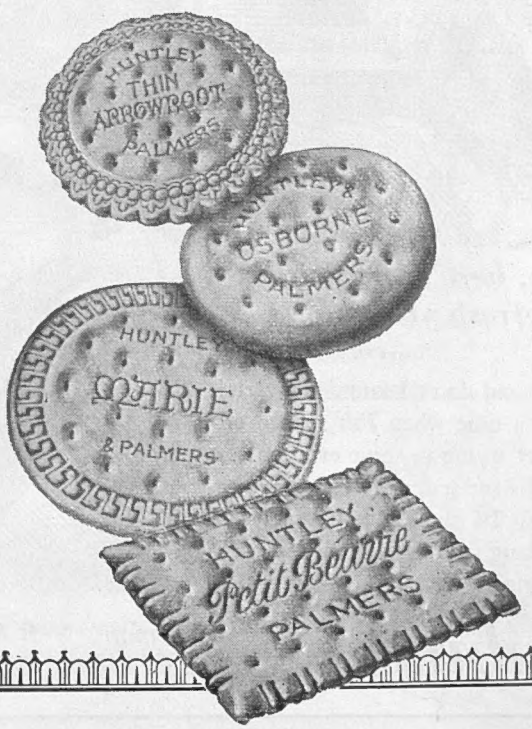
(Dept. L9) Kennet Side Works, Reading, Berks

By Appointment
Biscuit Manufacturers to H.M. King George VI
HUNTLEY & PALMERS LTD. READING, ENGLAND

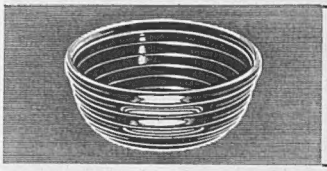
Huntley & Palmers

the first name you think of in

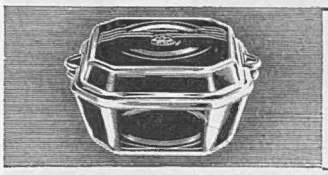
Biscuits



Here's just what you need to complete your Phoenix dinner service —a gravy-boat, both practical and decorative. Practical, because you can safely pop it into the oven to keep the gravy hot until ready to serve. Decorative, because it's tastefully moulded in Phoenix stay-clear heat-resisting glass. It stands on an oval platter large enough to carry a ladle, if needed, for extra thick gravy, custard or apple sauce. Add it to *your* Phoenix collection to-day.



PHOENIX MIXING BOWL—MB-530
Crystal-clear to make thorough mixing easier. Won't crack or craze. Boldly marked at 1 pint intervals. Available lipped or unlipped.



SQUARE CASSEROLE—SC-500
Ideal for roasting a round of beef. A useful and compact shape, neat and easily handled.

PHOENIX PUDDINGBASIN—PB-520
Just the thing for boiled or steamed puddings—but a many-purpose dish you'll be glad of every day. Keeps clear and shining. In 3 sizes.

PHOENIX

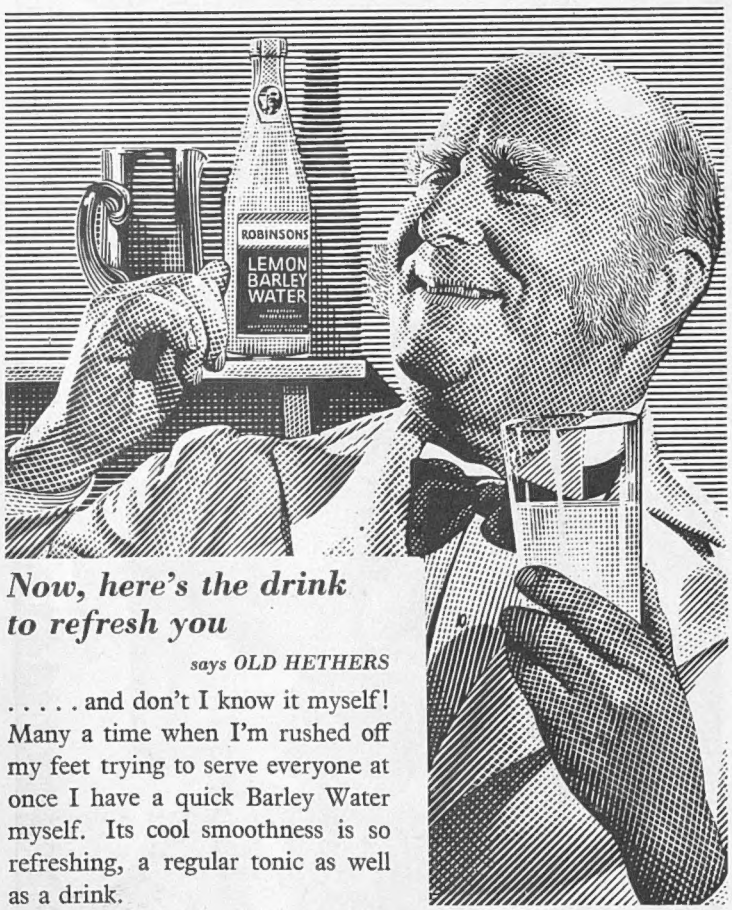
REGT. TRADE MARK

THE CLEAR GLASS OVENWARE THAT DECORATES YOUR TABLE

PRONOUNCE IT FEE-NIX

P4

BRITISH HEAT-RESISTING GLASS COMPANY LTD. · BILSTON · STAFFS



Now, here's the drink to refresh you

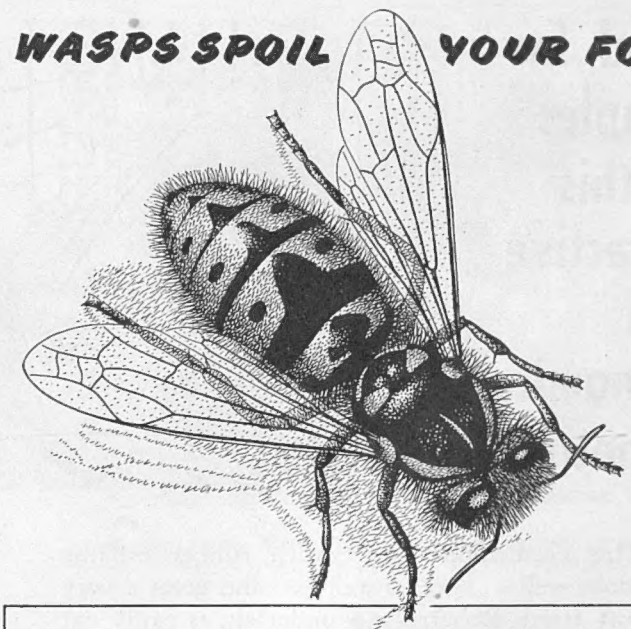
says OLD HETHERS

. . . . . and don't I know it myself! Many a time when I'm rushed off my feet trying to serve everyone at once I have a quick Barley Water myself. Its cool smoothness is so refreshing, a regular tonic as well as a drink.

Robinson's *Lemon or Orange.* BARLEY WATER

CVS-231.

WASPS SPOIL YOUR FOOD



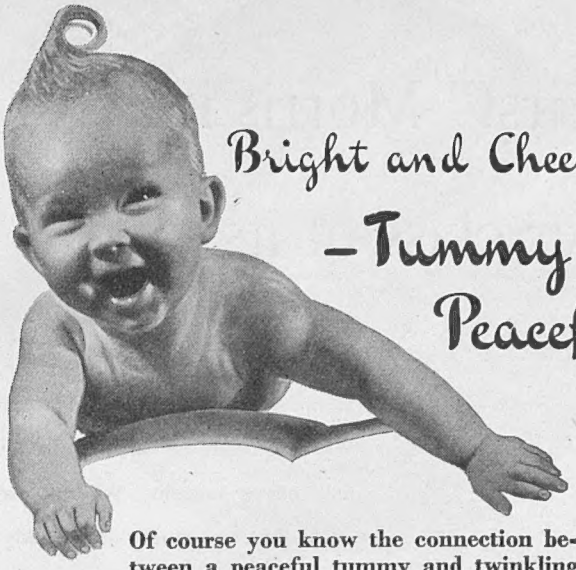
FLIT

KILLS WASPS AND OTHER INSECT PESTS

Post-war power. Pre-war price. New red, white and blue tin **1/6** & **2/6** *(G.B. & N.I.)*

FLIT—WORLD'S NO. 1 INSECTICIDE CONTAINS DDT

Use Flit Powder for crawling insects



Bright and Cheerful
-Tummy Peaceful

Of course you know the connection between a peaceful tummy and twinkling eyes . . . between restful sleep and rosy cheeks.
What a lot of peaceful nights, cheerful days and satisfactory weighings are due to 'Milk of Magnesia.'* Its gentle antacid and laxative action makes it the ideal calmer of 'windigestion' and suchlike tummy upsets.

'Milk of Magnesia'

REGD. TRADE MARK ★

Large size 3/2—*equals* 3 *small size* 1/7

A PROVEN PRODUCT OF THE CHAS. H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., LTD.

Still using old fashioned paint?

Still putting up with the smell?

BE MODERN—PAINT WITH

GLAMEL

THE *ONLY* PERFUMED ENAMEL

So easy to use—
and what a gloss!

Send for FREE Booklet to Dept. C.F.,
DRYNAMELS Ltd.
Shaftmoor Lane
BIRMINGHAM, 28

A TI PRODUCT

CASES—AND CONSEQUENCES

Mrs. Smith MET Mr. Therm
ONE BLACK MONDAY MORNING

SHE SAID TO HIM:
I'm worn out with washdays. Look at my hands! And I never get any time to myself.

HE SAID TO HER:
I can soon change that! Come along to the GAS Showrooms.

HE GAVE HER:
The choice of a range of beautiful GAS washing machines, heating their own water.

SHE GAVE HIM:
Her heartfelt thanks for helping her through washday in half the time!

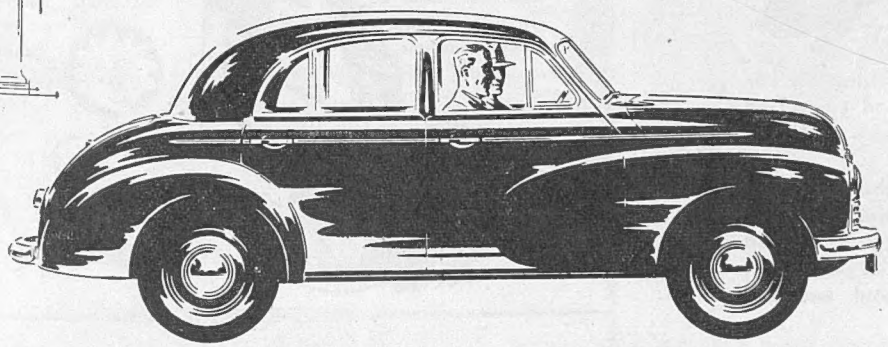
THE CONSEQUENCE WAS:
She now has leisure for having friends to tea in the afternoon.

AND THE WORLD SAID:
How cheerful Mrs. Smith is nowadays! And no wonder; she saves work the GAS way!

GAS GIVES YOU
HOLIDAYS FROM HOUSEWORK

Issued by The Gas Council

The "Quality First" Morris is in a new and higher class of its own



The modern Morris has put low cost motoring into a higher quality class. When next you see one, note its better finish inside and out. When it moves off observe how quietly and quickly its owner is in top and away! He is driving a car that has been built to a "Quality First" specification through and through.

Morris Oxford Saloon £427 (plus £119.7.3 Purchase Tax). Priority must be given to exports.

"The *Quality First*" **MORRIS**

A NUFFIELD PRODUCT

MORRIS MOTORS LIMITED, COWLEY, OXFORD. OVERSEAS BUSINESS: NUFFIELD EXPORTS LIMITED OXFORD AND 41 PICCADILLY, LONDON, W1

C76.L.

SUCH A SHAME!

to risk
losing half his teeth
by the time he's 40
because of
Mouth Acid

Why do most people lose half their teeth before they're forty? Dentists say that one of the main causes is mouth acid—particularly harmful to young teeth.

To check acid, many dentists advise 'Milk of Magnesia'*, contained only in one toothpaste—Phillips' Dental Magnesia.

Make sure your child uses this anti-acid toothpaste; its delightful mint flavour makes them eager to use it regularly—safeguarding their teeth during these early important years.

1/4 *per tube*
Extra large 2/3

★ *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

Make your home a shining example

Every Parozoned home is a shining example of the whiteness and brightness Parozone so generously bestows. Use it for Linens, Cottons, Porcelain, Wall and Fireplace Tiles, Glass, Crystal, Plain White Woodwork, Lavatory Bowl and Sink. Follow directions on the bottle label.

A HOUSEHOLD NAME FOR OVER 60 YEARS

PAROZONE REG.

DOES MORE THAN BLEACH

With our new factory at Woking now in full production there is no reason why you cannot get Parozone in spite of ever increasing demand.

HEAD OFFICE: GLASGOW: And at LONDON, NOTTINGHAM and WOKING

Walk with Liberty

When you buy Liberty you obtain quality in design, material and workmanship. Smartness is combined with comfort.

If you have any difficulty at all in obtaining Liberty shoes, please do not hesitate, write straight to the manufacturers, who will gladly help you.

LIBERTY SHOES LTD., LEICESTER

Don't let *these eyes...*

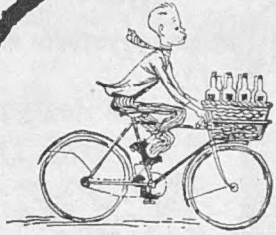
become these...

Your skill—and pleasure—at sport depend so *very* much on your eyes. Properly tended they will do much to help you to *enjoy life to the full.* If you have some minor trouble such as simple eye-strain or conjunctivitis, etc., use Optrex. It is so safe and so pleasant—and so medically approved. Keep a large bottle at hand for all the family. It is much better value.

Buy and use the Optrex Eye Bath. *Anatomically designed. It fits your eye—and fits the bottle.*

Optrex *the* **EYE LOTION**

2/6 · 4/4½ · 10/-



Careful, brat!

... You are bearing the hopes, the longings, the gastronomic yearnings of twelve of your most discerning Elders. You are delivering, in short, One Dozen Bottles of Lembar. Treat them respectfully. Not *every* lemon barley water is made from pure lemon juice, deliciously mingled with the best, most mellow barley, judiciously sweetened to a flavour for the gods. No, indeed. *But Lembar is.* Always remember that — always.

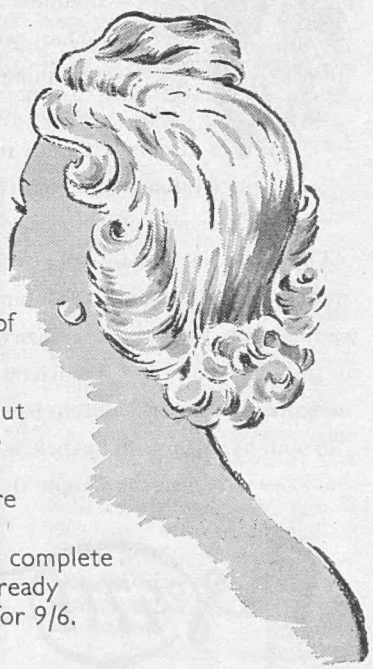
RAYNER'S

Lembar

Invalid Lembar from Chemists only. Beverage Lembar from Grocers and Wine Merchants.

made by
RAYNER & COMPANY LTD., LONDON, N.18

The **Luxury Wave** *that cares for your hair*



Hair shining and lovely, waves and curls exactly as you want them with no trace of "frizziness," head looking salon-finished, how enchanted you will be when you see the result of your first Richard Hudnut Home Permanent Wave! So easy to do, too, because the gentle creme waving lotion was perfected to take care of even the most "difficult" hair! A guinea certainly isn't much to pay for complete confidence and a perfect result! If you already have *plastic* curlers, buy a Hudnut refill for 9/6.

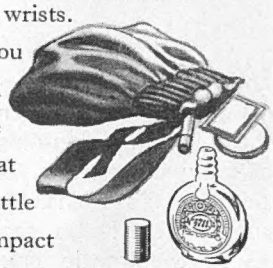
Richard Hudnut

THE LUXURY HOME WAVE

The "four-seven-eleven" moment

. . . *a fresh touch to make-up*

You simply mustn't take an exhausting day with you to the party! But hiding tiredness behind make-up isn't enough. What your inner self needs is the refreshing "lift" that '4711' Eau de Cologne immediately gives. Inhale its fragrant vapour from cupped hands . . . use its freshness freely on the forehead, behind the ears, at the nape of the neck, on the wrists. That's the way to use '4711' when you want to feel *alive* again. Never put it on your clothes. Keep the large size bottle in the bathroom for the friction that invigorates. Have the watch shaped bottle in your handbag with lipstick and compact — to banish the fatigue that make-up only disguises!



No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

BLUE AND GOLD LABEL

Watch shaped size 4/- (incl. tax) for the handbag

Larger sizes from 7/8 to 40/- (incl. tax)

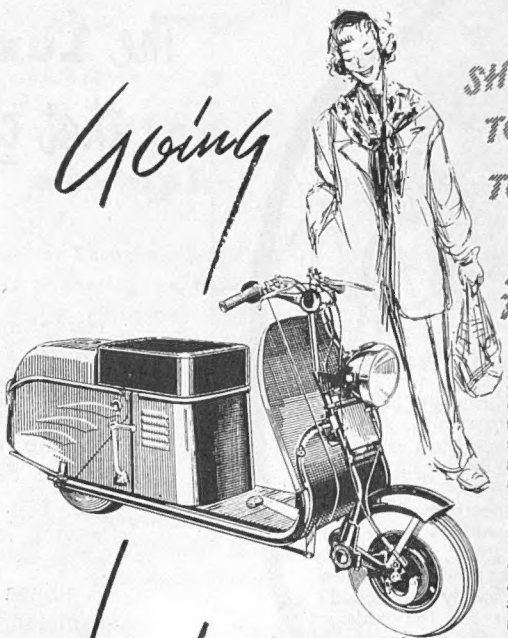
★ *When the occasion demands a perfume as well as the freshness of '4711' use either TOSCA, RHINEGOLD or LA BOHÈME Perfumed Eau de Cologres. Also obtainable as full-strength perfumes.*

Made in England by R. J. REUTER COMPANY LTD., SLOUGH, BUCKS.

londonpride

From selected Stores and Fashion Houses throughout the country

Created by
London Pride Limited,
1-2 Berners St, London W.1
Wholesale and Export only



Going SHOPPING
TO THE FARM
TO MEET THE TRAIN
TO TEA AT THE VICARAGE

The ideal machine for Town and Country Homes, for when it's just too far to walk, and hardly worth taking the car, it's worth taking the 'Gadabout.' Approximately 95 miles to the gallon and equipped with the Villiers two-stroke engine and a three-speed foot change giving a 30-m.p.h. cruising speed, the 'Gadabout' certainly needs investigation. Demonstrations at your local 'Swallow' Agent, or full information on request. Write to Dept. A.

by the famous

Swallow Gadabout

SO SIMPLE, ECONOMICAL & SUCH A PLEASURE

SWALLOW COACHBUILDING Co (1935) LTD · THE AIRPORT · WALSALL · STAFFS.

I thought that having set my mind at rest, he 'd hop off; but he just stood there looking sheepish

"Samson"

Pilot Officer L.R.A.F.

A Short Story

by

Jossleyn Hennessy

SOON after I 'd been posted to Sindhipur, one of India's smaller R.A.F. centres, I happened on Mrs. Murdoch, my Group Captain's wife, in the bazaar. She gave me a sub-zero stare. I wondered what I 'd done. I was only a pilot officer at the time, green and scared stiff. It doesn't do to be in wrong with your old man's wife, especially when she 's the queen bee of a place so short on civilisation that, if you 're not liked, solo Shakespeare reading is the wildest form of fun and games on tap.

The Mess soon cleared up the mystery for me.

" Have you left a visiting-card on her ? "

" No."

" And you 've been here fourteen days and nights ! My God ! You 'll be a social pariah dog ! As a matter of fact, although she believes the outposts of Empire are held together by boiled shirts and starched manners, she 's really a damned good sort. Get a move on and call to-day."

I was all set to do so when I was unexpectedly ordered to rush a kite to the other end of India. It would be some days before I could be back. Then I remembered that Edwards, a flight-sergeant, had to turn out at four ack emma the next day to pick up some girders from the station. We were building a hangar and started work early, before the heat came up. I asked him if he 'd stop off at the Murdochs' bungalow and drop my cards in their letter-box.

When I got back ten days later, I 'd forgotten all about Mrs. Murdoch and social decorum, but Edwards turned up at once to say that he 'd left the cards.

" Fine ! Thanks for bothering to come round so soon to tell me."

I thought that having set my mind at rest, he 'd hop off; but he just stood there looking sheepish.

" Thanks a lot," I said encouragingly, supposing that he must be one of those shy birds who find difficulty in taking off once they 're grounded anywhere.

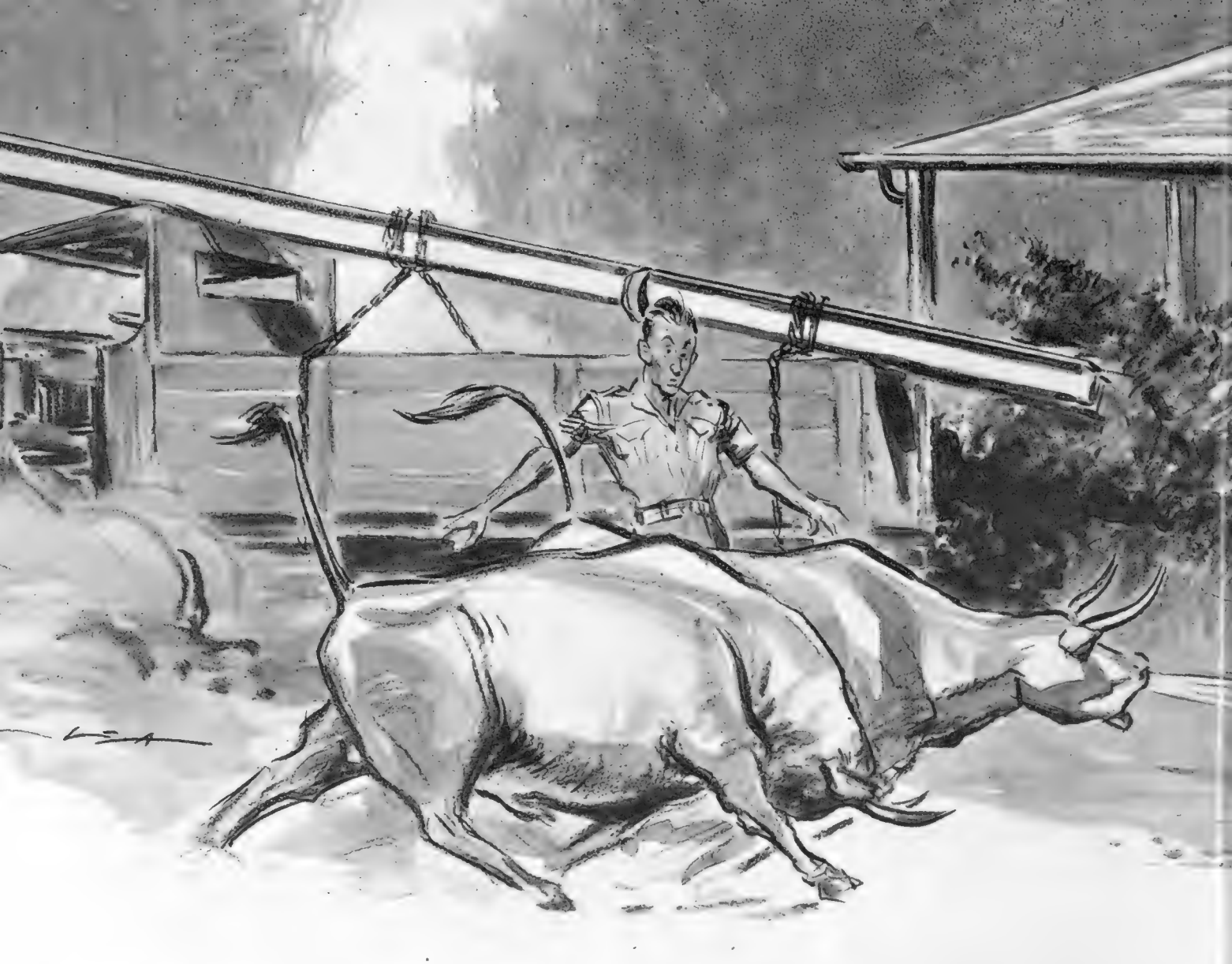
" I think you ought to know, sir," he said hesitantly, " I had a bit of a mix-up like."

Slowly I gathered the shattering story from him.

The approach to the bungalow was semi-circular; you know, you drive in at one gate and out at the other. Edwards forgot to leave my cards on the way to the station, but he remembered on the way back. Of course, he ought to have left the lorry outside and walked the twenty-five yards to the front door; but he didn't think, so, before he knew what was up, the nearside girder, sticking out over his bonnet in front, had brought the left-hand column of Mrs. Murdoch's porch down, with a noise like a block-buster. . . . It was just daybreak.

Edwards heard the Group Captain yell " Out of the house everyone ! It 's an earthquake ! " Murdoch had been in the great Quetta 'quake, so he knew. And within seconds, the old man himself, in pyjamas, a scared child in either hand, followed by Mrs. Murdoch in a flimsy nightdress, ran out on to the lawn at the side. A dozen excited bearers, *khitmatghars*, *mesolchis* and sweepers, headed by an *ayah* screaming like a jammed steam whistle, came scuttling from the compound.

If Edwards had been soundly brought up to survive with the fittest, he 'd have switched off his headlights and trod on the gas, and I bet he 'd have got away in the confusion. But in him, the noise, dust and general bewilderment produced a combined-op feeling that he ought to stand by as someone was sure to need help. It didn't occur to him that he might be that someone. Besides, he had not handed in my cards; conscientiousness, not fast thought, was his *forte*. So he waited



until the storm had died to comparative twitterings to step down, salute and solemnly hand the old man two pieces of pasteboard engraved with my name. Murdoch was a tall, lean, reserved Scot who got things done at the double by the jump-to-it look in his eye. But he could put the atmospherics off a troop-ship's loud-speaker into his voice if he were riled.

" What the hell 's this ? " he blared.

" Mr. Allerton's cards, sir, with his compliments," Edwards murmured, with that friendly, deprecating smile of his.

The old man, Mrs. M., the children and the servants just gaped at him.

" Did he tell you to wreck the bungalow with his compliments, too ? " Murdoch asked finally.

" Oh, *no*, sir," Edwards said, shocked that anyone should think so meanly of a fellow-creature. " The porch was just a—a kind of an accident-like, sir . . . I 'm awfully sorry, sir."

" Well, take your damned lorry away ! I 'll settle you later."

Amidst an accusing silence that pained him, Edwards slipped in the clutch and had covered a few feet before he heard warning shouts. He was stopped by a jolt, followed by a crash like El Alamein. In turning to make the second half of the semi-circle, the girder jutting from the rear had tackled the remaining column low ; the porch roof, now deprived of support, fell flat. In the police lines, a couple of hundred yards away, a bugle sounded the alarm.

Edwards got down, to see dim, pyjamaed figures choking in clouds of dust. Over all he heard the old man swearing " Something shocking, sir," and Mrs. M. say, " *Pas devant les enfants !* " She had something there, as Queen Victoria would have snapped. Once more, you or I would have fled ; but Edwards first made sure that no one was hurt and then hovered around the old man, guiltily anxious to oblige if someone would only tell him how. " The Group Captain and Mrs. Murdoch were smothered, as if they 'd been—begging your pardon, sir—having a go at each other, playful-like, with bags of flour. They needed a nice bath and a tin of Vim each." Mrs. M. looked from her husband down at herself, snatched the children, and went indoors quickly.

" Have you any more visiting-cards to leave ? " Murdoch asked hoarsely.

Edwards felt in his pockets.

" No, sir," he said, disappointed that his reply was somehow not as helpful as he would have liked.

At that moment the District Commissioner, " Bags " Foster, fat and jovial, loomed up and boomed out :

" Hallo, Gregory ! Special night-bombing exercise ? Sounding the last trump ? Or just having a party ? "

" My newest recruit has been paying me a friendly call," Murdoch replied, furiously sarcastic.

Foster surveyed the columns. One had fallen through the front door into the hall. Both were in pieces. The rubble of the heavy sun-proof porch lay three feet deep.

" Good thing he wasn't annoyed with you," he remarked.

Edwards cleared his throat.

" Will that be all, sir ? " he ventured.

Murdoch looked at him ; he seemed to be searching for words ; then he said with a suppressed ferocity that made Edwards feel that " the Group Captain had got me all wrong, as you might say, sir " :

" All ? For God's sake get out of here while I 've still got a roof over my head ! "

Sadly frustrated, Edwards was starting his engine when he became aware that his way was blocked by a sacred cow which had chosen to lie down on the drive for a cud-chewing session. Near by a couple of Brahmini bulls were rooting the grass on the front lawn. These animals rove the bazaars, eating their fill from the stalls of greengrocers or corn dealers. To prevent them is disrespectful. Riots have started only because a wrathful Muslim has dared to drive a sacred Hindu cow from his merchandise.

Edwards pressed his horn, but the desert dust accumulated in its innards limited it to a husky cough.

" What is it now ? Want the whole damned bungalow to move out of your way ? Get on out ! " (I extract the printable sections of Murdoch's observations.)

" I can't, sir. I 've got a sacred cow ahead," Edwards called back.

" You 've got a sacrilegious row ahead ! " rasped Murdoch.

In a twinkling, the bulls had chased the Group Captain and the District Commissioner on to the side verandah

Foster let out a belly laugh, while Murdoch charged angrily round the bungalow and struck the animal with all his force. Now the Indian cow's hide is tough and the effect on Murdoch was as though he had smashed his fist on a slab of marble. Speechless, he dropped his paralysed arm. The cow twitched its tail with a fly-flicking movement but remained otherwise indifferent. Not so the bulls. They had not cared for the abruptness with which Murdoch had entered their field of vision, and they cared still less for his attitude towards one who was (Edwards surmised) respectively their wife and mother. Lowering their heads, the bulls advanced. Edwards' well-meaning attempt to distract their attention by what were intended as vigorous blasts on his horn merely suggested that he thought the situation called for a series of discreet, behind-the-hand coughs. There was nothing else for it; Murdoch ran. The bearers, *khitmatghars* and other fascinated hangers-on, took off before him as one man and fled like a ghostly rout of dervishes to the compound in rear. In a twinkling, the bulls had chased the Group Captain and the District Commissioner on to the side verandah and cornered them with a neat wheeling manœuvre. Fortunately, an *almirah* (large wardrobe) offered a ready-made funk-hole, and into this Foster (laughing) and Murdoch (gasping) shut themselves.

Whereupon, first one and then the other bull sank cumbrously on to the verandah floor and brooded at the *almirah*.

The sounds emerging from the D.C. made it clear that Foster had given himself over to *almirah*-shaking laughter—so infectious that even the soured Murdoch spotted the joke and burst into guffaws. The tug between Edwards' companionable itch to join in heartily and his sense of discipline resulted in fits and starts of the giggles which he kept as respectful as possible. "Things had been getting so unsociable, it quite cheered me up to hear the gentlemen larking about in their cupboard," he confided to me. "I thought Mr. Foster would have it over before he 'd finished." And scores of Indian servants from neighbouring bungalows, who had collected to lean interestedly with both elbows over the garden walls, began to laugh too.

Into this happy picture, which was rapidly warming up as the sun gained height, there now rode a trim figure on a splendid horse. Edwards recognised the Brigadier commanding the sub-area out for his pre-breakfast canter. The Brigadier, and his horse, appeared frankly suspicious at what they saw: a Hindu cow daring to sprawl on a senior British officer's drive—two Brahmini bulls outrageously using his verandah as though it were some naked fakir's hut—hordes of mutinously jeering Indians—a wretched R.A.F. driver terrorised into sniggering imbecility—the Murdochs' bungalow dynamited!

Only a week ago the Brigadier's troops had had to open fire on a bazaar-looting mob; and now here was evidently some new form of damned seditious demonstration. Instinctively he drew a revolver and as instinctively he cocked it.

"Well?" he challenged.

Edwards had begun the process of thinking out some explanation that would put everybody concerned in a good light—when another unlooked-for turn in the exercise had all ranks guessing.

A noise as of a crazy schoolmistress tearing along clanging a jeroboam-sized assembly bell with one hand and firing a submachine gun with the other, resolved itself into the Sindhipur Model T Mark I. fire-engine which skidded to a brake-screeching stop within inches of the sacred cow.

At once, the scene sprang from still-life to high-speed action. Eight Punjabi firemen slid from the engine, unrolled hoses and made other threatening gestures towards any lurking conflagration. From a standing jump, the Brigadier's horse cleared the cow, scattered the crowd right and left, and bolted for home, what time the Brigadier circled overhead and (as witnesses afterwards swore) exploded in mid-air. . . . Actually, he landed, in one piece, on a rose-bush with a smoking revolver whose trigger he had involuntarily squeezed on the way. This commotion caused the sacred cow to jerk indignantly to her four feet and to lollop off towards the servants' quarters, where her arrival was acknowledged back some seconds later by remote discord. The bulls crashed loyally after their wife and mother. (Remote discord renewed *tremolo, agitato, crescendo.*)

Foster and Murdoch peered sweatily from their *almirah*, took one look at the fire-engine, another at the inexplicable figure of the Brigadier (his face scarlet as the roses in which he sat), and staggered out, the tears streaming from their eyes.

"Another early-morning caller!" Foster spluttered. "What a p-p-popular fellow you are, Gregory!"

"Why the f-f-fire-engine?" sobbed Murdoch. "I thought he was cav-cavalry!"

"Me-me-meme-meme-me——" cackled Foster, in uncontrollable dots and dashes, "—chanised," he finished with an effort.

"You don't think I came in *that*!" raged the Brigadier, waving his revolver at the engine, which sent the firemen beetling for cover behind it. "I rode in—but I've lost my horse."

This information swept Foster and Murdoch into new gales of laughter. "He—he didn't come in the f-f-fire-engine! He—he came on a ho-horse, but he's lost it!" they assured each other between paroxysms.

The Brigadier seemed ready to let fly some caustic comments, possibly emphasised by gunfire, when Mrs. Murdoch stepped on to the verandah. Her ash-blonde hair was in review order, her morning make-up in place, and she wore a snowy, short-sleeved dress.

"Shall we stop acting like characters in a comic strip?" she suggested equably.

Then to the firemen she said in Hindustanee: "Enough. It is well done, but it is finished. Thank you. Go now, quickly."

To the D.C.: "While Gregory has a bath, I wish you'd come in, Bags, and 'phone the P.W.D. an order to clear this mess up—to-day—this morning—within an hour. They'll take it from you. And then you'd better stay to breakfast."

Turning to the rose-bush, she said smoothly: "Good-morning, Brigadier. It's nice to see you at all times. Some bacon and eggs while we send for your car?"

All the reward that Edwards got for his anxious consideration of everyone's feelings was a curtly-waved dismissal.

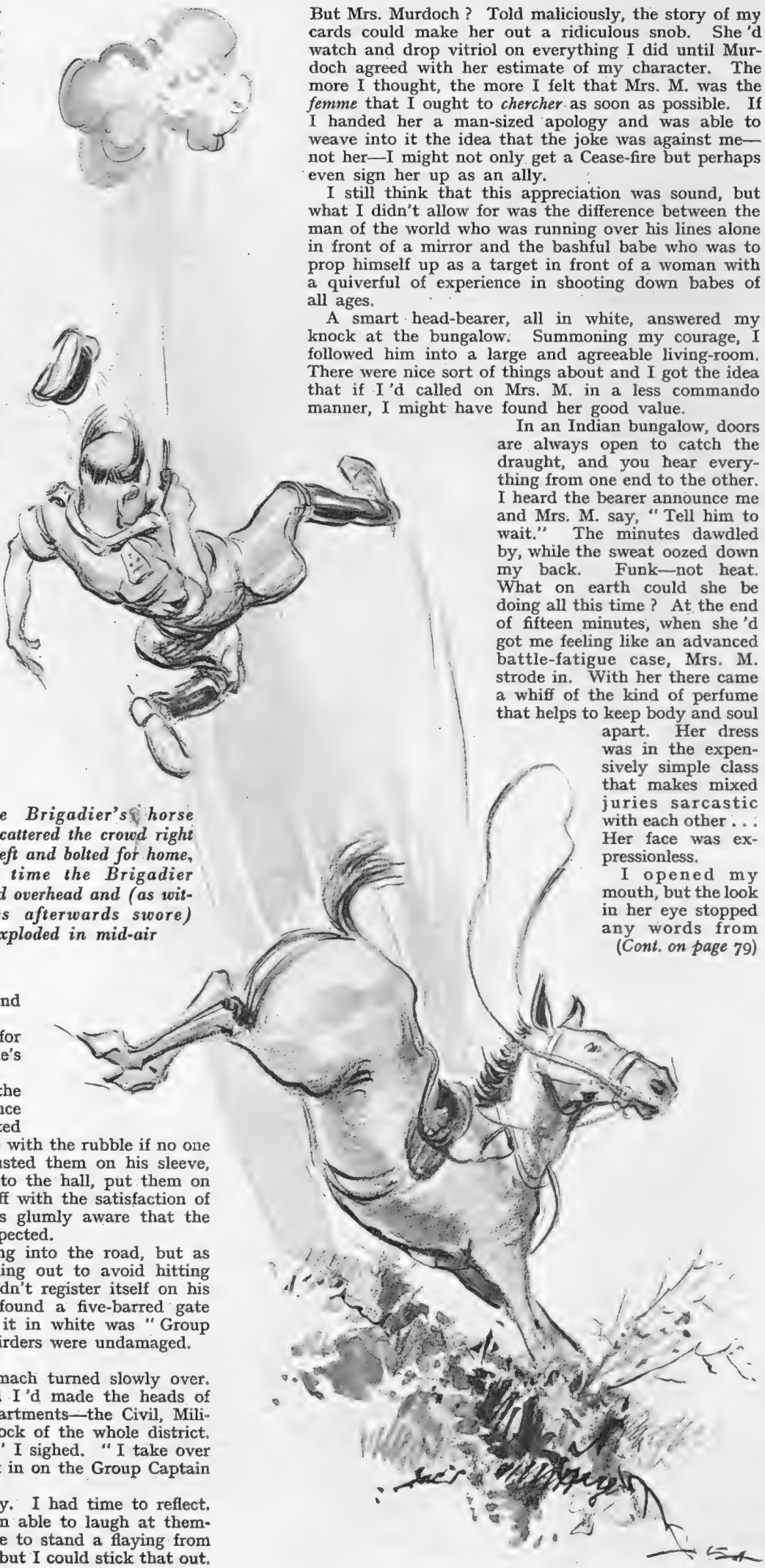
Alone at last, Edwards was, for the third time, about to leave, when his glance fell on my visiting-cards lying neglected on the lawn. They would be swept up with the rubble if no one rescued them. He jumped down, dusted them on his sleeve, scrambled over the fallen masonry into the hall, put them on a tray with other cards, and drove off with the satisfaction of one who had done his duty but was glumly aware that the result was not what England had expected.

There was a slight jar as he swung into the road, but as Edwards was concentrated on watching out to avoid hitting anything more with his girders, it didn't register itself on his mind. Arrived at the hangar, he found a five-barred gate hooked on to his rear. Painted on it in white was "Group Captain G. Murdoch, R.A.F." The girders were undamaged.

AS I listened to Edwards, my stomach turned slowly over. I was barely out of school and I'd made the heads of Sindhipur's four most important departments—the Civil, Military, Air and Social—the laughing-stock of the whole district.

"Well, Edwards, don't you worry," I sighed. "I take over the wreck from here. I'd better look in on the Group Captain before he sends for me."

He was, however, away for the day. I had time to reflect. That the D.C. and Murdoch had been able to laugh at themselves offered a gleam. I should have to stand a flaying from the old man and chaff from the Mess, but I could stick that out.



The Brigadier's horse scattered the crowd right and left and bolted for home, what time the Brigadier circled overhead and (as witnesses afterwards swore) exploded in mid-air

But Mrs. Murdoch? Told maliciously, the story of my cards could make her out a ridiculous snob. She'd watch and drop vitriol on everything I did until Murdoch agreed with her estimate of my character. The more I thought, the more I felt that Mrs. M. was the *femme* that I ought to *chercher* as soon as possible. If I handed her a man-sized apology and was able to weave into it the idea that the joke was against me—not her—I might not only get a Cease-fire but perhaps even sign her up as an ally.

I still think that this appreciation was sound, but what I didn't allow for was the difference between the man of the world who was running over his lines alone in front of a mirror and the bashful babe who was to prop himself up as a target in front of a woman with a quiverful of experience in shooting down babes of all ages.

A smart head-bearer, all in white, answered my knock at the bungalow. Summoning my courage, I followed him into a large and agreeable living-room. There were nice sort of things about and I got the idea that if I'd called on Mrs. M. in a less commando manner, I might have found her good value.

In an Indian bungalow, doors are always open to catch the draught, and you hear everything from one end to the other. I heard the bearer announce me and Mrs. M. say, "Tell him to wait." The minutes dawdled by, while the sweat oozed down my back. Funk—not heat. What on earth could she be doing all this time? At the end of fifteen minutes, when she'd got me feeling like an advanced battle-fatigue case, Mrs. M. strode in. With her there came a whiff of the kind of perfume that helps to keep body and soul apart. Her dress was in the expensively simple class that makes mixed juries sarcastic with each other . . . Her face was expressionless.

I opened my mouth, but the look in her eye stopped any words from

(*Cont. on page 79*)

Women In The Arctic

Are Bringing To The New Arctic Settlements—Military And Industrial—A Sense Of Responsibility, And They Are Also Doing A Man's Job In Settling New Localities

By Frank Illingworth

Haakon Stuedal and his blonde wife Pasan, photographed at Sverdup, mining settlement in Spitzbergen, 800 miles from the North Pole. The house they live in is as comfortable and as well appointed as that which they left in Oslo. Shopping presents no difficulties. You telephone your weekly order to the local store and it is delivered in winter by sledge and in summer by jeep

THE foremost call of the men who are building the new industrial settlements in the Arctic is, "Send us more women"—women for the canteens, the new hospitals and schools, and women to run our homes." And the call is being answered.

Not all women are psychologically suited to conditions of life in the Arctic. The harshness of winter weather, the uncertainties of life which every now and again makes itself apparent to even the most unimaginative, in the more remote settlements, the loneliness: these and other circumstances add up until for some women they present a weight which is beyond their power to support. But many have proved themselves well qualified to withstand the worst that the Arctic can offer.

The scarcity of women in the North puts them in a strategically strong position. Over much of the civilized world they number two to every male; in the North this ratio is reversed, and, not unnaturally, the women take an unwomanly pleasure in leading by the nose every man from the tough-as-nails trapper of twenty polar winters to the newly-arrived greenhorn.

IN the North less than half the white males of fifteen and over are married; but three-quarters of the women in this age group wear wedding rings, and among the over twenties almost one hundred per cent have been married at least once. In Alaska's Fairbanks and in bitter Nome, in Canada's Aklavik and Copper Mine, and right across the roof of the world beyond Greenland to Spitzbergen it is the same. The pretty young nurse who attends a frostbitten finger at Svea in Spitzbergen, 700 miles from the North Pole, wears on her hand a new wedding ring. Karen Borup-Svensen, a Danish woman whom I met on the way to Spitzbergen in 1949, was married within three weeks of arrival there. Look at the hands of the Canadian waitresses in Yellowknife and you will find they carry wedding rings as bright as the gold in the surrounding mines. In Alaska it is nothing uncommon for a ring to gleam on the hand raised by a fifteen-year-old in a classroom, for two-thirds of the girls there are married before they are sixteen. In 1948, when the people of Wrangell (in Alaska) decided to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of the Gold Trail of '98, they decided that this should include a Can-Can chorus. There was little competition for the chorus, for there were more places in its ranks than could be filled, and its number did not include one spinster. The eight pairs of legs that flashed before the footlights that night were shapely, yet their owners boasted an aggregate of twenty-four children.

THE arrival of a woman in the Arctic travels along the trails with the speed of a polar wind. A woman! Her looks, her capabilities as nurse, cook, companion, and possibly as wife, are discussed in length and in detail.

There are instances where men have traced-up and travelled fifty miles or more for a few words with a newly arrived nurse or schoolmistress.

When a new nurse arrived at Nome, the single room in which she lived became the focal point of trappers, miners and lumbermen, each with a suddenly-developed ailment. They eyed each other suspiciously, each knowing that there was nothing wrong with his neighbour, that they had, indeed, suffered the discomforts of the trail in order to exchange a few words with a woman.

William Karr, the doctor at Point Barrow, in the extreme north of Alaska, has suggested that the nurses sent to his hospital be other than attractive to look upon. "The arrival of an attractive nurse here is the certain signal for an influx of patients, each with anything but a medical problem on his mind."

An interesting sidelight on the advent of women to the Arctic in numbers is that they introduce to newly-founded settlements the class consciousness common to the more prosaic parts of the world.

The first women to arrive at a frontier settlement almost invariably include hangers-on. And then, as tents give place to shacks and shacks to properly built homes, wives are summoned, and very soon they have introduced into the new settlement the class consciousness of civilized parts. I am not sure whether this means that women are prigs, or that they are the real foundation (*Continued on page 78*)

In summer attire. A young mother with her small child. A picture from Diskobay, West Greenland. (*On right*) A portrait of Mrs. Babad, wife of the Russian Commissar at Grummant, a Soviet coalmining settlement

Amusing The American

This seven-inch disc which has micro-grooves plays as long as the standard twelve-inch disc. It is played on a special record player which revolves 33⅓ times a minute as compared with the standard seventy-eight revolutions now in use

Reflections On The New York Theatre, Radio, Television, Cinema And Gramophone Worlds

By Sam Heppner

YOU can judge people by their books or their friends. Equally, you can judge them by the various forms of entertainment they patronize. And, judged on this basis, the New Yorker is undoubtedly a strange, inconsistent, self-contradictory animal with a touch of the schizophrenic about him. At least, this is the conclusion I reached a short while ago when I stopped, looked and listened in the neighbourhood of Forty-second Street. I stopped, in fact, two or three hundred yards from Times Square, I looked at a lot of television and theatrical productions, and I listened fairly constantly to the radio and, indeed, the gramophone—and, oh, how I coveted those amazing long playing records that enable you to hear a complete symphony with only a single interruption. . . .

Sampling all these things, I discovered, with a sense of baffled and impotent wonder, that while the New Yorker enjoys beautiful artistry, ingenious presentation and talent of the highest order in his clubs, restaurants and theatres, he will tolerate the most unspeakable drivel on his radio and television. A queer animal indeed.

So, lest I be thought a miserable old crosspatch, I hasten to display the credit side of my accounting with the praise I think the New York theatre has justly earned. If you saw the original all-American *Oklahoma!* at the Drury Lane Theatre, I have no doubt you received the impression that here was something enchantingly fresh and different. There was no opening chorus of the conventional musical comedy; nothing formulated and stylized. It was—bang!—right *in* with the story already unfolding and one man singing the hit song of the show. This sensation came back to me three years later, as I sat in the New Century Theatre and the curtain rose on *Kiss Me Kate*, and I was caught up in a splendid, gay frolic that never slackened till the final curtain fell. "What?" I had protested, when a friend recommended it, "a Cole Porter musical on *The Taming of the Shrew?* Impossible!" And I had said something of the sort when I was told I ought to see *Where's Charlie?*, for I had positively loathed *Charlie's Aunt* as a boy and contemplated a musical version of it only with revulsion.

Yet on both occasions I was mollified to the point of enchantment. The reason seems to be that New York theatre managements contrive to make their shows sparkle with quick action, simple artistry and good talent. However slender and frothy the subject may be, you discover that, not only the leads, but even those playing minor rôles, have really beautiful voices which they use with skill and understanding.

The men are tough, hefty, fine-looking chaps, the girls dainty and sweet, and no effort is spared to recruit a first-class pit orchestra, composed of expert musicians and equipped with beautiful orchestrations. We must admit that the Americans are well ahead of us in the way of theatre music itself. Either we have no composers who can write fascinating tunes like those you hear in *South Pacific*, *Carousel*, *Kiss Me Kate* and *Inside U.S.A.*, or if we have, we do not know where to find them and must perforce go on listening to Richard Rodgers, Cole Porter, Irving Berlin,

Arthur Godfrey. Who compères talent-spotting shows, and is the highest paid television star in America

Milton Berle. Popular in variety shows and seen very frequently in television programmes

Louella Parsons. One of America's chief radio "columnists" whose broadcasts are frequently startling

A scene from the New York production of *Carousel*. This musical play by Oscar Hammerstein II and Richard Rodgers is a great success and was recently presented at Drury Lane Theatre

Arthur Schwartz, Frank Loesser and the rest.

Now, I found the theatres dingy, old-fashioned and uncomfortable and the seats hard and narrow, even the best seats which are eight or ten dollars apiece. And it seems odd that, in a country where you are persuaded by every possible means to drink Schlitz beer and smoke "Luckies," you are forbidden to do either in the theatres. All you can have during the interval is a sticky-sweet orange drink that is non-alcoholic and quite revolting, and you are permitted to smoke outside in the foyer, but nowhere else.

Contrary to what one would expect, television is the Cinderella of American entertainment because it is conducted on commercial lines which makes it economically unrewarding. For years we have been hearing that American "sound" radio is superior to ours because it is commercially sponsored and therefore capable of employing the most expensive talent. Up to a point this is true; American radio producers can and do spend a lot more on their programmes than the B.B.C., though a costly programme isn't necessarily good. But what has happened in the case of sponsored television? The costs of a visual programme are naturally a good deal higher than those of a "sound" broadcast. And the public that sees it is infinitely smaller. Thus, for the advertiser, television is a very poor buy. Sponsors do, however, buy time on television stations because they want to plant an early stake in this infant medium, because they want to exclude their competitors from it and also for the sake of a principle that is loosely known as "prestige." But they admit that they could invest their money far more profitably in blind radio or newspaper and magazine spaces.

Mary Martin, the star of musical comedy in America, in a scene from *South Pacific* another Hammerstein-Rogers success, adapted from *Tales of the South Pacific* the 1948 Pulitzer Prize novel by James Michener. The theme of the play is the romance of a nurse Nellie Forbush (Mary Martin) and planter Emile de Becque (Ezio Pinza). Under the shower Nellie takes a crack at males and sings: "I'm gonna wash that man right out of my hair and send him on his way! Waste no time! Make a switch! Drop him in the nearest ditch"

(On left): Walter Donahue as "Will Parker" and Dorothea MacFarland as "Ado Annie," two of the original all-American cast in *Oklahoma!* an American musical which broke the record run at Drury Lane Theatre

As a result of this situation, television programmes are, in the main, scrappy, cheap and trifling. Never do you see a good long play from the repertory of the established masters like Shaw, Wilde, Eugene O'Neill, Somerset Maugham or Barrie, for no sponsor could afford the cast, performing rights and production (*Continued on page 72*)

Tremors In The Bull Ring

By Ferdinand Tuohy

IT was a crowded Saturday night in the Café de Marseille on the wide boulevard sweeping round Arles old town. A bull ring journalist had come up from Marseilles to tell of fighters past and present, as an appetizer to the *corrida*.

A notice pasted on the window announced that seven bulls had arrived in fine fettle from Jerez ("Herreth") de la Frontera. They would be dead on the morrow, by the late afternoon, and one of their executioners was to be Parrita, the matador of the day.

The journalist told of Belmonte, Joselito, Manolete and Parrita, and of others who fought alongside them. But there was nothing of "*I Curro*" in his make-up.. You may remember the grandiose, lamented Scot, Crerar, in the Tyrone-Rita version of *Blood and Sand?* "*I Curro,*" he would preface before either crawling all round a rising star, or savaging one in decline. The man from Marseilles was also an expert *aficionado* but his method was to present the bull ring by epochs.

Thus one learnt of the "heroic age" of Belmonte, which terminated soon after the death of the young idol, Joselito, in 1920. This was followed by the "great age" which ran on until the death of Spain's next idol, Manolete, in 1948. But what to call the present age, represented by Parrita, "*el Manolete de los pobres,*" because he does not disdain small arenas frequented by the poor man? Our speaker hedged a bit there. And well he might, for oscillations are making themselves felt all the way from the golden sand of Seville to the rough mixture of Pamplona.

BULLFIGHTING originated in the Navarre town some five hundred years ago, when two bulls were killed "by one Christian and one Moor," and the eyes of all Spaniards whose fortunes are in any way dependent on the bull ring will be turned this July towards Pamplona, whose *corrida* week in high summer annually marks the summit of the Spanish bullfighting season. For the number of spectators at Pamplona, together with their sentiments, should supply an answer to the palpitating question—is the bull ring really slipping?

After sagging when Marshal the matador was king during the early thirties, the bulls made a violent come-back when Manolete soared above 28,000,000 Spaniards ten years ago. He brought back an artistry and icy courage that had been missing for a generation, and when he died impaled, it was a silent national mourning day for Spain. But long ere that the Manuel Rodriguez of real life had piled up a vast fortune. He used to get as much as £4,000 for a fight, and his Mexican partner, *banderillero* Arruza, almost as much.

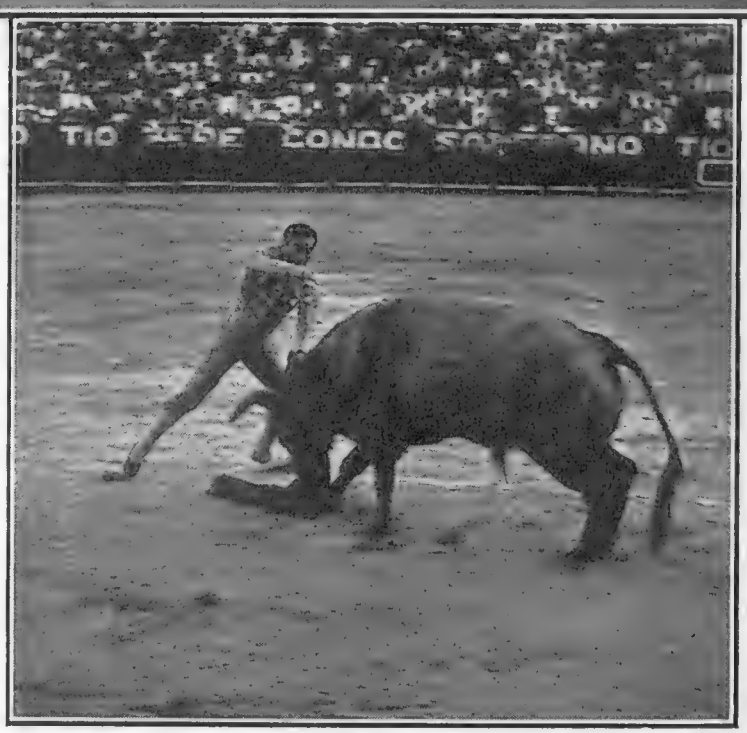
(To my mind, the dazzling run up of an Arruza, to place the long steel-pointed darts in the shoulder muscles of the bull so as to weaken its charging capacity, is the brilliant moment of a *corrida*, although any *aficionado* reading this will snort unrestrainedly, and I don't blame him.)

Exception made of brief moments of Parrita at his best, I was not in luck with the matadors at Arles. Parrita did one thing which only he and Manolete ever could do. For cool nerve, it is hair-raising. When Parrita had the bull under full and final control, he incited it to charge, and gazed up at the spectators as it did so, depending solely on the *muleta*, scarlet cloth draped on a stick in his hand, to guide the bull and turn it from him in the last split second.

This tall, fair, good-looking young matador also obliged with a brace of fine *manoletinas*—when the scarlet cloth is held close to one hip, and calmly passed over the bull's head and horns when it (*Continued on page 72*)

The matadors confer. Manuel Andaluz has a few words with a fellow matador over the wall at the bull ring at Jerez-de-la-Frontera, while the picador is engaging the bull

(*Below*) The enraged bull charges at the cape which at the last moment Manuel Andaluz, the matador, switches up and away to avoid the bull catching it. If ever a cape is caught and carried away by the bull, the spectators jeer at the matador and cheer the bull



The kill is made. The Toledo steel blade sinks in between the shoulders of the bull but matador Andaluz must watch out because one toss with those wicked horns would mean a Manolete fate for him

TIMOTHY had met Marion at a cocktail party where he had hoped to meet two important reviewers

Marion Kept The Ring

A Study In Courtship

By Laurence Kirk

IT has been estimated by experts that four out of five human beings will light a cigarette in a moment of crisis; will cross and recross their legs when a sermon or a speech goes on too long; will doodle on a blank sheet of notepaper when they don't know what they want to write upon it; and that the same proportion of the human race always holds imaginary conversations between themselves when they have an important interview in front of them. This proportion is slightly higher when the forthcoming interview is of an emotional nature than when it is a purely business affair. Supposing it is a question of a rise of salary, for instance, the dialogue centres round the exact amount of the rise that is required. No more and no less. Or, if it is an auction, the bidding will go up to fifteen pounds for that charming walnut bureau and not a penny more. It is rather tragic that after all this careful rehearsal beforehand the double-dummy dialoguer comes out in the first place in nine cases out of ten without a rise of any kind; and in the second with a charming walnut bureau which has cost him or her anything up to twenty-five guineas.

Much the same happens in the case of emotional interviews, only there it is often rather more disheartening. The only people who are immune from disappointment in this sphere are fiction writers. They know exactly how their characters are going to react, and if the man begins by saying, "Darling, this is the moment I have been waiting for all my life," the woman doesn't wreck the whole of the next six pages by replying: "Oh, come off it, I've got a boy friend worth two of you."

Timothy, as it happened, was a writer; but like other writers he also had a private life. That private life had become very complicated lately owing to the intervention of a young woman called Marion. He had met Marion at a cocktail party and got wedged in a corner with her. She was wearing a very attractive red dress, but Timothy was not much interested either in the dress or Marion because the only reason he had gone to the cocktail party was that he hoped to meet two important reviewers there. These two reviewers were now at the other

end of the packed room and it would have taken an atom bomb at least to clear a pathway to them. So Timothy was feeling rather bitter as he went on talking to Marion. Looking at the red dress, he remarked to himself that really far the nicest thing about women was the clothes they wore and he decided to put that in the mouth of a rather cynical old gentleman he was writing about. But then he began to notice Marion herself. She had soft brown eyes, a lovely skin, and very pretty hair. But even that did not impress him. At smart cocktail parties such as this all the women were well-groomed; and every autumn the hairdressers and the dress-houses turned out a few new, more expensive, varieties just as the nurserymen produced new dahlias. What he did begin to notice about Marion was that she did not say any of the hard, bright, brittle things that attractive women do say at a cocktail party. She was in fact a really nice girl; and as he had not met such a thing for nearly three years he became interested. He even thought of putting her in a book.

Writers do not meet many really nice people: not, at least, if they consort with other writers, and Timothy by this time had almost forgotten about the two important reviewers. Obviously if he was going to write about Marion, he would have to get to know her better; so as a start he asked her out to dinner that very evening. The dinner led to a dance or two; and as he liked the experience he asked her out again a few days later. Of course, he had no illusions about her. She had no brains to speak of, few complexes, and several inhibitions; but she was nice, restful, decorative company for an evening or two and almost always reacted as he expected her to react. All this time he had followed his usual custom and rehearsed his dialogues with her beforehand, but then the evening came when something quite unrehearsed happened. In the taxi he suddenly took her in his arms and kissed her passionately; and she made no fuss about it at all but kissed him back as though she liked it very much.

THE next week was far too hectic for any rehearsals of any kind. It ended with his buying her a very handsome diamond ring which he couldn't afford; and for twenty-four hours longer at least it seemed to him that the whole future of the world had been finally settled.

But life isn't like that: at least not real life. Doubts began to attack Timothy. In the first place he had not intended to think of marriage until he had written at least two more books. That seemed to indicate that he had been swept off his feet, and in his books marriages that began that way never ended very well. As for Marion herself, she was sweet and kind and gentle. There was no doubt about that. In a way, too, she was understanding; but her understanding did not come up to his rather stringent requirements. In fact, it wasn't understanding at all: it was love, devotion, willingness to accept without question, and Timothy felt that he needed a closer, more critical, intellectual companionship than that. He would have hated it if he had had it, of course, for there was nothing he liked better than having his own way; but he was quite genuine when he thought that he needed it. He was even more genuine when he woke up in the middle of the night and imagined that he heard babies bawling all over the small flat. How could he get on with his work with babies crying all round him? And think of all the ailments they were going to have: wind, teething, sniffles and snuffles, pneumonia even! And when they had got through all that there would still be all the other things that he had had himself: measles, mumps, chicken-pox, scarlet fever, adenoids probably, tonsils perhaps; and in between times, homesickness, overeating-sickness, sea-sickness, and finally lovesickness! Oh no, even with a National Health Act it was impossible.

This nightmare that night decided it and Timothy determined that ways and means would have to be found to break the engagement off. At first he hoped that

either Providence or Marion might do the rather nasty job for him. How Providence was going to intervene he didn't quite know unless it was with a sudden unexpected film contract which involved his immediate departure for Hollywood. But all Providence sent him at that time was bills. And Marion gave him no excuse at all. She was never unreasonable or lost her temper; she wasn't even late for an appointment, and his rather feeble efforts to pick a quarrel with her were quite fruitless.

However, he was still determined that it must be broken off and finally one evening when he was dining with Marion once again he went over it all in dummy dialogue. He was dressing at the time, but a good deal of it had already been decided. Was it, for instance, to be at a place where there was dancing or not? In the end he had decided that dancing would help. Even if it made it harder for him having his arms round Marion, it was important that the scene should be staged in a place where they had to keep up appearances. He couldn't bear the thought of Marion crying quietly in a corner somewhere and drying the tears on her napkin.

He had similarly decided that, as it wasn't necessary to put on a dinner jacket, his rather sombre grey suit would be more in keeping than his cheerful brown one. The general idea was to create an atmosphere of preoccupation so that Marion would ask him if he was worried about anything. That would give him a start. (He realized by this time, of course, that he was a complete and utter cad : his only consolation in that respect was that it was better to be an unmarried cad than a married one.)

All that remained to be decided now was the actual shape and form of the dialogue and he went over that while he was shaving. Really he was just creaming his face, but in his imagination it was a slow foxtrot and Marion suddenly looked up and said to him.

"You're very quiet to-night, darling. Is there anything on your mind?"

Timothy got out his razor, thankful that it was a safety one, and studied his face through the cream as he replied.

"I am worried, Marion dear. Worried to death."

"But, darling, what is it?"

"It's us, Marion. I've an awful feeling that it's all a mistake."

He could feel her withdraw a little from him then as he gingerly started using the razor.

"Have I done anything wrong, Timothy?" she went on.

"Nothing, (*Continued on page* 76)

TIMOTHY shouted "Hi! Marion! No! Wait!" as she ran up the steps; but she didn't pause and the taxi-driver looked at him in an offensively sympathetic manner

What's It Like On The Moon?

By David Gunston

THE chances of a rocket trip to the moon are now considered pretty certain, probably before the end of the present century, and maybe much sooner if the present rate of development of jet propelled space-ships is maintained. Everyone is familiar with the long-range appearance of the moon. What will it be like at close quarters? What will the first intrepid scientists to reach this tempting celestial target find?

We ever see only about six-tenths of the moon's surface from the earth—the lighted portion. The rest of its surface has never been seen from the earth, and although there is no reason to believe that the invisible portion is very much different from the side we know, it is permanently shrouded in the deepest darkness.

As the heroic scientists hurtle moonwards in their cigar-shaped rocket craft, their destination will appear as a vast dazzlingly-lit sphere with all its contours plainly visible. The surrounding space will not be black as we see the sky at night, but dark blue and wonderfully clear and transparent. The sun would still be visible, glowing with startling incandescence. The earth, gradually dwindling in size would be forgotten as suddenly, after days of comparatively slow, silent cruising through space. the gravitational pull of the moon is felt and the space-ship hurtles towards it at high speed.

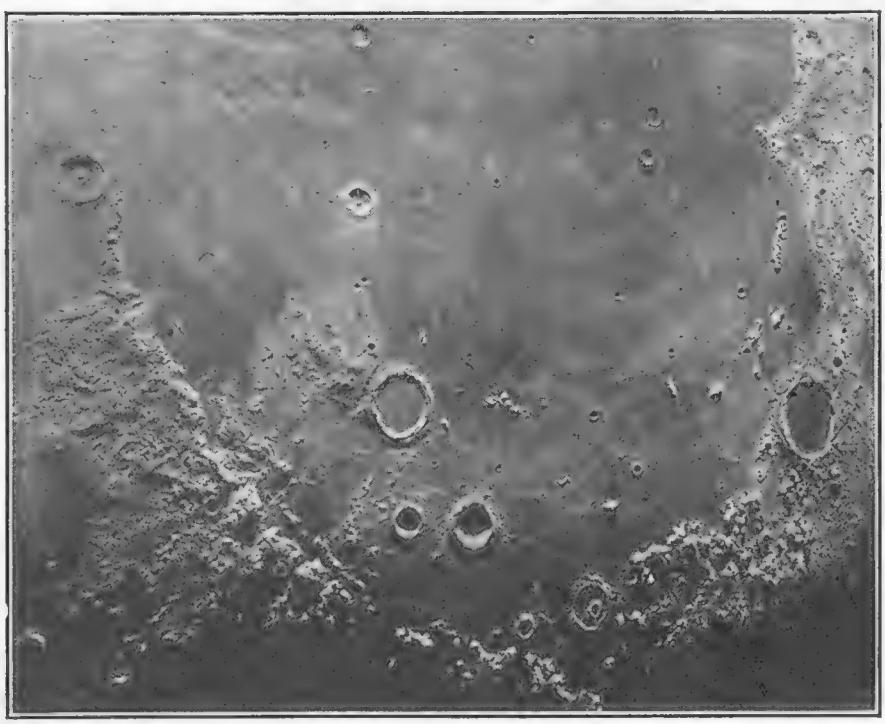
After successfully negotiating a landing on a flat section of the moon's surface, probably by turning the rocket round to face the moon tail-first and descending either by parachute or modified portable helicopter, the real "first men on the moon" would then have a chance to look around them.

A picture of the moon, age nineteen days, taken through the 60-inch reflector at Mount Wilson Observatory

THE first thing that would strike them would be the intense silence of the place. No sound would break the stillness of the bleak, cheerless, brown rocky landscape. And it would be immediately obvious that the markings and streaks we see on the moon with the naked eye, and the clear-cut mountain peaks and huge circular craters we detect through telescopes, are indeed almost the only features of the lunar scene. They would be very large and extensive indeed. The mountains would be as high as the loftiest mountain ranges on earth; in some places higher. In between would lie deep barren valleys cutting across wide, flat plateaux—all of the same hard, unrelenting, dark-brown rock.

Visibility would be very good, but although the explorers would naturally choose to land on the brightly-lit portion of the moon, they would quickly discover that, according to what we call the state of the moon —full moon, half moon, new moon, and so on— there would be a distinctly marked division across the surface. On one side everything would be brightly illuminated by the sun, and the clear space—not air, for there is no atmosphere as we know it, and any moon-visitors would have to take their own oxygen with them— would be terribly bright and hot in the merciless rays of the sun. A few yards away, across the boundary of the sun-lit area, there would be inky darkness accompanied by icy, death-like cold. The transition would be as sudden and irrevocable as that, and of course would raise difficulties of clothing for the moon-explorers. What would be cool enough for the sunny area would bring death from cold in the dark part. And each day the boundary would move and move in one direction. But those who conquer space are not likely to be deterred by such simple considerations as what to wear. Oxygen masks and pressurized suits would have to be worn.

The whole appearance of the place would bear evidence of its fiery molten (*Continued on page* 80)



Lunar landscape. Portion of the moon photographed during its last quarter. Note the huge craters, some of which are fifty miles in diameter

A Costly Royal Marriage

The Love Story Of Lovely Mary Tudor, Who, After Much Vicissitude, Married The Man Of Her Choice

Written by
Arnold Wareing

Illustrated by
Jack Matthew

The King draped a consoling arm about her slim shoulders, saying " He cannot live long. You shall please yourself next time ! "

EVEN as a child of twelve the Princess Mary Tudor, daughter of Henry VII., sister of Henry VIII., had a precocious charm. At banquets and tilt-yard joustings courtiers noted " the brilliance of her beauty, her modesty and gravity, and the princely gestures with which she comported herself." Her story is that of a resolute young woman who, at first thwarted, eventually married the man of her choice—at a price. That price might have been his head as well as his heart; but she had a woman's wiles, a sisterly tact, to offset the greed and temper of a headstrong brother and king.

Handsome, gallant Charles Brandon, son of a knight and squire, had grown up with the Royal children as ward of the Crown and been Mary's and Henry's playmate. By the time she had a heart worth bestowing he had fought in the wars in France, married twice—by casting his first wife aside for a time—become a widower, father of two daughters, plighted himself to the heiress of a lord, and been created, by Royal favour, Duke of Suffolk. The young and lovely Mary, wakening to womanhood, must have winced somewhat at much of this, but it made no difference. At fifteen she was in love with him. Charles was her destined man; she would marry him.

Her brother Henry smiled and said " No." To clinch a peace with France and further his dream of one day regaining our French heritage she would marry the old and infirm Louis XII. and be Queen of France—the first English Princess to achieve that honour since the Norman Conquest. Tears, entreaties ? Of course. But of what avail against bluff, obstinate Hal ? The King draped a consoling arm about her slim shoulders, saying : " He cannot live long. You shall please yourself *next time* ! "

Next time . . . But now : a stormy crossing of the Channel in a cockle-shell ship, a horseback journey with her ladies in jolting litters to Ardres to meet Louis on his charger, a solemn wedding at Abbeville on an October day of 1514, a coronation in the abbey of St. Denis, with Louis' heir, Francis of Valois, standing behind her holding the crown above a small head which found it too weighty to bear.

She was a dream in a circlet of the largest pearls the French Treasury could provide, diamonds glistening on neck and bust. When she rode abroad she had an escort of Royal Scottish archers. But happy ? How so when Louis was so old and her beloved Suffolk stood by—watching, frowning—as one of the Embassy sent over for the ceremony ? Was he not now in love with her, as she with him ? Couldn't she see the sorrow—nay, anger—this marriage caused him ?

AT royal tournaments to celebrate the nuptials Suffolk vented his grief by laying about him lustily before his lady's eyes. The jousting was with sharp spears

and battle-swords—no mere playing. He "hurt a French cavalier unto death." The Marquis of Dorset all but finished off another. Disabled himself with a wounded hand, Francis deputed a huge German soldier from his *lansquenets* to make a speedy end of Suffolk, but he fought so finely—the hero of the lists—that it was the German who went down. All Louis could do was watch from an ill man's couch.

AFTER their wedding he had presented to Mary a great pointed diamond, with a ruby nearly two inches long, valued at some 10,000 marks; and the next day a ruby two-and-a-half inches long, thick as a man's finger, hung by two gold chains. Altogether she amassed jewels, plate and other gifts worth about £200,000—a vast sum then—during only an eighty-days' reign, for on New Year's Day Louis died, and she retired to the Hotel de Cluny, Paris.

Soon she was begging her brother Henry to send for her. Not only was she homesick for England; Francis I., the new King, pestered her with his attentions. She must have seen the finger of fate in Henry's choice of Suffolk to head the Embassy charged with settling her affairs and bringing her back, though he had to swear to the King and Wolsey that he "would not abuse the trust by any particular manifestation of partiality to the young Queen consigned to his guardianship."

Mary's "partiality" was not taken into account, but it found speedy expression after two friars accompanying the party hinted to her that Suffolk's mission was not to return her to England but land her in Flanders and give her in wedlock to Charles of Castile—again to suit Henry's political designs. A winding staircase from the garden led to the chapel and State bedchamber and presence-chamber, to which she summoned him secretly for impassioned talks which made her wishes clear and must have caused in him acute heart-burnings, for never was a lover put so frankly on his mettle.

"An ever I come to England," she said, "I never shall have you, and therefore plainly, an you marry me not now, I will never have you nor never come into England." As to Flanders: "I would be torn to pieces rather than ever come there," she vowed, weeping piteously.

Disabled himself, with a wounded hand, Francis of Valois deputed a huge German soldier to make a speedy end of Suffolk, but he fought so finely—the hero of the lists—that it was the German who went down. All Louis could do was watch from an ill man's couch

—JACK MATTHEW

A winding staircase from the garden led to the chapel and State bedchamber and presence-chamber, to which she summoned him secretly for impassioned talks. Never was a lover put so frankly on his mettle

Suffolk denied any intention of taking her to Flanders, and reminded her of his pledge to Henry and Wolsey, but she was adamant. "An you marry me not within four days," she said finally, "you shall *never* marry me."

THERE is a story that they were surprised by Louise of Savoy, Francis's mother, who found her weeping—doubtless in Suffolk's arms. She soundly rated the newly-widowed Queen-Dowager for so forgetting her Royal dignity, and insisted that they adjourn at once to the chapel, where priests were conducting a service, and marry privately forthwith by a solemn plighting of oaths before clergy; for a marriage to Charles of Castile was certainly against her son's interests, and this would prevent it.

Whether in this headlong fashion or not, marry secretly they did; and from the outset Mary was evidently aware that she would have to buy off her brother's opposition, for she at once composed for future contingencies a document giving him all the valuables she called her "winning in France." Next, she confided in Francis that he might, as intermediary, break the news gently to Henry and try to soften the Royal anger—from a distance. When Francis questioned Suffolk about the "rumour," Suffolk replied stoutly: "I trust your Grace will not reckon so great a folly in me, as to come into a strange realm and to marry a Queen of the realm without his knowledge and without authority from the King, my master!" Whereupon Francis smiled enigmatically and quoted a secret password Mary and Suffolk had devised for their clandestine communications, which showed that he had been taken into Mary's confidence.

There followed a pretty battle of wits—and of Tudor guile and diplomacy. Wolsey wrote at first implying Henry's likely consent to the match, but opposition somewhere in the Cabinet Council. On the strength of this the pair openly avowed their marriage in Paris and lived as man and wife. Then Wolsey changed his tone. The King and the Council were angry—very angry. "You, Suffolk, whom the King had lifted from low degree . . . You, the man in all the world he loved and trusted best . . . Cursed be the blind affection and the counsel that hath brought you hereunto . . ." The King was so furious he proposed cutting off Suffolk's head. *But*—and a right Royal *but* this—pardon *might* come by sacrificing the vast mass of plate and jewels she had received from Louis . . .

Did Mary shudder at these threatening missives, blanch at the thought of her beloved's head rolling in the dust? Probably not, for she must have known that it was just her illustrious brother forcing up the price, and since she had already reconciled herself to paying it . . . ? She was adept at the soft answer that turneth away wrath:

"I do put myself most humbly on your clemency and mercy." She had been moved to it by the story of the two friars, by the annoying attentions from Francis. She took the full blame for inducing Suffolk to break his pledge, and craved compassion on them both. Then from Calais, edging tactfully towards England and reconciliation, a reminder that Henry had promised her a free choice *next time*, and even a (*Continued on page* 62)

FANTASTIC CAVALCADE

by

A·M·COTTON

SIR ROGER DE COVERLEY was once riding in the fields when at a little distance was seen a troop of gipsies.

As these people were entirely new to Mr. Spectator, Sir Roger gave his friend a particular account of the mischiefs they do in the country.

"If a stray piece of linen hangs upon an hedge," said Sir Roger, "they are sure to have it : if the hog loses his way in the fields, it is ten to one that he will become their prey : our geese cannot live in peace for them : if a man prosecutes them with severity his henroost is sure to pay for it. They generally straggle into these parts about this time of the year."

After which words of censure, Sir Roger granted the gipsies something in the way of looks, for, said he, "you see now and then some handsome young jades among them : the sluts have very often white teeth and black eyes."

Sir Roger might have been talking of Wessex to-day instead of Worcestershire nearly two and a half centuries ago, for "this idle and profligate people," as Mr. Spectator terms them, still "live in the midst of governments in a kind of commonwealth by themselves," and still struggle into this (*Continued on page 66*)

Winter Starlight

A Short Story by

"MADAM ELLEN," by which name she was affectionately known to her household and to most Londoners, was sitting very quietly beside a roaring fire, in an armed and cushioned chair. It was a foggy afternoon on the first day of February, in the year 1685, and although it was three o'clock only, the room was dim, and darkening swiftly. The flames from the heavy logs in the grate tossed strange leaping shadows up and down the oak walls of the room.

It was a room very expressive of the character of its owner. The furniture was rich, expensive, and completely lacking in taste, the colouring crudely grey, the tall candles—as yet unlit—waiting in the most ornately wrought silver stands, and here and there the most inappropriate objects seemed to have strayed in, such as a cheap little box, painted in stripes of green and red, containing a miscellany of equally cheap sweetmeats, with words cut on the lid in straggling letters, as if by a child—"To a very kinde lady."

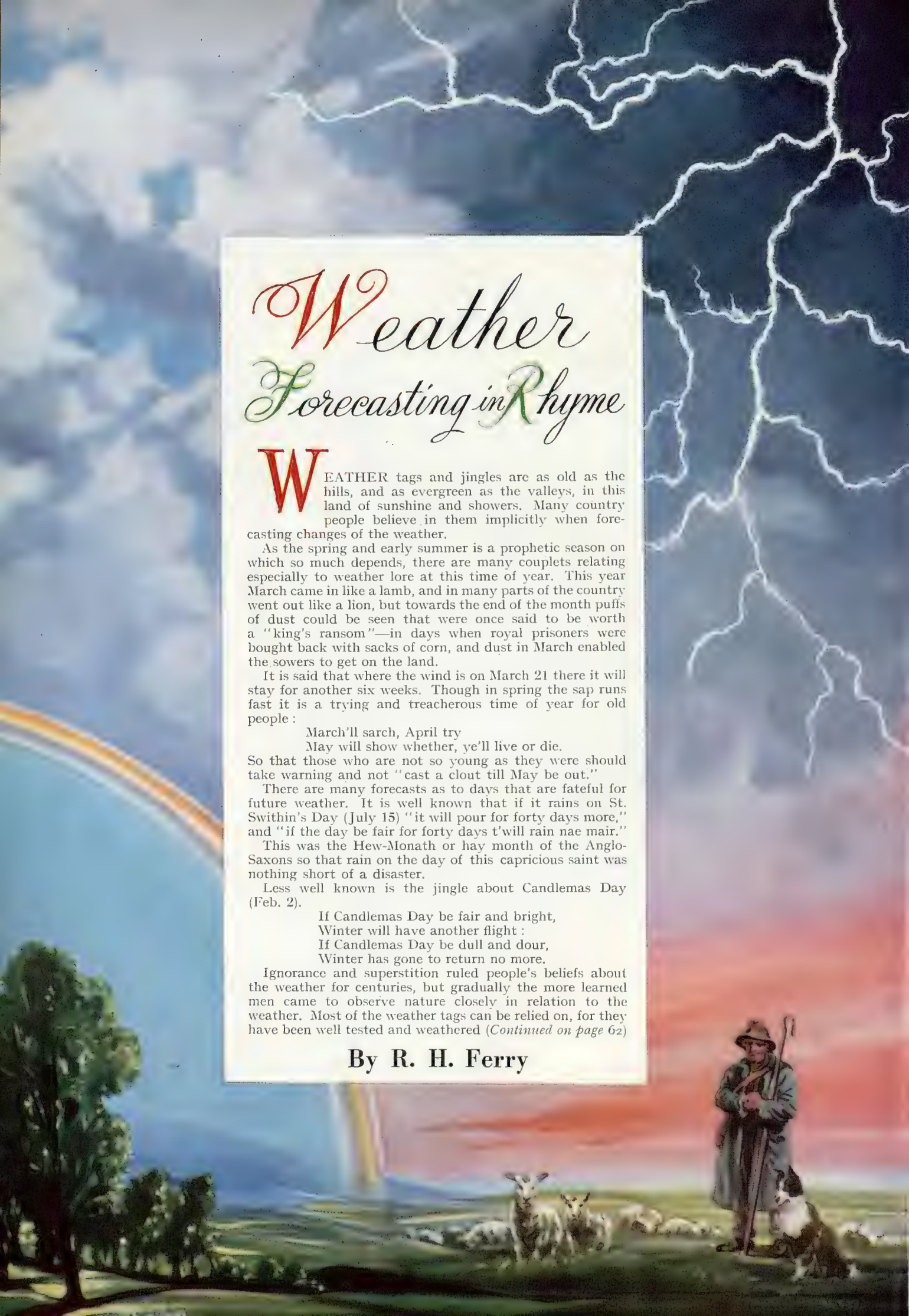
Madam Ellen sighed, and turned in her chair to face the firelight. Thus seen, she was attractive enough, for all her six-and-thirty years, and in spite of a plump double chin and many lines around her blue eyes, but these were laughter-lines. Her red-gold hair, in its innumerable ringlets, was loosely confined in a net of seed-pearls, and her gown was of gleaming puce-coloured silk, lavishly embroidered with the same jewels. It was, after the manner of the time, cut so low as to appear indecency itself, even to modern eyes accustomed to the present-day "plunging neckline," but the rounded loveliness of the bosom thus exposed was almost an excuse. Her neck was hung with diamonds, her plump and comfortable arms were loaded with bracelets of the same. There was no sort of elegance about either her dress or her room, and yet, for some inexplicable reason, she gave an impression of comfort and cheer. Perhaps it was her expression and attitude . . . again only the word

Mary Just

"comfortable" will serve. She was no longer young, and she was getting fat, but she was lovable.

On the wall behind her hung a portrait, painted in the days of her girlhood, a slim blue-eyed thing, with lips just not smiling (rather like those of the Mona Lisa, except that Madam Ellen's expression was good-natured tolerance itself), and with a tumbling profusion of russet curls, deeper gold than now. As she huddled herself closer to the blaze, she looked over her shoulder at the portrait, shivered a little once, then laughed, a fat, jolly sort of laugh. "Ay, well," she said, "I had much, and I still have more than most." Then she laughed again . . . "by my soul," she said, "that's a clever speech. I'll remember and (*Continued on page* 65)

STEPS sounded in the low-ceiled oaken passage, then the door opened, and a man entered unannounced



Weather Forecasting in Rhyme

WEATHER tags and jingles are as old as the hills, and as evergreen as the valleys, in this land of sunshine and showers. Many country people believe in them implicitly when forecasting changes of the weather.

As the spring and early summer is a prophetic season on which so much depends, there are many couplets relating especially to weather lore at this time of year. This year March came in like a lamb, and in many parts of the country went out like a lion, but towards the end of the month puffs of dust could be seen that were once said to be worth a "king's ransom"—in days when royal prisoners were bought back with sacks of corn, and dust in March enabled the sowers to get on the land.

It is said that where the wind is on March 21 there it will stay for another six weeks. Though in spring the sap runs fast it is a trying and treacherous time of year for old people :

March'll sarch, April try
May will show whether, ye'll live or die.

So that those who are not so young as they were should take warning and not "cast a clout till May be out."

There are many forecasts as to days that are fateful for future weather. It is well known that if it rains on St. Swithin's Day (July 15) "it will pour for forty days more," and "if the day be fair for forty days t'will rain nae mair."

This was the Hew-Monath or hay month of the Anglo-Saxons so that rain on the day of this capricious saint was nothing short of a disaster.

Less well known is the jingle about Candlemas Day (Feb. 2).

If Candlemas Day be fair and bright,
Winter will have another flight :
If Candlemas Day be dull and dour,
Winter has gone to return no more.

Ignorance and superstition ruled people's beliefs about the weather for centuries, but gradually the more learned men came to observe nature closely in relation to the weather. Most of the weather tags can be relied on, for they have been well tested and weathered (*Continued on page 62*)

By R. H. Ferry

EMIL could picture Vavro at the inn, crouching by the fire, half-full of drink, with his beady eyes flashing question marks at any woman who happened to be near

Duel At The Frontier

It Was A Grim Fight —Wits Versus Gun

By Michael Hastings

EMIL opened the iron mouth of the stove and pushed in some more pieces of wood. Rotten, damp stuff with beads of mould on the bark. All smoke and no heat. It was a splendid prospect! The night cold enough to freeze a polar bear to death, and the stove just able to raise the temperature of the frontier hut to that of a mortuary.

He turned his back on the stove, leaned against it with his gloved hands a little behind him. Steadying it. No danger of the stove going over and setting the place on fire; that wasn't the idea. He was afraid that a bit of shaking would put it out.

His back remained stubbornly cold.

The coldest night of the year. He gave a thin smile at that thought. Apart from the immediate physical discomfort, it suited him admirably. The lower the temperature, the safer he would be from interference. Even a zealous official would hesitate at venturing out on such a night.

Emil's smile grew into a laugh.

"We have no zealous officials," he murmured. "No new brooms until after the next purge."

And what of Vavro, who should have been on guard duty with him? It wouldn't be the first time that Vavro had taken advantage of five years seniority and a little influence in order to avoid the unpleasant climb from the village. With an equally unpleasant night of guard duty at the end of it.

Vavro, Emil suspected, would be at the inn. He could picture the thick, animal body crouching by the fire. Vavro half-full of drink, with his beady eyes flashing question marks at any woman who happened to be near.

So much for Vavro! Emil began to whistle softly.

There was no warmth at the stove. Perhaps if he left it the thing would become as perverse as a coquette, bursting into passionate flame the instant the door was closed and the hut empty.

Still whistling, Emil reached for his rifle and went out.

There was no moon; but stars festooned the black sky. The frost had washed their faces. On the slopes, the trees were like

rigid sentinels shrouded in cloaks. And even the wind blew quietly. The breath of a mountain giant, heavy with ice crystals.

His eyes growing accustomed to the differing shades of blackness, Emil could begin to distinguish the thin lines of the frontier wire, the metal gate, and the heavy barrier across the road.

Emil stopped whistling. The cold invaded his mouth and struck through at the nerves of his teeth. He half-turned, looking back at the hut. Then shrugged his shoulders and began to make his way towards the trees. The normal patrol. Why not? It would help to kill time. And it would loosen his frozen limbs.

That, from a duty viewpoint, it was a wasted effort he had no doubt. This was no night for fugitives. It would be inviting death to lie out in this intense cold waiting the favourable chance. The urgent impulse of flight would dwindle, tiredness would creep in, and sleep would shuffle forward. Sleep, forgetfulness. Deeper sleep, death.

No night for fugitives.

During the past three months, a few had attempted to pass this way. Not more than a dozen. Pitiful wretches, Emil thought. That was the time when he hated Vavro most, when the captives were dragged to the hut for an immediate questioning.

Vavro's gloating animal eyes. Would he ever be able to forget them, Emil wondered? Sometimes he saw them in his sleep, and he would awaken with his thumbs all tense as if ready for gouging.

Vavro bullying, storming, threatening. Vavro twisting an arm, or administering a shrewd kick.

"What a joy to see Vavro cringe," said Emil, and there was cruelty in the softness of his voice. He had watched Vavro carefully; but there had never been any chance of hurting the man. Five years seniority and a little influence!

Emil reached a break in the trees, where the forest fringe had been kept at bay by a rock stronghold. It was a familiar spot. On warm nights he had stopped here for the surreptitious cigarette. His mind penetrated the blackness, seeing the stone bastions, the mosses which grasp a grudging living from the crevices.

He shook himself like someone awakening from sleep, and turned round. He began to think of the hut. Perhaps there was a little flame in the stove. Anyway, his blood was circulating now.

No need to go further. Vavro wouldn't have stirred from the hut on a night like this. He'd have flung himself down with pig-gruntings of sleep.

Emil's feet and brain checked at the same moment. There was the noise made by a blundering step. Could it be? . . . Was somebody trying to cross the frontier?

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

His gloved hands tightened on the rifle. His ears strained to pick up the next suspicion of a sound. And, moving silently, he gained the nearest tree. For a moment he leaned against it, acquiring assurance from its solidity.

Beyond it, the darkness seemed something fluid, like ink spewed into the water by an octopus. There was a tightening of his lips, synchronizing with the invisible fingers which clamped over his heart.

"Oh," he told himself, "I am not brave to-night."

Perhaps it was the cold, perhaps it was the other thing so heavy on his mind this night.

Ah! Another movement. He was a clumsy one, this fugitive. Legs stiff with cold perhaps. Brain numbed. Probably an easy capture.

He had no desire to haul some shivering wretch to the frontier hut. For a moment he was tempted to wait, to let the fellow reach the wire and scramble over it, assuming he was sufficiently active. Let him go and good luck to him!

But it wouldn't do. Not this night. He must know who was in the darkness, only a yard or so away from him.

Emil moved as quietly as a shadow. Moved and stopped. Moved again. Tree trunk to tree trunk. And again there was a blundering sound; this time so near that the closeness of it shocked him.

Should he use his torch? No. That would be asking for trouble. Sometimes these fugitives were armed, like the fat little man who had contrived to shoot himself just before Vavro's great hands were at his shoulders.

An inner voice whispered: "Eyes in the darkness. The other can see no better than you can yourself. Maybe not so well, if he's cold and exhausted."

Emil shifted his weight a little. To his toes, so that he was ready for a spring.

THE table flew forward and Emil threw himself to the boards. The report of the revolver in the small hut was like thunder. There was a smarting, searing pain across Emil's cheek

A black shape emerged from a tree, moving towards another. There was a careless scuttering of leaves, the crisp crackling of a twig.

Emil leapt forward.

There was an impact of bodies in the darkness. A startled grunt. Emil's fingers gripping into the deep collar of a thick overcoat.

Then a familiar voice. "Curse you, Emil! Need you be so vigorous about it? You're squeezing the breath. . . ."

"Vavro! What's the idea? Some trick to discover if I'm doing my job properly? You've been at the inn. I can smell your breath. You're fuddled with drink. You've lost your way?"

Emil released his captive. He was confused. At the back of his mind were new fears. He hadn't reckoned on Vavro. This was bad, and what made it worse was his indecision.

He wished that the light had been better, that he'd fired.

"It's cold," Vavro grumbled. "Let's get over to the hut."

"From the way your steps were going. I should have thought your destination was the break in the wire we discovered yesterday."

"You talk too much," Vavro grunted. "You'll have us talking until we both freeze to death."

In silence, they moved back to the hut. Came to the door of it, which Vavro kicked open.

"Not much of a fire," he complained, crossing to the stove.

"Damp wood," Emil explained.

This was like any other night, he thought. Grousing at each other. No friendship. . . . Then he noticed by the feeble light of the oil lamp that Vavro was wearing a civilan coat.

"Not in uniform?" he asked sharply.

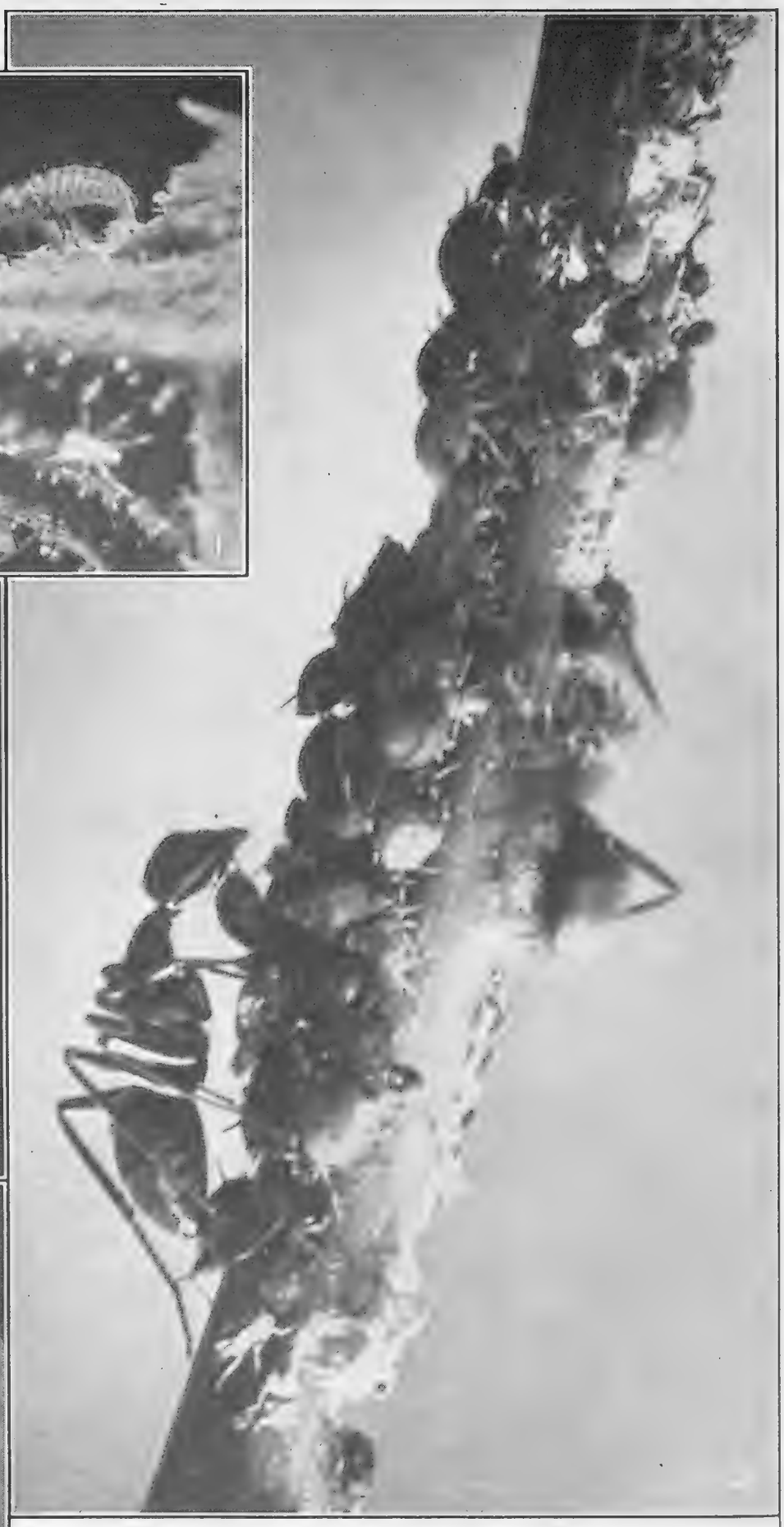
Vavro shrugged his wide shoulders. Bent over the lamp and raised the wick.

"Underneath," he said. "Lost the coat. And you don't think I'd venture out in this cold without one, do you?"

Emil didn't answer. Part of his brain seemed to be asleep. In the improved light, he noticed that Vavro hadn't shaved. There was a blue-black stubble over the heavy chin. A shadow between

(*Continued on page 74*)

War On The Roses



1 A ladybird larvae eating its first aphid. The swollen-bodied aphid nearby has been parasitized by an aphidius wasp and soon will die and become the hollow shell holding the pupae of the wasp

2 A ladybird consuming an aphid. Each ladybird will eat as many as 100 aphids in a day

3 Photomicrograph of yellow aphids on underside of an oak leaf. Picture shows two females, each with a circle of offspring produced parthenogenetically. Width of circle of progeny is roughly 2 mm.

4 Ants and aphids, or ant cows. The aphids produce a sweet fluid which is a delicacy in the way of ant food

War On The Roses

By Cecily Morrison

IN the Land of Cockaigne, a legendary world of French folk ballad, everything is good to eat; the trees, the grass, even the hills are edible. In such a world live the aphids, or plant lice, blight, green-fly, black-fly—call them what you will—the hordes of sucking insects which, with the coming of each new summer, drain the very life from our roses and fruit trees. To them, nothing green and sappy is inedible: they live in a perpetual world of plenty, a veritable Land of Cockaigne.

Often I have watched a cluster of aphids, clinging motionless to a red-tipped rose shoot, their tiny beaks thrust deep into the inexhaustible stream of sap which is their life. And placid, indeed, their existence seems. But this impression is an illusion. Since their prehistoric ancestors were buried in tombs of amber, the aphids have fought a continuous battle of the weak against the strong. Yet without poison, claws or teeth, every summer they conquer anew their cruel and relentless enemies, their only defence their phenomenal fertility—their ability to replace casualties with an endless stream of recruits.

The aphids have several ways in which they reproduce. The most common is by parthenogenesis: that is, by the females giving birth to live young without mating. All the young, by this method, are daughters which in a few days, also give birth to daughters. One aphid will bring fifty or more offspring into the world in its brief life and only eight or ten days will elapse before these fifty are reproducing in the same way.

In one day I saw a single aphid produce three children, which crowded with some 300 others on to a piece of rose-stem not more than two inches long. In two days this single cluster had multiplied so that it extended for a further inch upwards, completely masking the unopened flower.

The curious thing is that when over-population threatens, there appears a generation of winged aphids which fly to other plants and there establish new colonies, all the members of which are wingless and female.

Under normal outdoor conditions, only in the autumn do males appear. Temperature seems in some way to influence the sex of an aphid, for in greenhouses where temperature is constant all the year round, as many as 100 generations have been born without the appearance of a single male.

But only for a short time are the aphids allowed to advance unopposed. The lacewing fly enters the field of attack, laying her eggs, each on a fragile stem like a tiny captive balloon, on the backs of the darkening rose leaves. Soon the young will appear, so tiny that they can balance on a pin-head; so fierce that they are called aphis-lions.

Restless, merciless, they plough through the ranks of the helpless aphids, seizing victims in their sickle-shaped jaws, shaking and worrying them as a dog would a rat.

The adult lacewing is a beautiful creature with gauzy, green, iridescent wings and golden-bead eyes. In the course of one night she will lay about forty eggs and each time she follows the same procedure. Pressing the tip of her abdomen to the leaf and exuding a spot of gluey substance, she draws it slowly upwards to spin a thread, pausing for a moment to allow the stem to harden, and then laying the egg at the top of its support. Here it is protected from marauding enemies and from the attacks of its own cannibalistic brothers and sisters.

HOWEVER, the lacewing family is not alone in its war against the aphids. Some birds consider them a luscious titbit and consume large numbers; harvestmen spiders appear in the calm of evening and reduce their ranks still further.

But on still, hot summer afternoons, the most treacherous enemy of all—a wasp-like ichneumon fly—hovers over the aphid clusters. Time and time again it suddenly darts downwards, jabs its ovipositor into the back of the motionless aphid and lays its eggs, one at a time, in the heart of each of its unheeding victims.

When the egg hatches, the ichneumon fly larvae begins gnawing at the vitals of its host until only the yellow-green outer shell of the aphid remains. Then, with nothing left to eat, the larvae makes a slit in the aphid's belly, anchors itself with a silken rope to the stem beneath, turns the empty shell into a cocoon and proceeds to pupate. Until, when the adult insect is ready to emerge, it cuts a doorway in the shell and enters the world a tiny, mature, black fly.

Parasitized aphids can easily be identified from their lighter yellowish colour. The presence or absence of the tiny escape door indicates whether or not the shell still harbours a slayer.

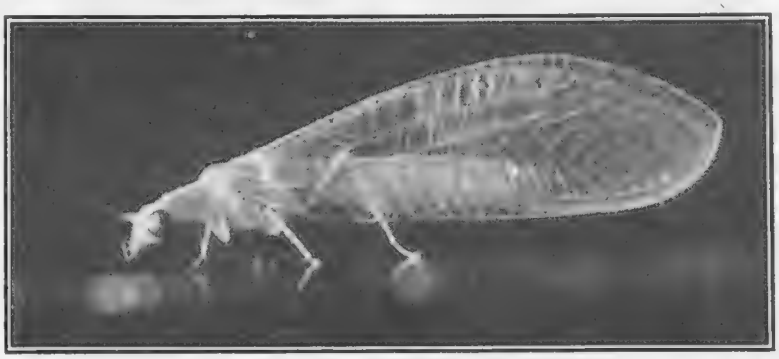
But of all the aphid's enemies, perhaps the greatest is the ladybird family. Scrambling about from leaf to leaf, the orange-and-black spotted ladybirds, with their blue-black and yellow blotched children, will each take toll of about 100 greenfly a day.

This avidity of the ladybird for aphids once evoked a strange comment from a farmer on whose land I had been collecting insects. On seeing the ladybird in my hand he offered me as many as I wanted of "them there things," remarking that ladybirds were the parents of plant lice: "Wherever there be they red things, so there be greenfly." He was, of course, right about ladybirds being where there are greenfly, but how wrong he was regarding their relationship!

AMONG all these enemies, the aphids have one ally—the ant. For the sake of their sweet, sticky honeydew, garden ants will tend aphids as a farmer does his cows, herding them within their nests, where the aphids feed on underground roots. Ants will carry other aphids from a distance and plant them on vegetation near their nests, the easier to be able to "milk" them. And not content with consuming the drops of honeydew adhering to leaves and stems, ants have been seen to stroke the aphids gently with their antennae to induce them to yield further supplies.

Wood ants make trackways from their nests to trees heavily encrusted with aphids. So fierce are these ants in protecting their rights that few other insects dare (*Continued on page* 80)

A dorsal view of an aphid. These sucking insects which, with the coming of each new summer, drain the very life from our roses



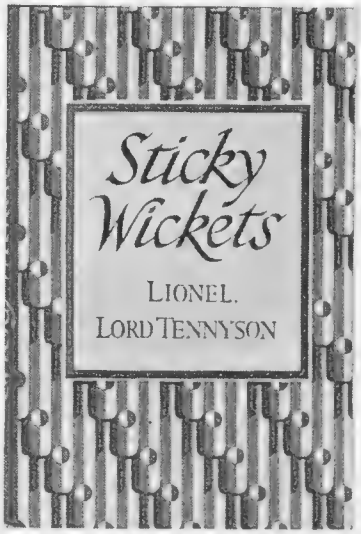
The beautiful lacewing fly is an enemy of the aphid. The young, restless, merciless, plough through the ranks of the helpless aphids, seizing them in their sickle-shaped jaws, shaking and worrying them as a dog would a rat

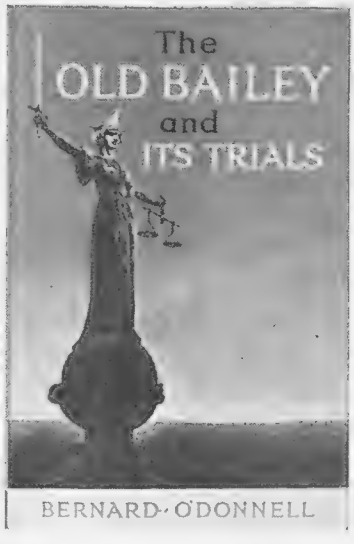
WHEN the connoisseur of travel writes of a country he knows and loves deeply it is usually in the *con amore* spirit which characterizes the best work. Sacheverell Sitwell has visited Spain many times, travelled thrice from end to end of it to write **"Spain"** (Batsford, 16s.), been entertained in the Duke of Alba's Seville palace, Las Dueñas, "with its courts of oranges and myrtles, its arum lilies, fountains, and Moorish ceilings; and drove with him in his mule carriage down the Paseo de las Delicias to the Venta, and round the Feria while the women and children of Seville played castanets and danced the *seguidilla*." Those words typify the enchanting mood of the book, which is literature, not just a guide to Spain's treasures and lovely places, richly illustrated with 100 exquisite photographs, four in colour; one, moreover, which will be read for generations and increase in value.

Our own historical and architectural riches nearer home are described, admirably and concisely, in William Townsend's **"Canterbury"** (Batsford, 8s. 6d.), with fifty photographs. Geoffrey Grigson's **"The Scilly Isles"** (Elek, 15s.) in the *Vision of England* series gives a vivid personal reaction to their history and beauties, with mannered drawings and watercolours by Fred Uhlman, twenty-five photographs, charts and maps.

Books:

Reviewed by Trevor Allen



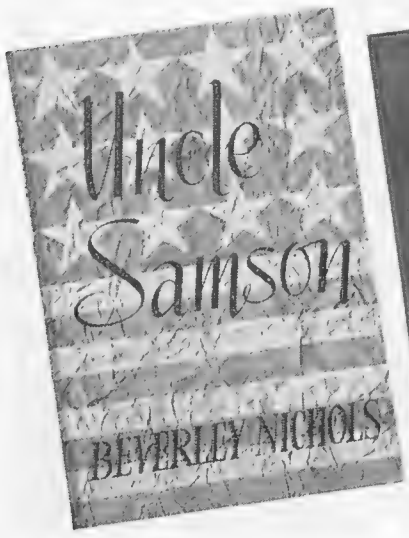


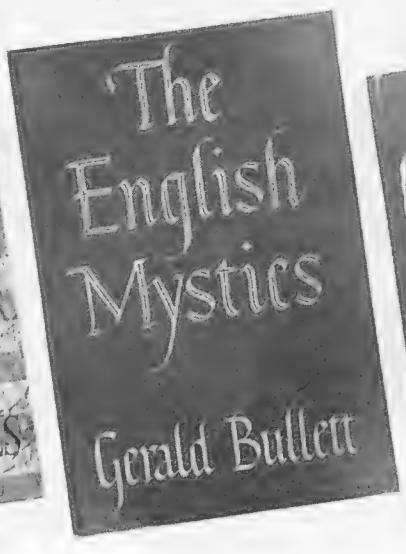
WHEN stumps have been drawn on a July evening we could have worse company than Lionel, Lord Tennyson, who made cricket history in a Test against Australia at Leeds by scoring sixty-three one-handed after his left had been badly split between thumb and forefinger in fielding a hard hit. Captaining England that year—his best—he topped Test Match averages with one of just over fifty-seven. But full though he is of cricket lore, there are other achievements to his credit. As a boy he stuck a hat on his Laureate grandpa's bust at Farringford, and a cigarette in his mouth. At Eton he would climb out of windows, scale roofs, and disguise himself with a fuzzy beard to get the last train to town. With other Etonians he charged Mr. Churchill into the Thames—top hat, frock coat and all—when he stood talking with Lady Desborough on the river bank at Taplow Court. As Grenadier Guards subaltern on guard duty at the Tower Christmas night he invited fellow-officers from barracks, plus six lovely Gaiety girls, to a champagne party. There is plenty of fun in **"Sticky Wickets"** (Christopher Johnson, 12s. 6d.), genial memoirs which include a story of Dr. Warre being asked by an old Scots cottager: "How many boys hae ye, sir?" "One thousand and nine, madam," he replied, assuming she knew he was Eton's headmaster. "By gum, what a mon!" she exclaimed, retiring from sheer fright. . . .

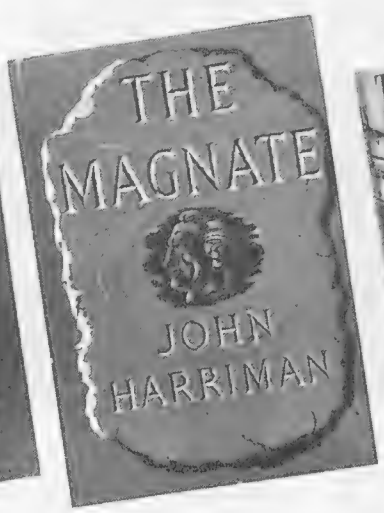
BEVERLEY NICHOLS has discovered a paradox. In crossing the Atlantic to-day we go from the New World to the Old, not *vice versa*, for there, no longer here, is "Society" so courted, coveted and exalted; only there is the wife of the town's chief undertaker "the lovely and exclusive Mrs. Smith" or the petrol-station man's daughter "the *soignée* Miss Jones, leader of the younger set" because she accepts ice-cream sundaes from the young men hanging around the drug-store! While as for New York's *Social Register* . . . Mr. Nichols makes other discoveries in a bright lecture-tour survey of the U.S. scene, **"Uncle Samson"** (Evans, 12s. 6d.), including "Alcoholics Anonymous," a self-help society in which drunks save each other from drink so successfully that we now have one over here.

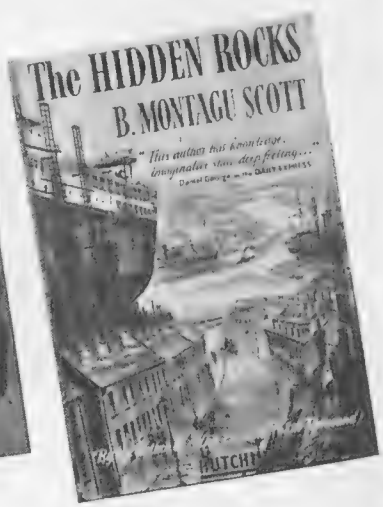
IT is strange now to think of Old Bailey judges and friends indulging in gargantuan feasts during trials, and even deciding, if the jury had not returned a verdict by ten at night, to have them locked up "without fire or candle" over the whole weekend. Such customs, Bernard O'Donnell recalls in **"The Old Bailey and its Trials"** (Clerke and Cockeran, 10s. 6d.), were not abolished till 1877. Writing as a crime reporter, he contrasts procedure, old and new, and describes notable trials. This is a vivid history, packed with court drama.

WHO are **"The English Mystics"** (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.)? Those men and women, says Gerald Bullett, who give the impression that they "have enjoyed contact and communion with something more real than is given in everyday human experience, an utterly indubitable quickening power, as it were a fountain of light and joy." His range extends from the (*Continued on page* 80)









Walter Hayley Talks About Putting A

Bold Front On It

SUNSHINE is exciting but its habit of spotlighting shabby places is as unsettling to the pocket as to the spirit. Before you know where you are the house next door has broken out into a rash of new colouring utterly depleting to your own house which, until now, looked good enough to last for years.

You wonder why people have to start these things, and where the money comes from and what about that red front door, and before you know it you have called up the local builders for estimates.

Once the decision is taken you feel better, and by the next day the lure of colour schemes has got you and your friends are pestering with suggestions; "don't use blue, it fades, and clashes with the trees . . ." or "why not have a nice gay orange? I always think we're not bold enough about colours in this country. Now the French. . . ."

Pay no attention to all this. Such advice is seldom based on reason.

First, when you invite estimates get more than one. By comparison one with the other you can form a pretty sound idea of current prices. You may be tempted to save money by employing a man who works in his spare time. This sometimes works out, but only when the man is skilled. A saving on the initial cost of painting is worth while only if the job is well done. A slap-dash affair is no economy. A builder with a reputation to maintain cannot afford to do shoddy work. There is more to the outside painting of a house than making it a different colour. It is an investment if the property is your own.

IT may happen that one builder will recommend a primer, one undercoat and a top coat; the next will estimate for just one undercoat and a finishing coat; still another may point out weather cracks that should be filled, or he may suggest the need for re-pointing. Then there is the question, should the front door be stripped or painted over? All these problems crop up and each one spells money

Well, no one but yourself can decide which firm is giving you the best advice and whether the condition of the house justifies the bigger outlay. Remember that while the equipment is on the spot it saves money in the long run to have that damaged gutter repaired or the loose tiles replaced.

NEXT point—what about paint? How do you know you're getting the best quality? Well, if you've special faith in one particular make you can instruct the painters to use it, though they'll charge extra, no doubt. But if you employ a reputable decorator you can feel pretty confident that you'll get it anyway.

How many undercoats? Don't forget that preparing the ground is more than half the battle. If the house has not been done for years, peeling paint should be stripped off; cracks and flaws filled, then the whole thing should be given a "primer." Now comes the undercoat and its colour depends on what colour the top coat is to be. If the present condition of the paint is reasonably good one undercoat should suffice.

So far you are doing well. But there is another thing to watch. Few painters are good colour mixers. If you choose a colour that is not on the shade card and which has to be specially mixed, get some of the paint applied on a trial surface. Paint in the pot and paint on an outdoor surface are not always the same thing and the subtle blue you had anticipated may turn out a dreary slate.

If your fancy turns to a delightful pastel shade, it's no use blaming the painters for a disappointing result if you have not remained as generalissimo over every stage of operations. Even if your chosen colour is a standard shade on the colour chart make sure you get it. Colour blindness among painters is a commonplace.

(*Continued on page* 66)

Small visitors to the Geffrye Museum enjoy drawing, colouring and cutting out subjects connected with the historical exhibits in the museum

Pleasure Of Their Company

OF course it's fun to have the children home again. But as home is, to-day, often acutely short of domestic help, the long summer holidays in practice set some very real problems for the mother of a family. The additional housekeeping chores make her particularly busy, and yet the young people look to her for inspiration for "something to do."

In this age of planning it is a good idea to make a private survey before the holidays begin, to discover the local amenities for young people. For instance, though museums used to be sedate places with a "mustn't touch it" atmosphere, to-day many of them are catering most successfully for young people not only through the schools in term time but through clubs in holidays and weekends.

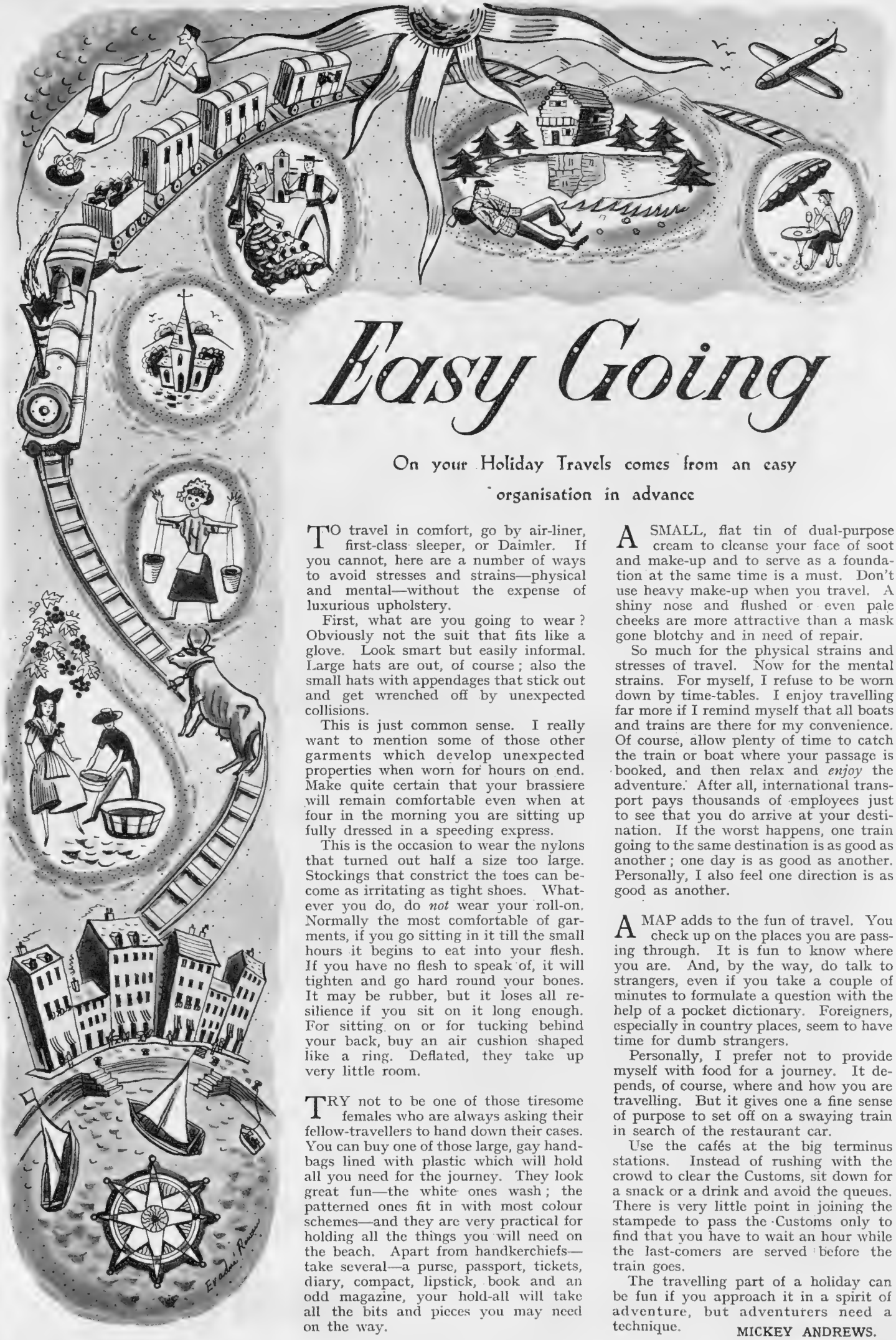
Glasgow, for instance, has been running some widely popular activities in puppetry and painting. Norwich Museum encourages boys and girls in field studies, which enables children under the guidance of a member of the museum staff to learn how and where to look for certain kinds of wild life in the locality, and identify specimens when collected. The Geffrye Museum in London has had a variety of activities for years to encourage the children in practical ways of exploring the exhibits, and the Horniman Museum in South London has recently opened a Children's Centre with activities and clubs linked with anthropology and archaeology. Leicester, too, has a Children's Centre with clubs in puppetry and natural history. Big London museums, the Imperial, the Science and the Natural History, apart from other activities, run films in holiday times and the Horsfall Museum in Manchester, is planning to reopen its children's theatre.

FOR older boys and girls (sixth form), the Council for the Promotion of Field Studies has opened four centres in different parts of the country, where for moderate costs children can stay and find absorbing opportunities and guidance. But these are just random examples and if you live in a big centre it may well be worth looking in on your local museum or dropping them a note to see if they, too, do anything enterprising for young people.

For children who enjoy reading, the facilities of the local public library are invaluable. Many have excellent juvenile libraries to which the children can go merely for taking out books, but also for a little browsing in the comfortable chairs and tables provided for them. It is, of course, free. There is often a trained juvenile librarian ready to advise in the choosing of books. In some libraries the librarian also fills the popular niche of official story-teller, relating stories to little groups of younger children, two or three times a week.

It is also worth while investigating the possibilities of organized youth activities. Some children enjoy doing things with a crowd and others don't. If they do, there are usually quite a number of local groups including Scouts and Guides and the activities of the Council for Education in World Citizenship, which is the juvenile organization of the United Nations Association, 11 Maiden Lane, W.C.2. They have international harvest camps, and help boys and girls to develop pen friendships overseas. For boys and girls in their early teens there is the invaluable membership of the Youth Hostels Association, with the possibilities of giving yourself a break for a few days, and the young people an adventure on their own by helping them to plan a circuit of two or three Youth Hostels.

BUT often it is the smaller fry who present the greatest problem in holiday entertainment because there are fewer outside activities they can go to on their own. For them I believe it is worth having an idea or two up your sleeve for a centre of interest that, once started, will often grow and last through the greater part of the holidays. It might begin with a tent or summer house. From this grows the kind of people who will live in it, perhaps Indians, and (*Continued on page* 79)



Easy Going

On your Holiday Travels comes from an easy organisation in advance

TO travel in comfort, go by air-liner, first-class sleeper, or Daimler. If you cannot, here are a number of ways to avoid stresses and strains—physical and mental—without the expense of luxurious upholstery.

First, what are you going to wear? Obviously not the suit that fits like a glove. Look smart but easily informal. Large hats are out, of course; also the small hats with appendages that stick out and get wrenched off by unexpected collisions.

This is just common sense. I really want to mention some of those other garments which develop unexpected properties when worn for hours on end. Make quite certain that your brassiere will remain comfortable even when at four in the morning you are sitting up fully dressed in a speeding express.

This is the occasion to wear the nylons that turned out half a size too large. Stockings that constrict the toes can become as irritating as tight shoes. Whatever you do, do *not* wear your roll-on. Normally the most comfortable of garments, if you go sitting in it till the small hours it begins to eat into your flesh. If you have no flesh to speak of, it will tighten and go hard round your bones. It may be rubber, but it loses all resilience if you sit on it long enough. For sitting on or for tucking behind your back, buy an air cushion shaped like a ring. Deflated, they take up very little room.

TRY not to be one of those tiresome females who are always asking their fellow-travellers to hand down their cases. You can buy one of those large, gay handbags lined with plastic which will hold all you need for the journey. They look great fun—the white ones wash; the patterned ones fit in with most colour schemes—and they are very practical for holding all the things you will need on the beach. Apart from handkerchiefs—take several—a purse, passport, tickets, diary, compact, lipstick, book and an odd magazine, your hold-all will take all the bits and pieces you may need on the way.

A SMALL, flat tin of dual-purpose cream to cleanse your face of soot and make-up and to serve as a foundation at the same time is a must. Don't use heavy make-up when you travel. A shiny nose and flushed or even pale cheeks are more attractive than a mask gone blotchy and in need of repair.

So much for the physical strains and stresses of travel. Now for the mental strains. For myself, I refuse to be worn down by time-tables. I enjoy travelling far more if I remind myself that all boats and trains are there for my convenience. Of course, allow plenty of time to catch the train or boat where your passage is booked, and then relax and *enjoy* the adventure. After all, international transport pays thousands of employees just to see that you do arrive at your destination. If the worst happens, one train going to the same destination is as good as another; one day is as good as another. Personally, I also feel one direction is as good as another.

A MAP adds to the fun of travel. You check up on the places you are passing through. It is fun to know where you are. And, by the way, do talk to strangers, even if you take a couple of minutes to formulate a question with the help of a pocket dictionary. Foreigners, especially in country places, seem to have time for dumb strangers.

Personally, I prefer not to provide myself with food for a journey. It depends, of course, where and how you are travelling. But it gives one a fine sense of purpose to set off on a swaying train in search of the restaurant car.

Use the cafés at the big terminus stations. Instead of rushing with the crowd to clear the Customs, sit down for a snack or a drink and avoid the queues. There is very little point in joining the stampede to pass the Customs only to find that you have to wait an hour while the last-comers are served before the train goes.

The travelling part of a holiday can be fun if you approach it in a spirit of adventure, but adventurers need a technique.

MICKEY ANDREWS.

A silver tea service of the early Nineteenth Century from the collection of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.

Beautiful period pieces which could form the nucleus of a domestic collection.

Sterling Quality

SILVERWARE is a costly luxury, but more than anything it gives a lustre and a richness to the home. It may be that your silver treasure is limited to some pieces which came with the wedding presents. Perhaps you have been fortunate enough to inherit some beautiful old pieces. Whether you collect it or merely admire it, beautiful silverware is fascinating and the period pieces have the attraction of all beautiful old things.

If your knowledge of fine old silver is limited but you enjoy spotting good pieces, this summary of its characteristics will be helpful.

English silver has always been given certain marks at different periods. These include the maker's mark or initials; the hall-mark; the standard mark; and an alphabetical letter denoting the year in which the piece was made. From 1784-1890 the head of the reigning sovereign was included.

The assay marks of provincial cities are different, and Irish silver, again, can be recognised by other marks, one of which is a harp. For easy reference there are standard works or small booklets comprising all the marks. The ones illustrated are taken from a booklet issued by the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths, price 1s. 6d.

Silver from the Mediæval and Renaissance periods is too rare and costly for the average collector, so let us start at the Restoration of King Charles II., in 1660.

Modern craftsmanship : C. J. Shiner's tea-set made by Steele and Dolphin ; and (below) a coffee-set by Leslie G. Durbin, for British Handcrafts Export.

After the straitlaced Puritans, the new, gay Court set the fashion for a more luxurious standard of life, and many new kinds of silverware came into use. Though still costly, tea was becoming popular and all the pieces appertaining to it were now made.

During Queen Anne's reign, at the beginning of the Eighteenth Century, silver design blended traditional English and French styles most happily in a simple and beautiful style, so popular that it has been reproduced ever since. Many pieces of this period are octagonal, and you will remember having seen typical salt-cellars of this shape, squat on the table, with scooped-out centres.

Rat-tail spoons also belong to the reigns of Queen Anne and George I., so called from the join of the shaft of the spoon and the bowl, the former being drawn out along the back of the spoon to look like a pointed tail. Three-pronged forks belong to this date. Sets of twelve of these early spoons and forks are of considerable value when complete. The silver marks on these are always " down " on the shaft, near the bowl of the spoon.

Following Queen Anne came the Rococo, *circa* 1730-1770. Influenced by the French, English silver became gayer and more elaborate, with much embossed decoration. Paul Lamerie, a silversmith of French Huguenot descent, was the greatest artist of the first part of the Rococo period, and his pieces display workmanship of quite unusual beauty.

Chinese art enjoyed one of its recurrent bouts of fashion in England at this time, and " Chinoiserie " was freely used in design, particularly in the case of tea-caddies, which had obvious Oriental connections. These were made in pairs which fitted into a leather box and locked up. About the middle of the Eighteenth Century sugar-castors made their appearance, usually in sets of three. (*Continued on page 74*)

A beaker of 1667 (left) and a modern design by R. Y. Gleadowe made by H. G. Murphy. From the collection of the Worshipful Company of Goldsmiths.

The story of silver can be read in the hall-mark. Marks at the foot of the opposite page read : Sterling silver made in the United Kingdom (lion) by N.M. in Birmingham (town mark, anchor) in the year 1948-1949 (date mark Y). Below : Sterling silver made in the United Kingdom (thistle) by Robert Bowman (RB) and marked in Edinburgh (castle) during the year 1780-1781 (A). All silver made between 1784 and 1890 on which Excise Duty was paid was struck with the reigning sovereign's mark.

George III.

Victoria.

Psychology of

Some of the Whys and Wherefors of Colour and its Uses in a Too-drab World.

By Muriel Segal

COLOUR is a mysterious thing. It plays upon our emotions as subtly as it acts upon our complexions. Men profess some indifference to it, women are frankly fascinated by it. Both sexes, whether they acknowledge it or not, are under its dominance at times. Why?

Have you ever asked yourself why some particular colour makes you feel happy, why another repels you? Who started the superstition that green is unlucky? Is it only because of their grey hairs that old ladies have the monopoly of lavender, and is there really some therapeutic quality in colour?

A lot of serious people have been working on these problems. Research has not yet produced anything very startling for our edification, but it is all very interesting, and developing fast.

Artists have some enlightening things to say on the subject of colour, and they should know. Some authorities claim—Gainsborough was one of them—that the colours which suit women best are those which lie in the colouring of hair and eyes. Not skin, you will note. Of course, the blue-eyed woman looks her best in blues, just as the green-eyed girl is flattered by green, but these are obvious. What about the in-betweens? In these cases the composites which make the colour of the eyes will be the guide. Brown is composed of a mixture of red, yellow and black. Hazel mixes green, yellow and brown, so here is the key to the dark-eyed ladies' personal choice of colour, though it goes even further than that. Pink with a suggestion of brown in it—the peach varieties—will suit the brown-eyed woman. Green with a yellowish tinge will be better for the hazel-eyed than the clear, blue-greens, which may steal their colouring.

SOME ultra-sensitive people react to colour vibrations and are, literally, more at ease in some than in others. A well-known American woman columnist declares, though she is over seventy, that red still expresses her forceful and energetic personality better than any other colour. Her confidence in red as a stimulant runs to red-rimmed spectacles, red telephones and even a red bathroom . . . but we are not all American columnists.

Medical research has already gone some distance in the therapeutic uses of colour. Pale greens seem to have proved themselves effective for sick-room walls in place of the conventional and more clinical white. Industrial psychologists have urged the use of prettier colours on factory walls. I have actually met a factory owner who can point to increased production figures since the walls of his factory were coloured a delicate pink.

A question still to be answered by the people who deal with mass psychology is why the colour-shy British have taken a header into the wider and more daring uses of the spectrum.

Is it a reaction to the drabness of Service uniforms, the dreary monotony of all things connected with war and misery? Clothes manufacturers tell us that, among women, anyway, the demand for gayer colourings has been sensational. When before the war would you have seen those brilliant reds and greens, those snappy pastels that parade our streets to-day? Certainly not in winter. But now the long-accepted serviceable winter coat of a "safe" colour holds only half the appeal that it once had, and our November fogs are lightened by splashes of brilliance wherever women are seen.

Even the raincoat industry has broken out into a rash of daring and quite enchanting colours, and the demand for brilliant hues with which to face the recurrent national downpour has for months outstripped supplies.

SILK manufacturers are mystified and equally gratified at the popularity of bright prints—a demand which is no longer confined to summer but goes placidly on even through the winter months. It is as though a pent-up yearning for colour had suddenly found release in the British temperament.

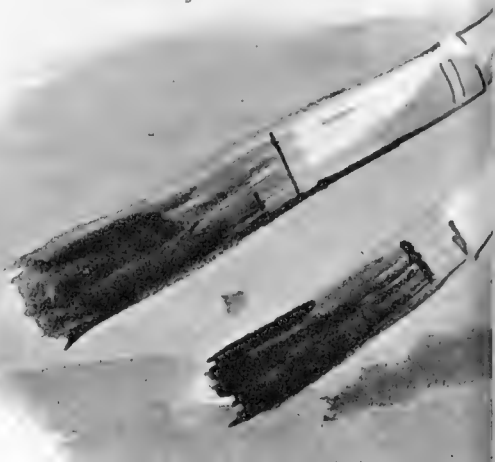
It all goes to prove that colour is closely linked with the emotions—or does it? Could it be that the stresses of war have brought emotions nearer the surface and relaxed a little the national characteristic of restraint? War makes mincemeat of conventions, and we are a conventional people, but women who have spent years in slacks and cast the well-established tenets of fashion to the winds to meet the needs of the moment are not so easily restored to the old ways. Colour is a mode of expression—a new mode to many, but an exciting one—and how it beautifies!

We progress in our personal experiments with colour. We colour our nails and lips; we fare forth in colours as enchanting as the flowers; we take a step further and begin to use the stimulant of colour with more daring in our homes. The world takes on a brighter hue.

Well, there it is. Colour is a fascinating topic for discussion. It has many different angles, and if we were to deal with them all we still shouldn't know why we talk about a "fit of the blues," a "yellow streak," or fall into a "brown study."

Personal Palette

Fashion exploits the appeal of colour for its own ends and sometimes we obey and sometimes not. Paris launched Tangerine as the colour of the summer season, but though a few of the ultra-chic have blossomed in the colour of the orange, women have for most part shied away. Tangerine, it seems, does not produce sympathetic vibrations unless, of course, one is young and fair and tanned like a golden peach.



Colour

Treasury Of

Wild flowers, enchanters of the wayside, are part of July's bounty. Enjoy them, gather them if you must, but treat them with respectful love

"FLOWERS seem to be intended for the solace of humanity," wrote John Ruskin : " children love them ; tender, cultivated people love them as they grow."

If you take pleasure in flowers wherever you find them—in sun-dappled fields, in dim woods, in gardens ; or in bouquets veiled with cellophane—you may fairly claim to be tender and cultivated. As for children, one of the joys of spring is to see them searching in last year's haunts for the wild blossoms with which they seem to have such a tender affinity.

The beauty of wild flowers is indivisible from their natural setting. A bluebell wood owes as much of its loveliness to the tracery of branches overhead as to the azure beauty of the flowers ; wild violets are many times more beautiful nestling by a sheltered bank than in hard little market bunches. Yet who can resist the urge to pluck them and carry home the sweet fragrance of the countryside ?

But do discriminate. Know those flowers which will not endure a journey and leave them to live their brief span in their natural sphere.

Celandine, the dainty wild wood anemone, papery scarlet poppies are not for gathering. Cornflowers, however, will live for a while if the day is not too hot ; so will dog-roses in the bud, primroses in the spring, cowslips, kingcups and ox-eye daisies in early summer and in the later season, all the colourful and shapely hips and berries which decorate the hedgerows. Grasses are usually good travellers, and their feathery fronds make perfect foil for a posy of wild flowers.

A REWARDING way of gathering wild flowers is to transplant the roots complete to the garden at home, where with average luck they will flower again next year. Remember the rules for successful transplanting and wait until the blooming season is finished. It may mean that you will have to return to the same haunt later in the year and search for the roots among the undergrowth, but it will be worth it. Primroses can be successfully transplanted to a garden ; so can foxgloves, cowslips, bluebells and the cool, green ferns which take as happily to a lush and shady corner of a garden as to their natural hedgerows.

To ensure the success of your transplanting, dig deeply and retain a good section of the soil around the roots. Wrap the clump in dampened newspaper for the journey home. Replant the flower as nearly to its natural habitat as you can create in the garden. Field flowers will take kindly to a sunny border while shade-loving flowers will flourish in the orchard or alongside a shady wall.

Summer

THE symbolism of flowers is as old as the world. Its origins lie in classical legend, in local superstition and in the abracadabra of the herbalist and the leech.

ACCORDING to these authorities, the holly typifies foresight because only its lower leaves are prickly. Ox-tongue is for falsehood because the root was used for rouge.

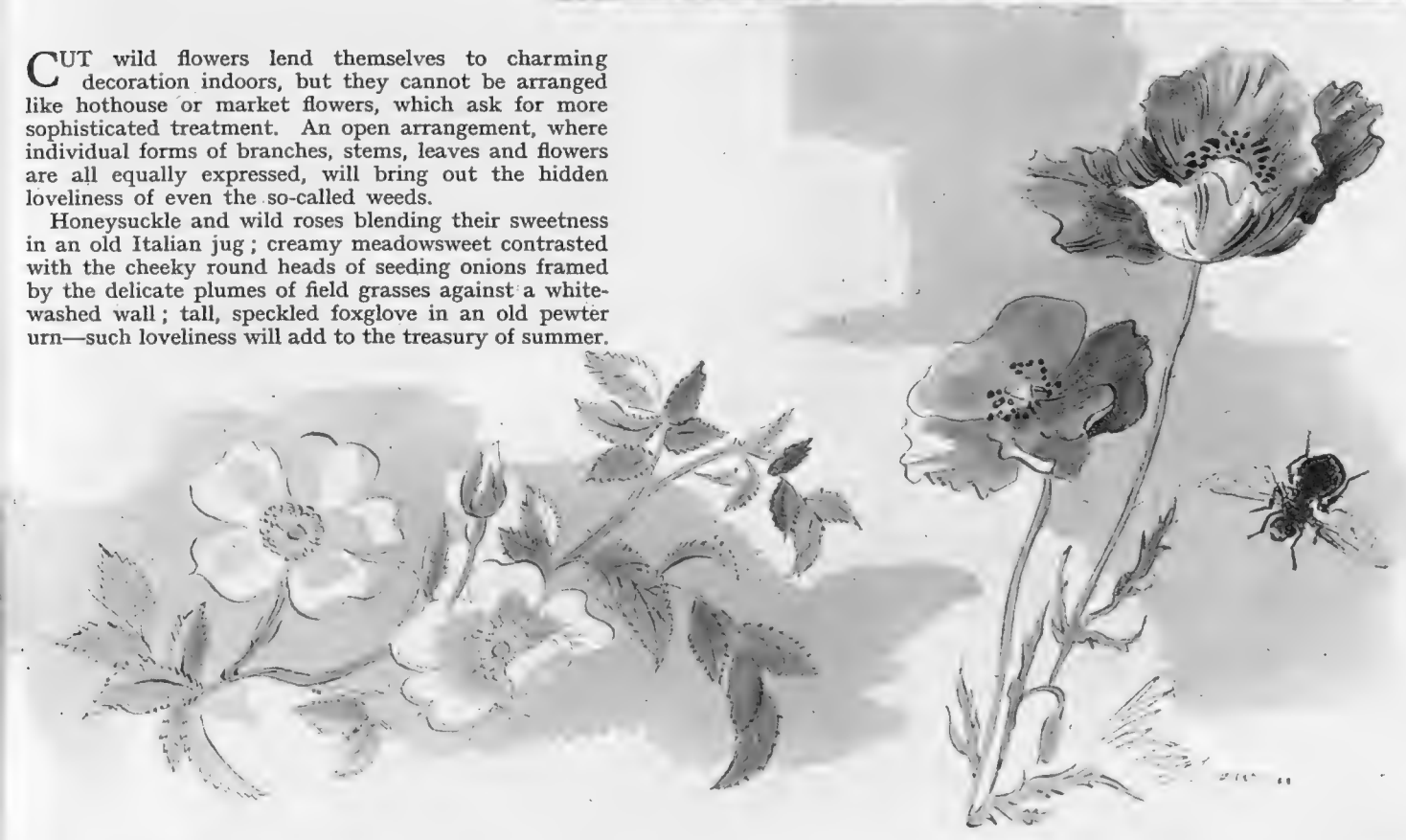
THE rose is the most symbolical of all flowers. White for silence; red for love and *shame*; yellow for infidelity, since yellow is the colour of jealousy.

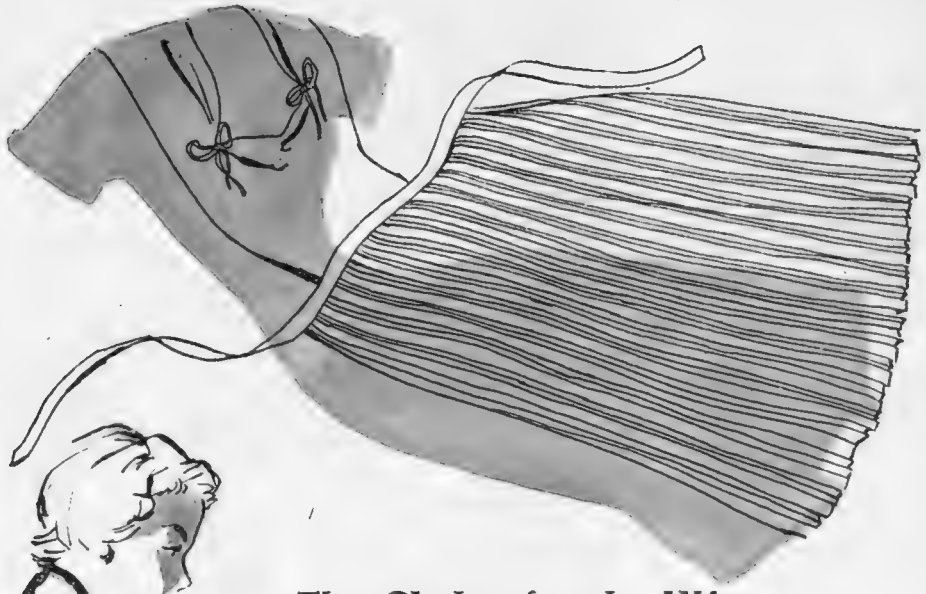
HONEYSUCKLE symbolises the bonds of love, because of its clinging quality; the opiate poppy the consolations of sleep.

JUNIPER and marshmallow are proof against evil; foxglove and moonwort distil the magic which opens locks and bars; rowan, once revered as a talisman, is a reminder of the Age of Sorcery.

CUT wild flowers lend themselves to charming decoration indoors, but they cannot be arranged like hothouse or market flowers, which ask for more sophisticated treatment. An open arrangement, where individual forms of branches, stems, leaves and flowers are all equally expressed, will bring out the hidden loveliness of even the so-called weeds.

Honeysuckle and wild roses blending their sweetness in an old Italian jug; creamy meadowsweet contrasted with the cheeky round heads of seeding onions framed by the delicate plumes of field grasses against a white-washed wall; tall, speckled foxglove in an old pewter urn—such loveliness will add to the treasury of summer.





The Clothes for the Wait

THERE is no reason to-day why maternity clothes should not be well-styled and attractive, as the illustrations on this page will prove. Modern dress-designers are using new and ingenious methods to ensure that the mother-to-be is elegantly and fashionably dressed, right up to the last.

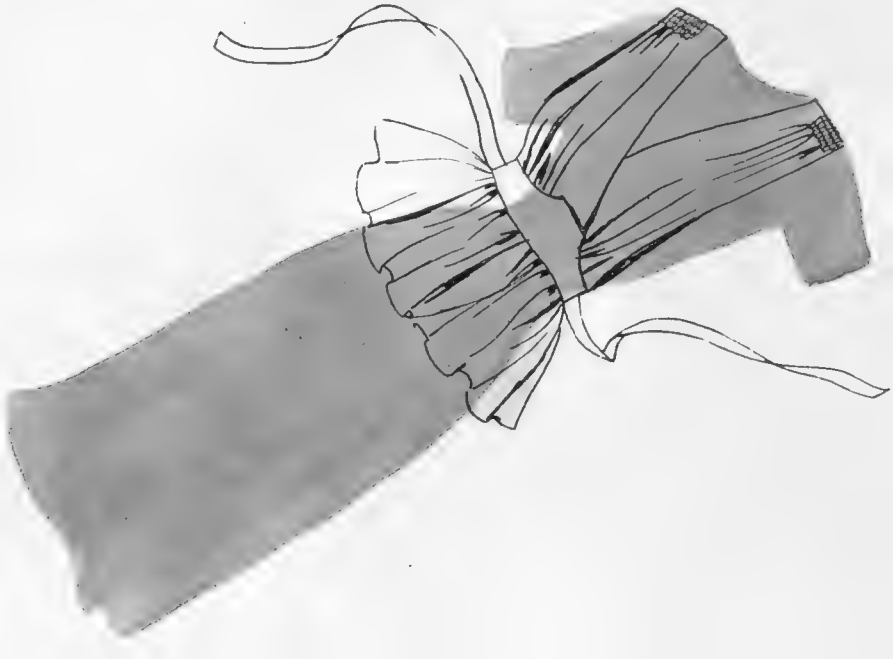
Gor-ray's tailored skirt is so cleverly cut that it can be worn with equal grace both throughout the pre-natal period and afterwards. Concealing the skirt's adjustability there are in front two 6-in. edge-stitched inverted pleats, and an extra inside fastening to ensure that, however adjusted, the pleats keep their tailored lines. The skirt can be let out merely by re-pressing the pleats and buckling the belt farther back as required.

In the silk afternoon dress from Dickins and Jones, the wrap-over underskirt is adjusted by means of a tie waistband, while the detached pleated bib front ensures a level hemline and graceful lines throughout the waiting months.

As far as silhouette is concerned, the current " swing " fashion lines are favourable to the mother-to-be. A straight skirt on the Gor-ray principle, worn with a short or full-length swagger, will be all-concealing. To ring the changes, the coat can be belted, with the belt slotted through the side seams to allow the back of the coat to hang free. This way, no one can see from the side what the waist measurement is, and from the front, all that can be seen is a belted waistline.

In both dresses illustrated, a loose front panel proves that the anomalous smock is not the only successful principle of camouflage for the mother-to-be. In each dress, the front panel hangs from the shoulders and gives a graceful line to the garment.

Charlotte French, a successful designer of maternity clothes, thinks that colour is important. She advises a normal use of colours for the expectant mother and even mixing them with some exciting contrasts. Or wear a colour that you never thought of wearing before and introduce a new colour into your wardrobe that will be useful after the baby is born. " Carefully used, bright colours do not make you look bigger—on the contrary, you look gayer and brighter—and being cheerful to look at makes the whole situation less obvious," says this expert.



On Playing
The Waiting Game

Times have changed since the waiting months of pregnancy were viewed as a time of enforced inaction. But the modern mother-to-be has her problems, here discussed by MOLLIE HALES

Charlotte French, designer, herself an expectant mother, wears one of her own outfits

ONCE you know that you are going to have a child you will, in effect, think of nothing else till it is born. This is, in itself, a complete new orientation of your mental life. At the same time, the attitude of those around you will change. Solicitude, curiosity and floods of advice will greet you at different times from different people. From all these circumstances you should be able to draw a new and profound happiness.

But happiness is not, unfortunately, the perpetual state of mind of the average expectant mother, though such should certainly be the aim. Fears will come, too—and your great care should be to keep these fears in check. It is not silly to find yourself worrying lest something should happen to your unborn child; nor is it silly to fear that he may be malformed. It is not silly to fear, sometimes, about your own health and safety, but it *is* foolish to let such fears grow to the size of panics. Your husband and your doctor will both be able to help you through these depressed moments, and after all, if you are wise and visiting your doctor regularly, he will be able to tell you whether or not there is any basis for those nagging fears which come in the night watches.

Do get this straight. You are not an invalid because you are pregnant. There was a time when, according to the fiction writers, the woman of good birth started off her pregnancy with a picturesque and well-timed swoon, spent the best part of nine months on a chaise longue wrapped in cobwebby shawls and being treated by the males of her family as something between a camellia and a corpse. This is all boloney.

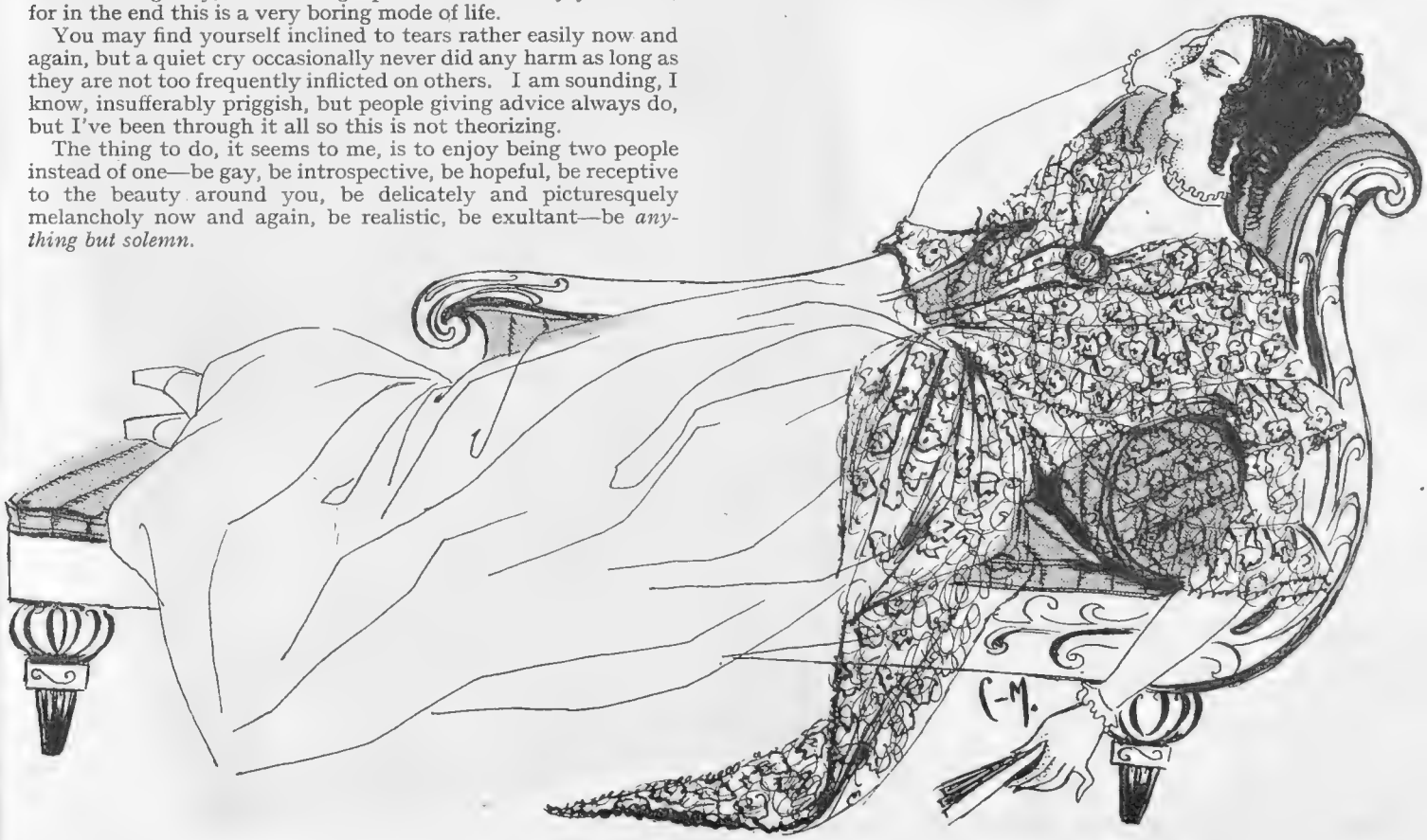
If there is some particular reason why you are to be treated as an invalid, you will be told by your doctor. Otherwise the best plan is to live more or less as you always have done. If your husband wants to fuss you let him, because it's a shame to waste a man's good impulse; but don't take yourself too seriously. Don't, I beg of you, walk around in a slow, ritualistic and suffering way, like the high priestess of some joyless cult, for in the end this is a very boring mode of life.

You may find yourself inclined to tears rather easily now and again, but a quiet cry occasionally never did any harm as long as they are not too frequently inflicted on others. I am sounding, I know, insufferably priggish, but people giving advice always do, but I've been through it all so this is not theorizing.

The thing to do, it seems to me, is to enjoy being two people instead of one—be gay, be introspective, be hopeful, be receptive to the beauty around you, be delicately and picturesquely melancholy now and again, be realistic, be exultant—be *anything but solemn.*

A word about the so-called "unnatural cravings." Cravings for certain foods do occur. The body is, by this means, making known some slight deficiency. But the idea that unless these cravings are satisfied some harm will come to the unborn child is just nonsense. If the craving is for something accessible, satisfy it for your own peace of mind—if it is for something out of this world, forget it.

The aim, you see, is common sense, a quality which so many quite sensible women forget in their first glimmerings of motherhood. And you need the same quality to counter the confidences of your married friends who will recount their own experiences. Every woman dramatizes this central experience of her life. You will, yourself, in a year's time. Don't take other women's reminiscences too seriously. Capping Childbirth Experiences is one of the great basic games of the life feminine, and as such it should be treated.



Closed Front Cardigan

MATERIALS: 7 oz. Golden Eagle Polynit, 3-ply knitting wool; knitting needles No. 10 and No. 13; 5 buttons.
MEASUREMENTS: Length from shoulder, 23 ins.; width all round at underarm, 35 ins.; sleeve seam, 6½ ins.
TENSION: 7½ sts. to the in. over st.st. worked with No. 10 needles.

THE BACK

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 134 sts. and work in st.st. for 11 rows. Now fold the work in half with the wrong sides facing and p. 1 st. from the needle and 1 st. from the cast-on edge tog. all along. This forms a hem. Continue in patt. thus :

1st row (right side of work).—(P. 2, k. 1 bk.) to last 2 sts., p. 2.

2nd row.—(K. 2, p. 1) to last 2 sts., k. 2. Rep. the last 2 rows 12 times, dec. at each end of the next and every following 4th row.

Work 6 rows of st.st., dec. on every 4th row as before.

Continue as on the last 32 rows (dec. once more to bring sts. to 116) until work measures 6 ins. from the bottom of hem. Change to No. 13 needles for 3 ins. Change back to No. 10 needles and continue in patt., inc. at each end of every 6th row 9 times 134 sts. (*Continued on page* 68)

ABBREVIATIONS.—K. = knit; p. = purl; st.st. = stocking stitch; rep. = repeat; patt. = pattern; inc. = increase by knitting or purling twice into same stitch; dec. = decrease by taking two together; beg. = beginning; k. 1 bk. = knit 1 stitch through back of the loop; m. = main; c. = contrast.

Knitted Flower Border

MATERIALS: 4 oz. Templeton's Ayrbeam 3-ply Super Scotch Fingering in main and 2 oz. ditto in contrast; knitting needles Nos. 10 and 12.
MEASUREMENTS: Length from shoulder, 19½ ins.; width all round at underarm, 34 ins.; sleeve seam, 6 ins.
TENSION: 7½ sts. to the inch over st.st. worked with No. 10 needles.

THE FRONT

Using No. 12 needles and c., cast on 115 sts.

1st row (right side of work.)—P. 1, (k. 1, p. 1) to end.

2nd row.—K. 1, (p. 1, k. 1) to end.

Rep. these 2 rows for 3¼ ins., finishing on 2nd row.

Change to No. 10 needles and commence converting the rib into st.st. for a pointed effect edged with Fair Isle.

Note.—Do not carry m. wool across the rib.

1st row (right side of work.)—K. 2 in m., rib 111 in c., k. 2 in m.

2nd row.—P. 2 in m., rib 111 in c., p. 2 in m.

3rd row.—K. 4 in m., rib 107 in c., k. 4 in m.

4th row.—P. 4 in m., rib 107 in c., p. 4 in m.

5th row.—K. 6 in m., rib 103 in c., k. 6 in m.

6th row.—P. 6 (*Continued on page* 68)

Plan For A Tan

Martin White's swimsuit at the very top is made of linen-weave rayon with a bare midriff front and back and attached bra, very comfortable to wear. 38s. 6d The printed cotton play swimsuit next to it has a wired strapless bra. 36s. 4d. Short shorts and a shirt to match in natural linen are 60s. 6d. and 59s. 6d. respectively. Linzi's pastel linen backless sundress, left, is £4 10s. and a small check gingham, backless and with a little shoulder cape, if you want it, is the same price. Also Linzi.

Send a stamped envelope for particulars of where these garments can be bought in London, to Women's Department, BRITANNIA AND EVE, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1.

IT is not only human beings who flourish in the warm sunny weather of summer. Conditions are equally ideal for the propagation of germs. This, however, need not be as terrifying as it sounds. Serious summer epidemics occur occasionally, but they are, fortunately, sufficiently infrequent to make headline news when they do. Still, it is in the interests of everyone to recognize the sources of infections and to avoid, or better still, to eliminate them.

The story of summer infections is not only a matter of germs and infection carriers. That might be regarded as the negative side of summer health. On the positive side of the ledger, there is the factor of natural and artificial resistance to disease.

IT is a well-known fact that germs of every description exist everywhere, even actually inside the body itself. It is only when the body's resistance is lowered—in other words when impoverished health lowers the natural guards against disease—that germs gain a foothold and illness results. Resistance to disease is a fluctuating factor and in a normally healthy body increases when the danger from attack threatens most.

Protection against infection, then, on the positive side, should include the building up of resistance to disease. Fresh air, sunshine, good food and sensible living generally, take ample care of that. On the negative side, sources of common summer infections should be tracked down and eliminated.

Everyone knows that food won't keep as long in hot weather as in cold. Food, apparently fresh on examination by the naked eye, might on microscopic examination prove to be unwholesome. Common sense, however, will suggest the remedy. Don't take risks in keeping food, particularly meat and fish. Put everything you can in a refrigerator and if that is impossible, improvise some kind of cooler for vulnerables like milk and meat.

MILK, particularly, should be carefully stored. Fruit should always be washed, before it is eaten. Soft fruit cannot be washed without damage to its quality—even that is sometimes wise in cases of doubt—but all the hard fruit can and should be.

We have heard, *ad nauseam*, of the dangers of the spread of infection by flies. Perhaps we have heard it just a little too often, and so have grown careless of a very real danger, for the fact remains that the odd blowfly in the pantry is still regarded with much greater tolerance than it should be. No food should be left uncovered for these familiar little monsters to visit. Natural resistance to disease is a complete answer to all infection, but it is not worth running any risk of infection entering the house and finding one member under the weather and open to attack.

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C. 1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope

Foundations Of Summer

POWDER bases and foundations have the two-fold function to perform of protecting the skin against extremes of weather and providing a basis for powder which will remain matt for a maximum length of time. When hot sunny weather brings its own trials to the complexion, it is particularly necessary to see that the make-up foundation used does, in fact, fulfil these two functions. Hot weather tends to relax the skin, often associated with a superficial dryness. The troubles of a shiny nose and scaling cheeks which result, can be helped by the use of the correct foundation.

A new powder base has just appeared, designed for young complexions or for any woman with a thin, delicate skin who prefers a light make-up in the summer to keep her looking well-groomed but not artificial. This featherweight foundation comes in eight shades to blend with all complexion tints, including a light and a dark tan.

FOR those who have difficulty in acclimatizing their skins to the strong rays of the sun, there is a sun-filter foundation cream. It deflects the burning rays of the sun, but lets the health-giving ones reach the skin to promote a gradual, even tan beneath the make-up. As it is flesh-coloured and non-greasy, it can double as an ordinary sun-bathing cream to be used before sun-bathing or before exposing bare shoulders, arms, legs for sport.

Generally speaking, a liquid type of foundation is preferable to a cream type in the hot weather, because it remains matt longer. Nightly massage with a rich skin food will counteract any over dryness that this type of foundation might cause.

COMPLEXIONS that tend to "bead" can be corrected by applying a mild astringent to the skin underneath the foundation. The beading is caused by minute traces of grease left in the pores after cleansing, which the astringent helps to eliminate.

TO assure the older woman that she has all the advantages of poise and authority over her younger colleagues is no comfort to her, if she considers that her greying hair places her at a disadvantage. Greyness, accompanied by the serenity and poise of maturity has a charm of its own, equal in powers of physical attraction to the spontaneous vitality of youth. But this charm has a subtle quality which must be matched in subtlety of make-up if it is to be enhanced and not lost in a misguided attempt to remain youthful, or at the other end of the scale, a premature resignation to faded old age.

The problems of the grey haired woman are, naturally enough, primarily concerned with make-up colours. With all the fruits of modern cosmetic research at her service, the older woman to-day can expect to retain her youthful complexion long after the first grey hairs have made their appearance. A well balanced beauty routine, adopted in the late twenties or early thirties and maintained faithfully, will retard the ravishes of time, almost indefinitely.

GREY hair is no sign of old age to-day. Unfortunately, the strain of modern life and the tensions under which the modern woman has to live and work, make grey hair at forty or even thirty no common occurrence. At whatever age it comes, greyness brings the question "To dye or not to dye" which cannot be answered without careful considerations from both the practical and the aesthetic standpoints. Dyeing entails considerable and unceasing care involving both time and money. It also means an elaborate modification of make-up as a whole for colour harmony in these cases must be worked out

in terms of the hair colour and not the natural complexion tint. If, after consideration of these problems, the decision is against dyeing, accept greyness happily and turn it into an asset by the sheer loveliness of its appearance. It can be done.

Grey hair must be shampooed at least once a week. A soapless shampoo is preferable as it will not leave a filmy deposit to rob the hair of some of its brilliance. Styling and grooming are more important now than ever before. Hairdressing expenses are investments in morale and cannot be stinted for that reason.

Grey hair to-day need not look dull and drab. Colour rinses, especially those which come from France, can give it lustre and richness. There is a range of colour rinses to choose from, rose pink, gunmetal, steel grey, mauve and blue. Choose one which enhances the clarity of the complexion. Rose pink is good for those with fair skins, mauve for white skins, steel and gunmetal for olive skins. Blue is a flattering shade for all skin types.

AS far as make-up is concerned, no stock recommendation of tints can be safely followed, for the variation of complexion tones among the grey-haired is infinite. Ideally, face powder should be personally blended for each individual and one cosmetic house is offering this service at each of its branches. At second best, examine the complexion for its lightest skin tone and select both powder and base to correspond. Dark or sallow skins should be avoided at all costs, for white hair throws them into cruel contrast. Regular face packs, however, should take care of this.

As far as lipstick is concerned, the general rule that lipstick should match the colours worn still holds, with the bias always towards the pinks and petunias in favour of the orange-red tones.

Just The Place

A comfortable divan bed, on the left, has a cupboard underneath with sliding doors. An accessible storage place for extra blankets and bed linen. Oetzman. The centre picture suggests a double wardrobe cupboard fitment with a shelf between which will serve as a dressing table

NOT all of us live in streamlined homes, scientifically designed to meet the problems of storage. Many living in too-small quarters and larger outmoded places are dogged by the question "how to find a place for it."

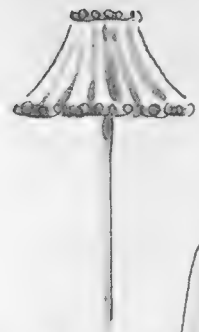
COMFORT and serenity in the home are best promoted by the tidiness which is only possible where there is a place for everything. Better storage is a recurrent theme in all our dreams of better and more easily-run homes, but since the ideal is still distant for many, there is some comfort in the knowledge that simple cupboard construction is more possible and less costly than it was and that some of the new furniture being produced is designed with the special purpose of accommodation as a first principle.

SOME typical pieces photographed here exemplify the philosophy that furniture for the small home should do a thorough job of work whilst occupying the minimum of space. The sideboard cupboards shown are good examples, since they are made to accommodate china, glass, books, and table accessories neatly and accessibly in units pleasant in appearance and yet self effacing enough for small rooms.

Window Garden

ONE of the main objections to window gardening is that damp from the soil can sometimes seep through the sill into the room. This disadvantage has been successfully overcome by a new self-watering metal window box involving a novel principle of sub-irrigation. The plants are not watered from above, but from a small reservoir in the base of the box which allows the moisture to work upwards through the soil to feed the roots. As no drainage holes are needed, the sill and wall are protected from damp.

Cost of installation of these window boxes, filled with loam and fertilizers ready for planting, ranges from 36s. 9d. for a 1½ ft. box to 47s. 6d. for the 3½ ft. size. Where the sill is too narrow, patent brackets to support the box can be supplied at a small extra charge.



For It

(*Left*) The storage units on the left and another at the top of the page were designed by Day & Latimer for the small flat. The drop flaps reveal compartments for china and glass, books and table accessories. These designs were prize winners in an International competition for low-cost furniture. The prototypes were made by Heals, in mahogany and birch with legs in satin-finish aluminium

Two good examples of cupboard adaptations are in the small photographs above while right is a sideboard by Dunns which comes within the Utility price range and is fitted with a damp-proof, spirit-proof, drop-front cocktail cabinet

You Don't Have To Be A Rabbit

J. Ivor Griffith, principal instructor at a London Tennis School, answers some questions on the game put to him by amateur club players

I HAVE played tennis for a sufficient number of years to realize the importance of watching the ball, yet, although I concentrate on this, constantly I find upon striking the ball, that I have lost sight of it.

This fault is probably the most common, and indeed, one of the most fatal mistakes that can be made. The remedy lies, not in mere optical concentration in watching the ball, but rather on an alert mental visualization of the projection of the ball. When the ball hits the ground it passes out of the optical line of vision unless one follows it by moving the head right to the moment of impact.

COULD you please tell me why I rarely feel I am getting anything like the full power into my shot? I was told by our leading club player it was because I do not hold the racquet tight enough. Since then, although I now grip hard all the time, instead of improving, I have got steadily worse and my wrist and arm feel absolutely numb after twenty minutes' play. Is it because I have a weak wrist and arm and therefore unsuitable for the game, or is my informant wrong?

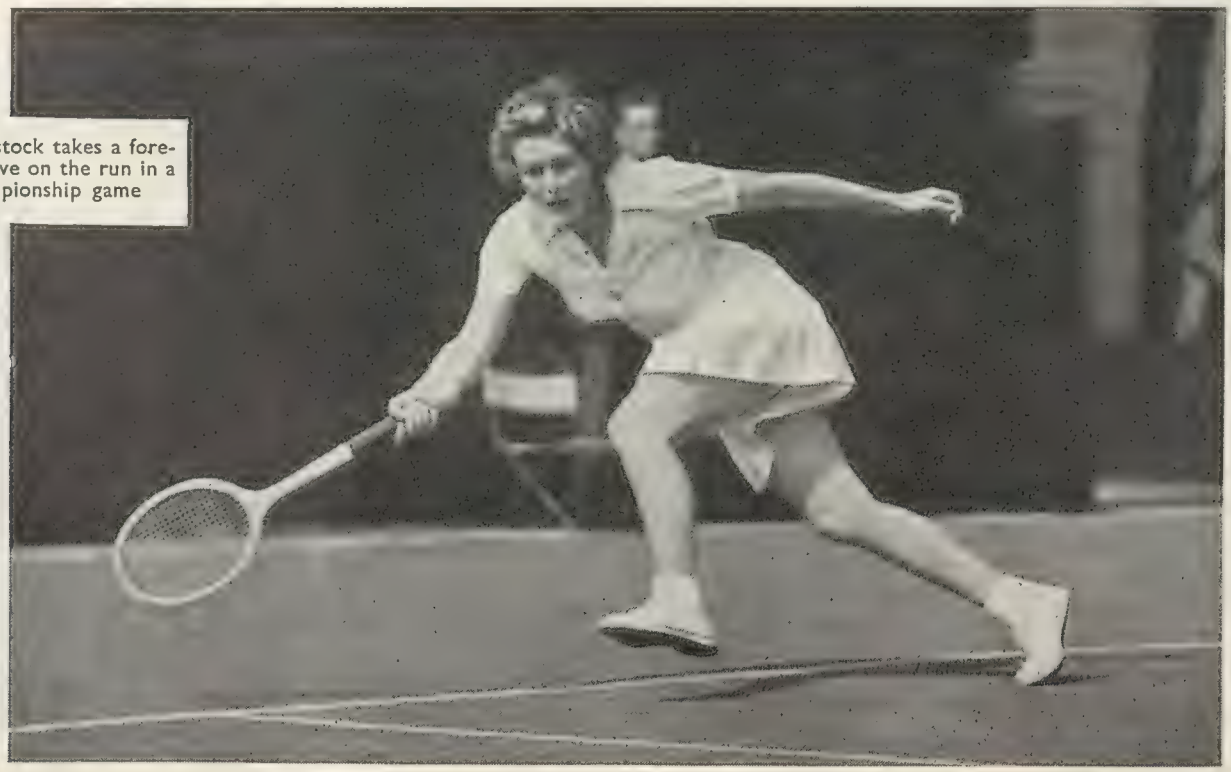
Dismiss the idea from your mind of giving up the game. The answer lies not in gripping like "grim death" all the time, but only *whilst you are striking the ball.* By holding tight all the time, you impose an abnormal strain on the arm and from sheer fatigue you have no strength left when the racquet has to deal with the oncoming ball. You have thrown something like 500 per cent more strain on the arm than necessary, so that all you can accomplish is to allow the ball to hit the racquet.

I FIND difficulty in taking up the correct position for striking the ball. My chief fault is that I am always too close to the ball. In desperation I took some lessons last summer and my instructor advised me to take the ball much earlier, but although I frantically try to take the ball about twelve to eighteen inches in front of the body, it does not assist. Can you please help?

It is wrong to attempt to take the ball twelve to eighteen inches ahead of the body. It should be met on a line (or up to six inches ahead at the most) of the left hip for a forehand stroke. An inch or two does not matter but you must not deviate in yards or even in feet. In any case, this only relates to one aspect of the position—in point of time. It is still possible to be too close to the ball in relation to space. You must also take it a comfortably relaxed arm's length away from the body. The most common reasons for being too close to the ball are as follows. By being so eager to return the ball—or worse still, by being so wholly concerned with the desire to win the point—you have no mind power left to position yourself. Try and subordinate the two latter and concentrate more on the intelligent method of positioning. The ball seems to have the same attraction to an inexpert player that a magnet has to a pin. But whereas the pin is helpless when it comes within the radius of the magnet, the tennis player is not. Treat the ball as if it were a boxing opponent who is bent on hitting you on the nose. Whilst you want to remain within comfortable striking distance of t, keep well out of its way.

THIS is my second season's lawn tennis. Last year I used a 13½ oz. racquet and I was told it was much too heavy. I have now bought a 12½-oz. racquet but I still find it heavy. Is it because I have a weak wrist and should I wear a wrist strap?

For a woman, the weight of a racquet should be a minimum of 12½ oz., so do not incur further expense. You would do well to refer to the answer to the second question which cannot be unconnected with your trouble. Also try to keep your wrist, as well as grip, firmer whilst striking the ball so as to distribute the effort over the whole arm. If you find it helps by all means use a wrist strap, but in my experience, the most adequate wrist strengthener lies in the shoulders upwards —namely in the mind.



Mrs. Bostock takes a forehand drive on the run in a championship game

When women talk clothes . . .

they talk of the beauty of 'Celanese' Fabrics

The Horne Dance at Abbots Bromley probably originated in the 12th century. There are ten performers: six dancers carrying reindeer horns of great size, a fool, Maid Marian, who carries a quaint ladle used for collecting money, a hobby-horse, a boy carrying a bow and arrow, a musician and a boy with a triangle.

NEW WORDS

for

NEW TIMES

Country dances are museum-pieces
even in the country. Nowadays it's the
SAMBA. And of course SCHWEPPERVESCENCE.
Schweppes quietly lending its name to the language,
goes equally well with rhythms ancient or modern.
Schweppervescence lasts the whole drink through.

Holiday Handwork

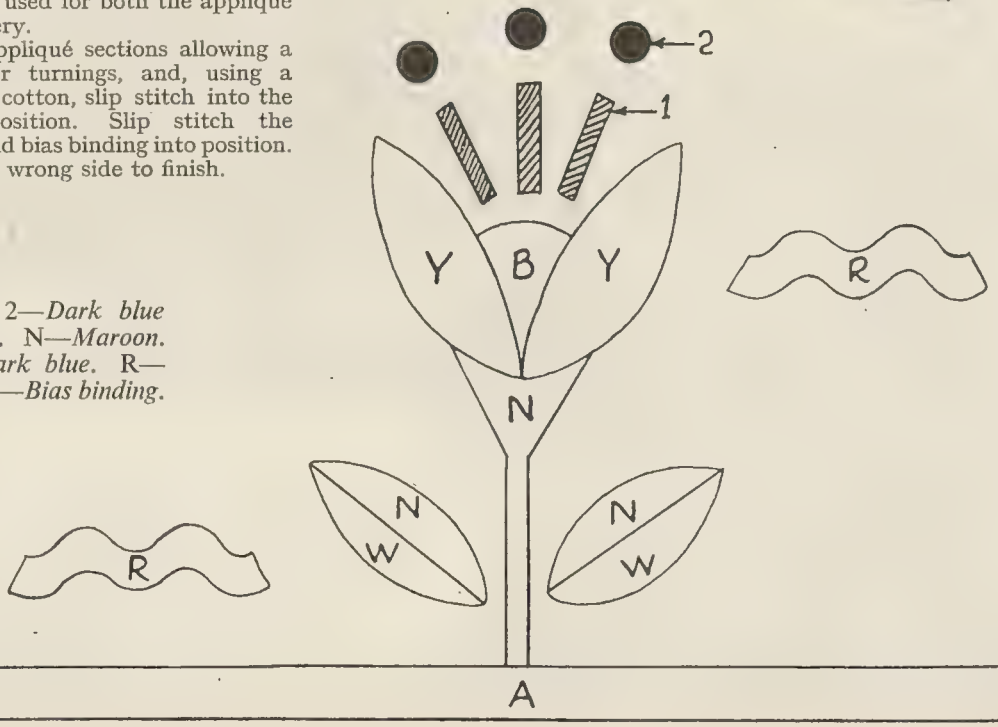
This little girl's pinafore, with simple appliqué embroidery, makes an easy piece of holiday needlework.

The materials required are a pinafore in green linen or cotton; scraps of yellow, dark blue, maroon and white cotton fabric for the appliqué, one card of white bias binding, a piece of rick-rack braid and one skein each of Clark's Anchor Stranded Cotton in white and colours to match the appliqué.

TO make up, trace the motif four times across the foot of the apron, spacing evenly, about 2½ inches from the bottom edge. Trace two more motifs on the bib, with the straight lines about 4½ inches from the top edge.

Using three threads of cotton, embroider the top lines and spots of the design in satin stitch. Trace the small appliqué sections on to the cotton scraps. The key will indicate the colours to be used for both the appliqué and the embroidery.

Cut out the appliqué sections allowing a small margin for turnings, and, using a single thread of cotton, slip stitch into the corresponding position. Slip stitch the rick-rack braid and bias binding into position. Press well on the wrong side to finish.



1—*White thread.* 2—*Dark blue thread.* Y—*Yellow.* N—*Maroon.* W—*White.* B—*Dark blue.* R—*Rick-rack braid.* A—*Bias binding.*

Sustaining Salads

Potato Salad a l'Ecarlate with Aspic Dariolles

SUMMER salads when well-chosen and carefully prepared can introduce comprehensive food values in vitamins and nutriment. These salads are substantial enough for the main course of a meal.

POTATO SALAD A L'ECARLATE WITH ASPIC DARIOLLES

Ingredients: 1 beetroot (boiled); 3 or 4 large new potatoes; a few chives; 1 hard-boiled egg; ½ pint aspic jelly; large cupful mixed vegetables such as peas, beans, diced carrots; heart of a lettuce; small cupful finely diced ham or rabbit.

Skin beetroot and cut up in a bowl with a little vinegar. Let stand a few hours. Scrape potatoes and boil till cooked but firm. Cut in slices and while they are hot cover with beetroot juice. Season with pepper and salt, and sprinkle with chopped chives. Arrange as a border on individual plates. Put a few small lettuce leaves in centre, sprinkled with french dressing and an aspic dariolle on top.

DARIOLLES

Set a slice of hard-boiled egg in each dariolle tin with a little aspic jelly (½ oz. aspic jelly or gelatine dissolved in a little hot water and brought up to ½ a pint flavoured with a teaspoon meat extract). Add vegetables and ham or rabbit to remaining aspic and when egg is set fill tins with the mixture. When all is set, turn out.

MIXED SALAD WITH SAVOURY EGGS

Ingredients: 3 hard-boiled eggs; 2 oz. grated cheese; a few sardines; 1 oz. margarine; lettuce; sliced tomatoes; radish roses; cucumber; cheese; chopped chives.

Shell eggs, cut in half crosswise. Scoop out yolks.

On Toast

A LIGHT supper set out temptingly on a tray or trolley is an attractive prospect at the end of a hot day, with the added advantage that there is no ogre of a large wash-up afterwards. Best of all for these simple tray meals are the many varieties of mixtures which can be spread on buttered toast of which you may like to try the following.

ASPARAGUS TOAST

Lay cooked asparagus on rounds of toast and garnish with cheese sauce made by melting 2 oz. of cheddar cheese in a gill of white sauce and stirring in a spoonful of margarine.

SHRIMP AND EGG TOASTS

Ingredients: ¼ pint white sauce; tin of shrimps or small cup of fresh skinned shrimps; dessertspoonful of lemon juice; anchovy paste; bunch of water cress; rounds of toast; 1 hard-boiled egg.

Chop egg rather coarsely and add to sauce, together with lemon juice and shrimps and warm through. Spread buttered toast lightly with anchovy paste. Make a border with tiny sprigs of water cress. Pile shrimp mixture in the centre and garnish with lemon butterfly or water cress.

Sausage and Apple Spread

SAUSAGE AND APPLE SPREAD

Ingredients: 4 sausages; 2 cooking apples; grated raw carrot; rounds of toast.

Peel and core apples; cut into thin rings and fry at once in a little margarine till tender but not mushy. Cut sausages in half lengthwise and then halve again. Fry them. Lay apple rings on rounds of toast; season. Form a cross with four pieces of sausage on each round. Melt a knob of margarine in the frying-pan; add parsley; add carrot and toss in the hot margarine for a moment. Fill spaces between the sausage with carrot mixture and a sprig of parsley in centre.

CHEESE AND TOMATO RAREBITS

Ingredients: 2 oz. grated cheese; ½ oz. chopped nuts; 1 level teaspoonful made mustard; seasoning; squares of thick buttered toast; tablespoonful milk; 4 tomatoes.

Melt 1 oz. margarine in pan with milk. Add seasoning and mustard; mix in cheese; slice tomatoes thickly and fry. Lay tomatoes on toast; spread with cheese; sprinkle with nuts. Put under a hot grill for a minute or two till golden-brown.

Cut medium-sized tomatoes in half, scoop away inside. Cream together margarine, sardines, grated cheese and egg yolks and inside of tomato cups. Season. Fill eggs with mixture, sprinkle centre with finely chopped parsley. Lay eggs in tomato cups, with a ring of cooked peas round base of eggs. Shred lettuce, toss in french dressing. Arrange with sliced cucumber, radish roses, chives and squares of any well-flavoured cheese. Lay eggs in their nest on top of salad.

Mixed Salad with Savoury Eggs

CURRY ROUNDS

Ingredients: About ½ lb. diced cooked meat; ½ cupful raisins; 1 onion; 2 oz. rice; 1 gill curry sauce, made with ½ teaspoonful curry powder.

Slice onion finely and fry till golden-brown. Add meat and fry a minute or two longer. Meanwhile, boil rice and drain. Add sauce and raisins to meat. Heat through. Pile rice in pyramids in centre of toasts with curry round and sprigs of cauliflower on top.

MUSHROOM SCRAMBLE

Ingredients: 3 eggs; 1½ oz. margarine; tablespoonful milk; seasoning; 6 or 8 curls of bacon; ½ lb. mushrooms or tin preserved mushrooms; 2 tablespoonfuls thick brown sauce flavoured with sherry; tablespoonful chopped parsley.

Chop and fry mushrooms. Thread curls of bacon on skewer, fry. Mix mushrooms with sauce. Make scramble with eggs, margarine and milk—season. Spread rounds of toast with mushroom—put spoonfuls of egg on top and curls of bacon round. Sprinkle with parsley.

BAKED BEANS SAVOURY

Ingredients: Small tin beans in tomato sauce; 2 oz. grated cheese; 2 oz. diced ham; tablespoonful chopped parsley; rounds of toast.

Spread toast thickly with margarine and cheese, put under grill for a minute. Heat ham and beans together and pile on toast. Sprinkle with parsley.

CAULIFLOWER AND EGG GRATIN

Ingredients: 1 cooked cauliflower; seasoning; ½ pint thick cheese sauce; 1 egg per person; ½ lb. fried mushrooms; rounds of toast.

Lay sprigs of cauliflower on the buttered toast. Cover with the cheese sauce. Poach the eggs and lay one on each piece of toast. Border with the fried mushrooms.

CHICKEN OR BEEF SPECIAL

Ingredients: cupful of diced chicken or cut meat; about a gill of seasoned white sauce flavoured with lemon; cupful diced celery and peas; 12 miniature stuffing balls made with herb forcemeat; few curls of bacon.

Cream chicken or meat with vegetables and sauce. Pile this on rounds of toast. Border with the tiny stuffing balls and bacon.

ASPIC APPLES

Take 4 eating apples; decorative red ones if available. Scoop out the middle, leaving a firm edge. Chop the scooped out apple. Mix it with about 2 chopped cooked sausages and 2 oz. ham or diced cooked meat, 3 or 4 cooked prunes, chopped chives and a few cooked peas. Stir into aspic jelly. Pour into centre of apples. Leave to set. Prepare individual salads with crisp lettuce leaves, tomatoes, etc., and if available a few segments of orange or slices of banana dipped in mayonnaise with chopped walnuts sprinkled on top. Place an apple in centre of each salad. Serve with mayonnaise.

(*Continued on page 70*)

Soufflé

WHILE we have eggs let us enjoy that almost forgotten delicacy, the soufflé. But beware failure in serving. The puffy top of a cold soufflé should be encased in paper till the last moment and a hot soufflé should be brought to the table with a hot shovel or slice held over top.

In making, egg yolks should be made light with good beating and the whites folded in. Disturb as little as possible in oven—then all should be well.

COLD SOUFFLÉ

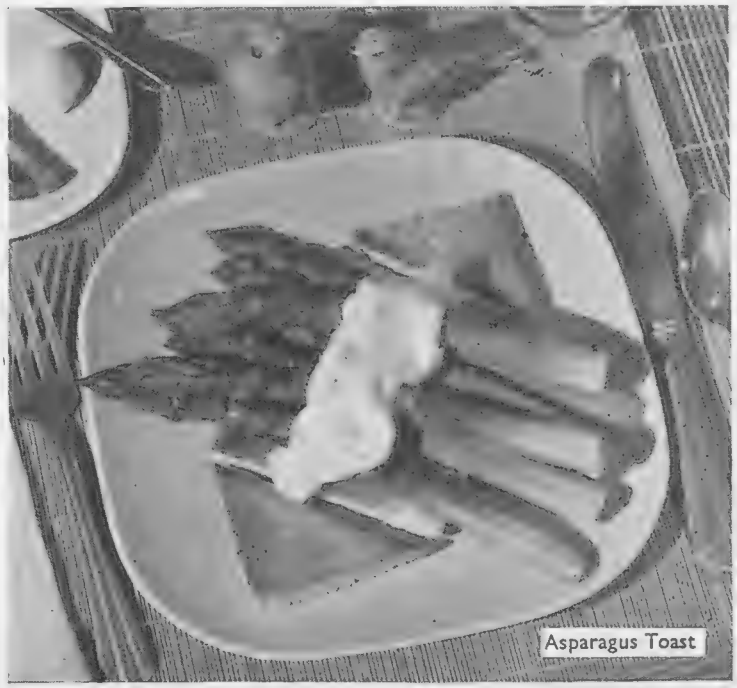
Ingredients: Gill milk; ½ gill wine or water; 3 eggs; 3 oz. sugar; gill evaporated milk; ½ oz. gelatine; 2 oz. chocolate or other flavour; vanilla or other flavour.

Dissolve chocolate in milk and gelatine in wine or water. Whisk yolks, sugar, flavour over boiling water till thick and light. Add milk. Add gelatine mixture to evaporated milk, whip; add to soufflé. Fold in well whisked whites. A 3-inch band of greaseproof paper should be tied round soufflé dish. Pour in mixture. When set run knife dipped in hot water inside band to loosen and remove.

HOT SOUFFLÉ

Blend 1 oz. margarine, 1 oz. flour, 1 gill milk as for sauce. Flavour with 1 oz. chocolate or rind of orange or lemon and a few drops of juice, or 2 oz. chopped fruit, etc. Cook few minutes. Add 2 oz. sugar. Beat in 3 egg yolks one at a time. Add whisked whites. Bake Regulo 3 or 300° F 40 minutes.

Savoury soufflé as above but use ½ pint milk and 3 oz. cheese.



Asparagus Toast

Parents Not Playmates

The relationship between parent and child alters in every successive generation. Murial Segal discusses the recent changes in the prevailing parental attitude.

THERE are signs that the era of Peter Pan parents is dead. The men who like to boast that they and their sons are "just good chums," the mothers who flatter themselves that they and their daughters could be mistaken for sisters may be sorry to hear of it, but one section of the community will be relieved. That is the children.

It is hard to recall now when it all began. Somebody started it by spreading the gospel which claims that to win confidence and establish a sympathetic understanding with children parents must bring themselves to their mental age-level.

Like others notions which contain a modicum of reason within a cocoon of nonsense this one had appeal. The idea caught on and while the fallacy has flourished children have been missing a lot and parents have been playing parts in which they were often unconvincing and seldom really happy.

The psychologists, whose periodic outpourings tend to set us off on these new behaviour cycles, are probably, if unwittingly, to blame. After all, they have had us mothers whirling in every direction for years in the endeavour to rear children by science rather than by nature. Amateur child psychology has become a menace.

It is the old trouble of a little knowledge being dangerous. Parents—and others—pick up a smattering of psychology from the newspaper quotations of the experts and not satisfied with reading it they must *practice* it. When the victim happens to be a child the results are sometimes serious and often fatuous.

I KNOW of a school debating club at which a recent chosen topic for discussion was "Do We Want Parents Who Are Pals?" The answer came back a fairly unqualified "no."

After sorting it out, teen-age opinion definitely favoured the theory that parents should be superior beings. Not remote or unapproachable but just that much exalted that one could look up to them without getting a creak in the neck.

Surely these adolescent opinions make good sense? The doctrine of the progressives would refute it, but the system of christian names between parents and children, the down-with-all-barriers, children-are-the-equals-of-their elders has its dangers. In the first place this kind of parent-child relationship can easily become a phoney one. It smacks of insincerity unless both sides are utterly convinced. They seldom are, particularly at the younger end of the partnership.

Youth calls to its own. Very young parents have an advantage over older ones that they are appreciably nearer a more complete communion with the very young, but the older parent still gains in the reassuring aspect of security which a well poised maturity brings to a parent-child relationship.

Parents have been too long dogged by the bogey of the Victorian parent, the strict father with whom there was no meeting ground, the mother with whom confidences were taboo. Maybe that this distant relationship was far from ideal, but in highlighting its weaknesses we have obscured its strength. The stability of the Victorian home circle was not based wholely upon economic ease and stern, inflexible discipline. Unenlightened as they were in some respects our grandparents were not all strangers to parental love, and if their young were not treated as equals they were at least schooled in the discipline which life itself imposes even if the parents don't.

THE question is how far to share the child's outlook and when is it becoming and wise to retire into dignified parenthood. The boundary line is narrow between the mother who can enter fully and with sympathetic understanding into the interests and the problems of young life and the skittish parent who merely won't grow up, but it is well defined.

Yes, a lot of nonsense has been talked about what children want to make them happy. Love and security are the basic requirements, but it is hard to see how restoring the parental age-level to infancy again can help to promote either.

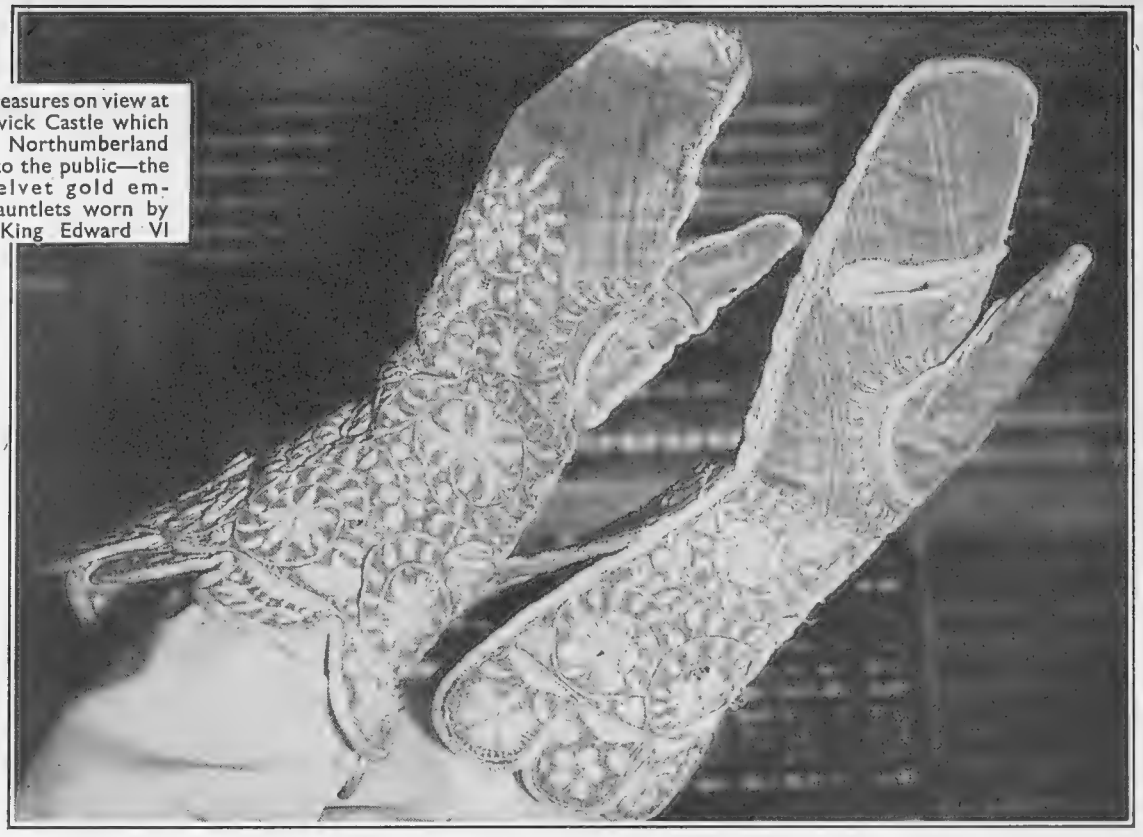
This sheer nylon chiffon nightdress has a very full skirt swinging from the attractively gauged waistline. With its unusual rouleaux shoulder straps it is becoming to all figure-types. This nightdress washes easily, dries quickly and needs little or no ironing.

Price **72/6**

made from B Nylon S *by*

KAYSER BONDOR

TAILORED WITH YOU IN MIND



One of the treasures on view at historic Alnwick Castle which the Duke of Northumberland has opened to the public—the crimson velvet gold embroidered gauntlets worn by the young King Edward VI

The Glove—Testimony Of Faith

TO-DAY, gloves are worn simply to keep the hands warm or clean, or as a necessary item to complete the dress.

Throughout history, however, gloves have meant almost everything. On the Bench they denoted probity, and in the Church purity. In the helm of a knight they were a perpetual reminder of the love of his absent lady. They composed an often elaborate badge proclaiming loyalty and constancy, with which none might meddle and at which none might scoff.

Few other things have meant so much in the feelings and affections of men as the glove.

The glove, was intimately associated with kingly power. Indeed, monarchs were invested with power when they received a glove. They were his ambassador and also represented the power to inflict legal pain and penalties. Under the protection of the king's glove fairs were instituted and maintained. These royal gloves were white with very wide pointed cuffs. Like the ecclesiastical glove, they gradually became more elaborate and different colours were favoured.

A copy of the gloves which former German emperors wore for their coronation. The imperial eagle can be seen embroidered on the inside

Below: A group of gloves from the sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries

There is no authoritative evidence that gloves featured in coronations in England, but both kings and queens were buried with gloves on their hands. Henry II, the first mentioned in this connection, was borne to the grave arrayed in royal robes, crowned, bearing the sceptre with his sword at his side, with shoes wrought in gold and on his hands gloves.

Perfumed gloves first made their appearance in the reign of Henry VII. Usually they were scented by means of animal essences the substance being mixed (*Continued on page* 62)

Now a Baby Brush by Johnson's

The people who make the kindest baby powder in the world now make the kindest baby hair brush with finest quality silky nylon tufts. See this new addition to Johnson's baby products at your chemist's. In blue or pink, packed in a lovely gift box.

JOHNSON & JOHNSON (GT. BRITAIN) LTD., SLOUGH & GARGRAVE
the most famous name in Baby Products

A new personal note on make-up . . .

COSMETIC *news* is always interesting — but this is really exciting . . . another wonderful product: . . . ***Poudre de Luxe by Leichner.*** The exquisitely fine texture of this powder lies smoothly on the skin and creates the arresting effect of a young and perfect complexion. Even after a tiring day, you will still be looking fresh and radiant.
There are nine lovely shades.

MOIRA SHEARER another lovely artiste who enjoys using Leichner cosmetics.

Leichner

fine cosmetics include *all* the creams, powders, rouges, lipsticks and eye-shadows. *Write for the free booklet issued by Leichner Personal Service Dept., 11 Great Newport Street, London, W.C.2.*

Try a box of POUDRE DE LUXE . . . 5/-

★ *CORSETS, CORSELETTES, SUSPENDER BELTS AND BRASSIERES—FOR ALL FIGURE TYPES.* ★

with some kind of oil and then rubbed into the glove. In other instances fatty substances which readily absorbed the odours of flowers were used. Some kind of pomatum was prepared and then plastered all over the inner surface of the glove. All manner of fragrant herbs and drugs were used, singly and in combination, to give gloves the desired scent.

The fragrance of Spanish gloves was of a very enduring character, but the French, trusting more to the distilled oils of natural flowers, failed to provide gloves with a perfume that had permanency.

Gloves made of Russian leather, for the sake of their peculiar fragrance, as well as gloves scented with cedar wood and violets were worn as late as the nineteenth century. But they never achieved the popularity of the scented gloves of the Middle Ages.

In contrast to the perfumed glove there came from Italy in the same century the sinister poisoned glove. They were exquisitely decorated and made of the very best of materials. Some were even bejewelled. But under a cloak of beauty was hidden—death.

When the victim drew on the gloves, minute poisoned needles which had been worked into the glove, scratched the hands. Death invariably followed quickly so potent was the poison.

Thus a rival lover or an enemy was easily eliminated.

The sixteenth century produced gloves of exquisite beauty. About thirteen inches in overall length, the cuff was four and a half inches, being lined with silk, generally crimson, the sidebands of cloth-of-gold ribbon being edged with a gold fringe. Externally the gloves were decorated with flowers, butterflies and small animals in natural colours, the workmanship being of such skill as to make them a needle-painting. The work was done in fine silk and the shading reveals the art of early dyers.

Gloves have been made in an almost bewildering variety of materials. Leather, silk, thread, cotton and worsted, the leather including chamois, kid, lamb, doe, elk and buff. There were also "single" gloves, as well as gloves lined, tip'd, laced, fringed with gold, silver, silk and fur. Gloves have also been made of velvet, satin and taffety, and they have been washed, glazed and waxed.

Gloves of jean, sattran and other coarse materials were once in general use, but were superseded altogether by cheap gloves made of wool. An experiment with gloves of horse hide failed to find favour.

The Eskimos made gloves of walrus hide, sewn with threads of sinews, and they have even employed whaleskin to protect their hands. Gloves have even been made from the fibres of nettles, the fibres of the byssus and the beard of the molluscous *pinna*, "the silkworm of the sea." A pair made from *pinna* were presented to Pope Benedict XIV. Perhaps the most surprising material ever used, however, was spider silk. The number of spiders needed prevented the makers from producing more than one or two examples. Nevertheless, a pair of "spider gloves" were presented by Monsieur Bon, the French naturalist, to the Royal Academy of Paris and others to the Royal Society of London.

For centuries it was a lady's privilege to claim a pair of gloves from her husband or betrothed if by any unfortunate chance the gentleman fell asleep whilst in his lady's presence.

To bite the glove, or the thumb, was the sign of hostility and the sure prelude to a quarrel.

The Glove—
Testimony Of Faith

In contrast, the glove was also used as a messenger of goodwill, and was used to signify the desire to restore a broken friendship. It was also employed on memorable anniversaries as a token of continuing friendship and fidelity.

New Year's Day was the great day for making gifts of gloves. Special occasions of local importance, the commencement or conclusion of some important labour, were marked and recognized by gifts of gloves.

In the old mansions and castles servants received gloves as gifts, a custom which fell into disuse as money became more plentiful. The money substituted for gloves was actually known as "glove-money" or "glove-silver." In Tusser's *Five Hundred Points of Good Husbandrie*, 1580, it is recorded that gloves given to farm labourers were called "harvest-gloves."

Leather glove-making being a delicate and difficult operation, it was late in the nineteenth century before machinery was provided for the manufacturers. A German machine was invented which produced gloves entirely by automatic means, leaving only minor and unimportant processes to be completed by hand.

At the present time English gloves are without rival, and are exported to all parts of the world, commanding very high prices.

To-day gloves have considerable variety, but the majority of people who wear them would explain that they had "got their gloves simply to keep them warm."

CYRIL BENNS

A Costly Royal Marriage (*Continued from page 24*)

note of sisterly defiance: "I have so bound myself unto him that for no cause earthly I will or may vary or change from the same. So my good and most kind brother, I now beseech your grace to take this matter in good part."

Need one add that Henry received them heartily at Greenwich Palace, ordered them publicly to marry at the Greyfriars Church there, and held more lusty tourneys in celebration thereof at which the bridegroom again excelled? He also excelled at a quaint rhyme which he caused to be inscribed on his banner, of a humility which greatly pleased the king:

Cloth of gold, do not despise
Though thou hast wedded cloth of frieze.
Cloth of frieze, be not too bold
Though thou hast wedded cloth of gold.

Shorn of its royal trappings, it was just a simple case of girl-gets-boy, which the world so often mistakes for boy-gets-girl: a much rarer occurrence. Mary had acquired the man she meant to, and what are a few trinkets or baubles beside that, except to a foolish fellow like King Henry? She bore her husband three children and lived and loved in many stately places, some of them grants from the king, her favourite being Westhorpe Hall, Suffolk.

END

Weather Forecasting In Rhyme (*Continued from page 25*)

by the storms, depressions and anti-cyclones, which have rocked and calmed, hindered and advanced, man's activities through the ages. Every little insect, bird, wild and domestic animal was carefully watched and as the country folk could not read, weather forecasts were memorized in verse, tags and idioms, and handed down by mothers to young children, shepherd to son, from generation to generation.

The lowly flea, better known in olden times than in this hygienic age of DDT, showed the greatest activity before rain:

When eager bites the thirsty flea
Clouds and rain you soon shall see.

The glow-worm, too, with its elfish light was considered a good meteorologist.

When the glow-worm lights her lamp
The air is always very damp.

Snails give a timely forecast twenty-four hours ahead.

When black snails on the road you see
Then on the morrow rain will be.

Domestic and farm stock was easy to watch so that there are scores of couplets about these beasts and birds, giving a true line on the weather. The proverbially foolish donkey is certainly weather wise

Hark, I hear the asses bray
We shall have some rain to-day.

The Old Moke is in fact so sensitive to the coming of rain that it was a country habit to tie the animal's tail to a hind leg so that it would not keep folk awake at night braying, for Ned can only bray if he pumps his tail at the same time.

In the Middle Ages it was said that "a cock that crowed a-bed expected a wet head." And a seventeenth-century writer points out that "a goose will make a shrewd guess at the weather being as good as an almanac." There is no doubt of the cleverness of these birds that guarded the Capitol and differentiated between the Gauls and Romans, giving timely gaggles and warning of imminent invasion!

Nearly every movement of the milk cow tells the cowman what weather he may expect:

When the cow tries to scratch its ear
It means a shower is very near.
When it thumps its tail
Look out for thunder, lightning, hail.

For town and city dwellers it is perhaps easier to watch domestic pets. The famous Dr. Jenner wrote some extensive and comprehensive lines on weather portents which are published in full in C. R. Bernstead's captivating book *The Weather Eye*. He reports that his dog changes its diet before rain:

My dog so altered in his taste
Quits mutton bones on grass to faste.

And of the cat, a mystic animal closely related to witches and all things prophetic, the learned Doctor wrote that before rain:

Puss on the hearth, with velvet paws
Sits whiping o'er her whiskered jaws.

Not all the old ideas on the weather are accurate and a few have been proved quite false. It is commonly said that an abundance of red berries in autumn clustering in bunches among the shiny leaves is a forecast of a hard winter, as the berries are sent to provide for the birds in the famine when the ground is frozen hard. In true fact the abundance or scarcity of berries and other wild fruits depends mainly on the past season.

In Devon they say:

"Plenty of nuts, plenty of pits;
Plenty of sloans, plenty of groans;
Plenty of aggles, plenty of cradles."

By pits graves are meant; sloans is the West Country vernacular for sloes. Therefore if this well-known verse is true, a good season for hazel nuts and wild fruit brings in its train a hard time for old people. "Aggles" is the Anglo-Saxon word for the red berries of the white, so-called May thorn, that blossoms in June, and if the hedges are white with May blossoms after a warm and sunny spring, a large crop of berries follows in autumn, and it was believed that an increase in the birth rate might be expected, hence plenty of cradles!

We have been forecasting the weather scientifically for a hundred years, and to-day by simply turning on the wireless we can get the "latest weather." But it is well to remember that these are given from advanced reports and the Clerk of the Weather is a "gentleman for ever changing his mind." The old weather tags have the inestimable value of being at first hand and directly pertaining to the weather likely to come at once.

The prophetic glory of the sky has remained unchanged throughout the centuries . . . the blue, the dark clouds with a silver lining, and the rainbow—the Creator's promise of better days ahead. A red sky at night is a shepherd's delight, just as truly to-day as it was when the shepherds of old watched their flocks by night and day, scanning the horizon with anxious eyes. Just as true as when this Biblical weather report was made 2,000 years ago.

END

The evening dress by Worth of London

is in broadcloth, *rayon broadcloth* — and

the hangings of Empire damask, *rayon damask* . . .

the couturier and the interior decorator

both chose versatile rayon

rayon in use

COURTAULDS — ***the greatest name in rayon***

Courtaulds Limited, 16, St Martins-le-Grand, London, E.C.1.

"Now — let's have a gin and VOTRIX"

"While I am only too glad to reveal to an appreciative public the artistic accomplishments of a bygone age, I feel that this moderately priced **VOTRIX** *Vermouth is a contemporary masterpiece they can quite easily discover for themselves"*

10/- **12/6**

Winter Starlight (*Continued from page 27*)

repeat it. 'Twill make *him* smile. I love to make him smile. Sometimes I have the fancy that only I can bring just *that* smile to his lips. Howe'er, that's but childishness."

She rose, strolled to the mirror in its ornate gilt frame, and rather negligently pulled off her pearl head-dress, and let her curls tumble free. Steps sounded in the low-ceiled oaken passage, then the door opened, and a man entered unannounced.

"Come your ways in, sire," said she, sinking in a curtsey with a look of pleased surprise.

"None of that to-day, Nelly," said the guest. He stalked forward into the firelight, tall, rakishly gaunt, with a hard, swarthy face and a pair of black eyes beneath a long curly black wig. Without another word of greeting, he sank into the great armchair, and stretched out his legs in their fine silken stockings to the blaze. She looked at him, a long considering look, then said quietly: "You are wearied, Charles?"

"By God, I am so," said the king. "I am entertaining half the world at Whitehall this night. Would God I might stay here with you."

She pulled a small footstool from beneath a side table, and sank down upon it, laying a hand on his knee.

"You are ever with me, Charles. It makes no matter whether you sit beside me here, or are toying with your Portsmouths and your Mazarins at Whitehall, or seated among your counsellors of state, or alone in your closet with your clocks and your dogs . . . there is some part of you which never leaves me. I have no learning . . . I am not able to explain it."

A smile, one of singular sweetness, transformed the dark, sardonic face of the king. He laid a hand on her head.

"Mayhap, even without learning, Nelly, one might explain that. Some fools call it love. I do truly believe that you love me."

"Believe it while you live, sire," said Nell Gwyn. "I am no courtesan, for all I am a king's mistress. *I* have never cuckolded you."

"I'd believe *that* from no other woman's lips in England," said Charles Stuart, "but, oddsfish, I believe it from yours. Am I growing a fool in my age, Nelly, that I should ever believe a woman?"

"Maybe," said Nell with a cheerful gust of laughter, "I am that exception which do prove the rule, they say." She leaned her cheek against his knee. "Maybe," she said, still laughing, although more softly, "having loved you, sire, a woman's taste is dulled for aught else."

"Before God, *I've* not noticed it," said the king, with his usual dry chuckle. "Odd, by m'faith, Nelly, that of all the great ladies and the fine gentlewomen I have known, and fancied I loved, as a man ever doth fancy on his way through life, it should be a humble little lass from the brothels of Drury Lane that should have taught me what faithfulness could mean."

Her blue eyes gazed up at him with such sweetness in their depths, that he shook his head almost impatiently.

"I'm not worth such love, Nell. I'm an unlikeable fellow."

"Oddsfish," said she, impudently imitating his favourite expletive, "I've known that for years." She rose. "A glass of wine, sire?"

She handed him a goblet of Canary wine. As she did so, she added rather wistfully: "Is it wise, sire, that you walk alone to visit me on so dull and grey an evening?"

Once again the king gave his rather mirthless chuckle. "So said my brother the Duke of York to me, not long since. 'Are you wise, Charles,' saith he, 'to walk alone beside the lake in your park of St. James watching the wildfowl?' 'By God, Jamie,' says I, 'have no fears. They'll never kill *me*, to make *you* king.'"

Their laughter mingled, loud and free. At last Nell, wiping the tears of mirth from her cheeks, said: "'Tis very true, sire. Your subjects love you. Did they not give you a great and happy welcome when you were in Winchester? I heard of it. How fares the new palace you are building there?"

"Well, and well again," said the king, stretching out his legs to the blaze once more. "I hope to have my leaden roof on by this time next week." He looked at her intently. "What's ado, Nelly? You leaped and shivered as though struck by a bullet."

Under her paint she was indeed pale.

"Sire, do not speak such words as that. Do not speak of leaden roofs over you."

"Oddsfish, 'tis of my coffin you are thinking," said the king lazily, "have a heart, Nelly. I am for many years yet, I warrant you. Would God I could think otherwise. I am tired—tired—tired. It is when I am tired that I come to you—tired and out of all humour. You lay the touch of your understanding love upon my heart, I know not why. In the old days, when you were young, and I was mad for the love of you, 'twas not so. But now . . . there is peace between us two, the peace of winter starlight. With you, by God's faith, I can sit silent, and ask no more of the world."

"It is so, I think," she answered very thoughtfully, "that an old wife may feel towards the husband of her youth. Charles, there has ever been truth between us two. You know, for there was no secret there, that before you found me, I had belonged to two other men." Her gay bawdy laugh rang out suddenly. "Ay," she said chuckling, "you are *my* Charles the Third. There was Charles Hart, the actor, and then Charles my lord Buckhurst, but then . . . these were only lesser lights . . . then you came, and the sun rose. I loved you, sire. It was not because you were the King of England. It was because you were *you*." She felt his hand stroking her hair again, and looked up with eyes that were suddenly wet. "Others have asked love from me," she said, "but since the day you first took me in your arms I have been yours and yours alone. I have told them—no! I am no such ill sportswoman as to let the dogs couch where the deer has lain. I shall be faithful to you until I die."

He cupped her face in his two hands and kissed her lips. not passionately, but gently, as a husband of many years kisses his beloved wife.

"I cannot say the same to you, Nelly," he said. "I have sinned often and greatly. Yet," again his odd mirthless chuckle shook his form, "I cannot believe that God will damn a man for a little irregular pleasure. I have larger notions of His mercy." His face grew grave and rather sad, and still holding her face between his two hands, he spoke, quietly, but firmly, and with a sort of sorrowful confidence.

"To design mischief, to be cruel, to deny compassion, of these at least I have not been guilty. Somehow, I trust, I shall yet climb up to Heaven's gate."

He kissed her forehead, and rose.

"Heigh-ho! I must be upon my way. I receive until the small hours. You'll not accompany me, Nelly?"

Her blue eyes, very bright with tears, met his own, and she spoke softly.

"Nay sire, not this night. You have spoken words to me that I would fain dream upon. Let me always be the one to whom you come for rest and peace when the world presses upon you. Let me keep the beauty of the winter starlight."

She watched him, from the head of the stair, go down, and walk across the hall to where the bowing servants held the doors ajar. Something in his walk struck her forcibly; he looked unutterably tired, and was dragging one foot a little. For a second, she wondered whether to recall him and to offer her coach, but she knew how much he disliked what he called "women's pamperings" and she let him go. She watched the tall angular figure in its silk and taffetas suiting with the lace frills and the coloured ribbon-knots, the broad-brimmed hat and long black curls, step uncertainly out into the February night. The doors rumbled to, and were closed behind him, with a sound that reminded her, she knew not why, of a roll of drums.

We know of the evening that followed, from the pen of John Evelyn, the diarist.

"I can never forget," he writes, "the inexpressible luxury and profaneness, gaming and all dissoluteness, and as it were total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which—I was witness of—A French boy sitting singing love-songs in that glorious gallery, whilst about twenty of the great courtiers and other dissolute persons were at basset round a large table, a bank of at least two thousand in gold before them. Six days later, all was in the dust."

The king slept but ill, and cried out and moaned in his sleep. His faithful servant Bruce, and equally faithful friend Harry Killigrew, tell us that they "liked it not," and when it was time for him to rise, he seemed pale as ashes, and talked in French, "as it were to a ghost." It was just as his barber was ready to shave him, and he had walked to the chair, that he suddenly fell backwards, his mouth foaming, his eyes pupil-less and fixed.

The news soon reached the outside world, and a terrible hush fell upon all the city. Scarcely an eye was dry. This king, whatever his faults, whatever his weaknesses, had made his people love him. "Men of all ranks and degrees walked about their business crying unashamedly," writes one of his historians.

A certain thief, who had lived evilly all his days, whispered a plea for forgiveness in his last moments, as he hung dying upon a cross, and received the reply: "To-day shalt thou be with me in Paradise." To the dying Charles, the consolations of religion were brought, when he was able to understand, and feebly to reply; at which he struggled to sit upright, and when gently bade to lie still, whispered: "Let me meet my heavenly Lord in a better posture." Is it for us to judge him?

He lingered for nearly a week, and it was at dawn on the Friday, the sixth of February, that he murmured to his brother James who was kneeling beside him with tears running down his dark lean cheeks: "Open the curtains, that I may once more see the day."

This was done, and as his brother returned, he feebly beckoned him close and whispered something, the last conscious words he spoke.

"I promise," answered James Stuart.

Late on the evening of that same sixth of February, one of Nell Gwyn's serving men came cautiously to the door of the room in which his mistress sat, and had sat, hardly moving, all day. Her eyes were like the eyes of a dead thing. Her world was in ruins about her little feet.

"Madam, there is one would speak with you."

"I can speak with no one."

"Madam—it is the King's Majesty," whispered her servant.

She raised her dimmed eyes with anguish in them. "Speak not so. There is but one King's Majesty for me. Is it indeed King James?"

"It is so, Madam."

"Pray him to enter."

The new king came quietly in. He was in deep black from head to foot, and in the firelight might almost have been the ghost of his merry brother, except that his face was gloomy and sardonic, and lacking the lines of humour that had made Charles's so lovable. Much has been said and written about King James the Second, little of it either kind or flattering; he was a bad king, and perhaps even more unforgivable, a foolish one; he lost his crown, and died an exile, but one thing must ever be written to his eternal credit. He kept one promise. He did one kindness. He had loved his brother, and he came now to prove it.

"Madam," he said, as she sank in a deep curtsey, "I would not harass you now in what I know to be your deep grief, excepting that I bring what may be, to you, a small whit of consolation." (*Continued on page 66*)

"You were with him when he died, Jamie," she said brokenly, using the pet name always used by his brother. "You were happy in that. Some of us, who loved him as well, and with all the love in our hearts to give, were not able to do the like. If there be a deeper hell than that in which I have dwelt throughout this week, I know it not, nor can picture such."

The king sat down in the great chair in which his brother had sat so often. He looked across at the tear-stained, dishevelled, broken-hearted little woman standing there by the fireplace, agony in her eyes.

"Nelly," he said at last, "I do think that in every man's heart there is one sanctuary, into which but one woman ever has the entry. There are many ante-chambers, God knows," and he gave a grim laugh, "and these are seldom empty. But there is one woman, always, who holds the key to that inner room. If I say that I believe—for my brother—*you* were this woman, I have reason for the same. Your name was the last on his lips. He beckoned me close, for he was very weak. I bent over him, and he whispered to me, so faint that I scarce could hear the words. 'Let not poor Nelly starve,' he said, and they were the last words he spoke. And before the God that made me, Nell, that promise will I keep. Have no fears."

All the world knows that he kept it. It was not for long. Nell Gwyn followed the love of her life within two years. But while she lived, King James saw to it that her debts were paid, and that she lived free from want or poverty. She held out her hands to him now, with a rush of tears—the softer, gentler rain, after the cruel tearing of the thunderstorm. Then she bent over his own hands until her lips touched them.

"Sire," she sobbed. Then she almost smiled. "Nay," she said, "you'll ever be Jamie to me, sire, I cannot help it. My thoughts do ever run with *his* thoughts. I am your faithful servant till life's end, not only because of your goodness, but because you have brought me comfort. Mayhap when he was passing through the waters of death, he felt my love near him. Mayhap it was for that reason that he spoke of me."

"It may well have been," said the king gently. "You brought him peace, and mirth, and a quiet mind. You cheered him always. His love for you endured, for where others but drew wealth and titles for themselves from him, *you* asked nothing."

"Only his love. Only his love," she said. She walked slowly to the window, with a dawning of peace in her wet eyes. In the narrow space between two of the heavy curtains, drawn aside to admit a breath of air in the close scented, garishly bedecked chamber, the dark blue sky showed a sprinkling of stars. "Winter starlight," she said. "God bless you, James, for bringing me this comfort."

As he walked out, without speaking, his dark face twisted with pain, she smiled a faint little smile. Her lover's words returned to her as she stood there by the window. "Odd, by m'faith, Nelly, that it should be a humble little lass from the brothels of Drury Lane that should have taught me what faithfulness could mean."

"He understood," she said aloud. Again his words returned to her, the loveliest words, it seemed to her, that ever man spoke to woman. "There is peace between us two, the peace of winter starlight."

She returned to the fireplace, and leaning on the carved oaken mantel, gazed up at a miniature of the king, framed in ivory, which hung there. The black eyes and humorous mouth, with its half-kindly, half-cynical smile, seemed almost to live as she stood there gazing.

"My only love," she whispered.

END

Fantastic Cavalcade (*Continued from page* 28)

part of the country at definite seasons.

Soon after the turn of the year, the winter camps will be struck and the fantastic cavalcade will again take to the roads. The villagers in the rural areas of Wessex have only to see the stream of unmistakable traffic to know, as surely as the calendar can tell them, that this crop or that is ready for hoeing or harvesting.

There will be a jeep, with father, mother, children and a couple of lurchers on board, towing a trailer loaded with cooking pots, a bicycle, some buckets and, oddly enough, a chest of drawers and a spring mattress. Then comes a smart piebald pony, driven by a dashing young gipsy whose wife and baby are perched atop of the household goods piled on to the cart it is drawing. There is an ancient Ford, with grandparents, parents, grown boys and girls and assorted infants, and then the caravans, with mothers holding the reins, fathers leading the horses and children walking, riding or taking a lift on the horses' backs as fancy dictates.

And lurchers and more lurchers accompany them.

When the migrants are on the wing, due preparations are made for their passage, or for their sojourn in the villages on their way. The centuries have not altered their habits and, indeed, according to our harsh etymologists, an alternative definition of the very name of gipsy is "a sly tricking woman."

To-day, naturally, the hog no longer becomes their prey, for farmers are too tender of their livestock to allow even one to "lose his way in the fields." It is even doubtful whether they are responsible for many raids upon henroosts, which seem of recent years to be rather the "perkitties" of the black marketeers, as a Wessex woman pronounced the so much duller, if more orthodox perquisites.

But that Sir Roger was right in essence seems proved by the village shopkeepers, who, with one accord, clear floors and counters of all portable goods when the vanguard comes in sight. Indeed, the shops look so bare that strangers have been known to ask, "Are you all moving from here?" only to be told, "Oh, no—just putting things away": for we in Wessex are not over-communicative and do not embark upon unnecessary explanations. Things are just put away, until, as before their arrival, customers will again fall over the buckets, oilstoves and other booby traps with which the shop is littered and, with bruised shins, lament the recent austerity.

In all these villages, the food shops are very chary of allowing the gipsies to enter. The butcher will pull his heavy wooden table across the doorway, using it as a counter over which to serve them, and many bakers and grocers have hatches in the walls through which they pass the bread and other foodstuffs required; thus obviating the need to admit the embarrassing customers to their shops.

Before the coming of the gipsies, who follow round the whole district of Wessex that work of the country year which calls for an influx of casual help, various notices will appear and will remain displayed all over the area concerned.

The first one will instruct villagers wishing to hoe the spring crops, to pick peas or strawberries or hops or potatoes or sprouts, or whatever may be needing this extra seasonal labour, to notify the Estate Office concerned of the name and address. By this means it is simple to ensure that villager shall work with villager and gipsy with gipsy, for never these twain shall meet.

Next to appear is a curt notice chiefly displayed in the windows of our more select "locals." With no ado, it says "No travellers."

This is not, as might be imagined, a notice warning off the Ambassadors of Trade. Travellers is a term meaning gipsies, in our Wessex speech, and the notice is put up to avoid the unpleasantness of having them enter the premises and then refusing to serve them.

Last of all come the signs which say STRAWBERRY PICKERS' CAMP (or Hop Pickers or whatever it may be). PLEASE DRIVE SLOWLY.

These are necessitated by the utter lack of road sense shown by the gipsy children, who are generally of an incredible dirtiness and occasionally of an equally incredible beauty.

And Sir Roger's words are still true, for some of the women are beautiful, too, with carved features, flashing dark eyes and ivory skin, set off by brightly coloured head scarves and dangling golden ear-rings.

While they stay in the village, that piebald pony will be trotted up and down the road before the camp, evening after evening when the day's work is done. A purchaser may be found for him and, in this case, he will be cheaply replaced before the cavalcade moves on. Certainly there will be no rabbits for the simple village poacher for many a long day, not only will those lurchers have been walked so thoroughly and regularly that the countryside is cleared, but the snares so artfully laid down will have been found and taken away for further use.

Dirty? Yes, they are. Perhaps so should we be, if it were necessary to fetch all our water over some distance and, having fetched it, to have only an inconvenient fire of brushwood over which to heat it.

Dishonest? Yes, that too. But, as Thackeray said, it is easy to be honest on five thousand a year—and these nomads must work very hard and very fast for what they earn.

Drunken? Yes, once more. But hot days and nights mean living at close quarters in airless discomfort, while cold and rain and snow mean squalid misery when, to get near a fire, one must sit under the stars. There must be a great comfort in those inns which will accommodate travellers, even though the sequel be a night in the lock-up and a headache in the morning.

For all these sins, when the gipsies take to the road again, their work over in that village for some time to come, their disappearance will be watched with a vague regret. Humdrum lives will be the duller for the going of these flamboyant and yet strangely secret people, who have a strange and secret language of their own, and round whose caravans the glamour of lawless adventure lingers.

END

A Bold Front On It (*Continued from page* 35)

DO some colours fade? A lot of people who had sad experiences with wartime paint will tell you they do. But a good quality paint on a well-prepared surface should stay firm for several years. It is true that heavier colours wear well and if there is any fading to be done it is the blues and reds that tend to do it.

While we're on the subject of colour schemes don't overlook the effectiveness of pure white, particularly on window frames. The Georgians set us the example of building the wooden cross pieces that hold the glass extremely thin and delicate and they painted them white to increase the light, airy effect. They were right. With white you can have a pale yellow or a black front door, in town nothing looks smarter or resists the dulling effect of the dusty atmosphere longer. In towns it is not fading we have to fear, but soot!

In general, a well-known decorator was probably right when he said: "Weird colour schemes look best on other people's houses."

If you have a little brick house or cottage suitably situated, consider a completely new complexion of colour wash cement—there are several makes on the market. It is inexpensive and very gay in the pinks and blues reminiscent of the sunny south.

END

Now! HERE'S THRILLING BEAUTY NEWS FOR You!

After years of research

Max Factor

Brings Heavenly Skin Loveliness for YOUR HANDS, YOUR BODY with "World of Beauty" LOTION

HEAVENLY NEW SOFTENING—SMOOTHING COSMETIC FOR HANDS AND BODY. FRAGRANT! WHISPER-LIGHT! QUICK-ABSORBING! NON-STICKY!

HERE'S A "World of Beauty" IN YOUR HANDS

BY Max Factor HOLLYWOOD

AVA GARDNER
M.G.M. STAR in
"EAST SIDE, WEST SIDE"

MAX FACTOR "Cosmetics of the Stars" are obtainable from your local Chemist, Hairdresser and Store.

The Foundation of today's new line...

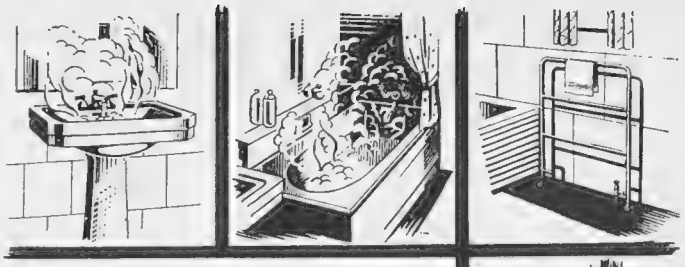
Even out of the galaxy of styles offered by Twilfit, this strapless boned Brassiere in Art Satin and Nylon can hardly be equalled for its purpose... the average figure... Bust Sizes: 32" to 38" No. 04558. Price **22/8.**

With it is a luxury Girdle in Satin Broche, with two-way stretch elastic panels at sides and side fastening, its long line creating a perfect foundation for the fashions of today. Waist Sizes: 26" to 36" No. 7788. Price **49/5.**

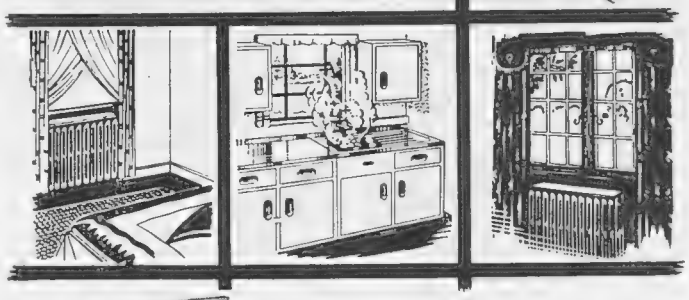
Twilfit Reg'd
FOUNDATIONS

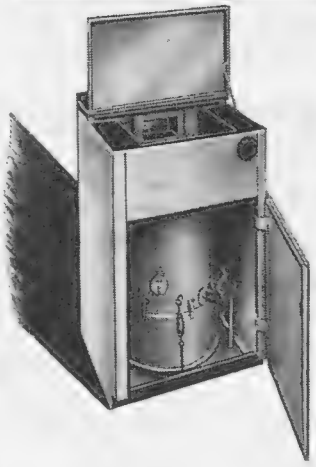
Leethems (Twilfit) Ltd.
Portsmouth

NOW AT YOUR FAVOURITE SHOP



All this and economy too





with the Warwick Hazel Domestic Boiler

Continuous hot water for all your needs, 24 hours a day, all the year round. Housed in a cream cabinet of aluminium and stainless steel, en suite with other Warwick kitchen equipment.

Plus these unique features:—

1. Maximum efficiency; official tests indicate it is 76%.
2. One fingertip switch regulates air intake *and* flue damper, gives absolute control of the rate of combustion.
3. Ash Container need be emptied *once a week only*. Simple to remove and carry. No dust.
4. Easy Hopper-type refuelling. No possibility of spill over. No lids and rings to remove. No special tools required.
5. All-Steel Boiler Shell completely surrounds the fire.
6. Stainless Steel simmering plate. Space for casserole cooking.
7. Shaker Grate with Dumping Section.
8. Gas Poker Hole, for use if required.
9. No wasted heat — kitchen stays cool and comfortable even in hot weather.

Write for leaflet No. W.102 and name and address of nearest stockist.

Price
£39 · 10
plus £2 for Bower Barffing if necessary

A PRODUCT OF C.S.A. INDUSTRIES LTD., WARWICK

L.G.B.

Closed Front Cardigan (*Continued from page 46*)

Continue straight until work measures 15½ ins. from the bottom of hem, then shape armholes by casting off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows and dec. at each end of the following 7 rows (104 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 22½ ins. from the bottom of hem, then shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 10 rows. Work in garter st. upon remaining sts. for 3 rows. Cast off.

THE FRONT

Using No. 10 needles, cast on 136 sts.

1st row. —K.

2nd row.—P. 60, k. 3, p. 10, k. 3, p. 60. Rep. the last 2 rows 4 times, then the 1st row once again. Make a hem as before but working in patt. as on 2nd row. Continue in patt. thus :

1st row.—(P. 2, k. 1 bk.) 20 times, k. 16 (k. 1 bk., p. 2) 20 times.

2nd row.—(K. 2, p. 1) 20 times, k. 3, p. 10, k. 3, (p. 1, k. 2) 20 times.

Rep. the last 2 rows 12 times, dec. at each end of the next and every following 4th row.

27th row.—K.

28th row.—P. 52, k. 3, p. 10, k. 3, p. 52. Rep. the last 2 rows twice. (Dec. once more to bring sts. to 118).

Continue in the same manner (but without shaping) until work measures 6 ins. from the bottom of hem, then change to No. 13 needles for 3 ins. Change back to No. 10 needles and continue as before, this time inc. at each end of every 6th row 9 times (136 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 15½ ins. from the bottom of hem, then shape armholes by casting off 11 sts. tightly at beg. of the next 2 rows, and dec. at each end of the following 7 rows (100 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 18 ins. from the bottom of hem ; then divide sts. for neck thus :

1st row (right side of work).—Patt. 42, k. 16, turn.

2nd row.—Dec., k. 1, p. 10, k. 3, patt. 42.
3rd row.—Patt. 42, k. 13, dec.
4th row.—Dec., p. 9, k. 3, patt. 42.
5th row.—Patt. 42, k. 11, dec.
6th row.—Dec., p. 7, k. 3, patt. 42.
7th row.—Patt. 42, k. 9, dec.
8th row.—Dec., p. 5, k. 3, patt. 42.
9th row.—Patt. 42, k. 7, dec.
10th row.—Dec., p. 3, k. 3, patt. 42.
11th row.—Patt. 42, k. 5, dec.
12th row.—Dec., p. 1, k. 3, patt. 42.
13th row.—Patt. 42, k. 3, dec.
14th row.—Dec., k. 2, patt. 42.
15th row.—Patt. 42, k. 1, dec.
16th row.—Dec., patt. 42.
17th row.—Patt. 41, dec. (42 sts.).

Continue in patt. only, dec. at the front edge on every row until 35 sts. remain. Continue straight until work measures 22½ ins. from the bottom of hem, then shape shoulder by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 5 rows starting at armhole edge.

Rejoin wool at the division of sts. and cast on 16 sts. K. 16, patt. 42, turn and work other side to match, starting from 2nd row and reading the rows backwards.

LEFT REVER

Holding the wrong side of work towards you and using No. 10 needles, pick up and k. 47 sts. from point of V to shoulder.

1st row.—K. 3, p. to last 3 sts., k. 3.

2nd row.—K. 3, k. 2 tog., k. to last 5 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 3.

3rd row.—K. 3, p. 2 tog., p. to last 3 sts. k. 3.

Rep. the last 2 rows 12 times (8 sts.).

28th row.—K. 3, k. 2 tog., k. 3.
29th row.—K. 2, k. 3 tog., k. 2.
30th row.—K. 1, k. 3 tog., k. 1.
31st row.—K. 3 tog. Fasten off.

RIGHT REVER

Holding the wrong side of work towards you and using No. 10 needles, pick up and k. 47 sts. from shoulder to point of V.

1st row.—K. 3, p. to last 3 sts., k. 3.

2nd row.—K. 3, k. 2 tog., k. to last 5 sts., k. 2 tog., k. 3.

3rd row.—K. 3, p. to last 5 sts., p. 2 tog., k. 3.

Rep. the last 2 rows 12 times (8 sts.).

28th to 31st rows.—As on left rever.

THE SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles, cast on 80 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, for 1½ ins. Change to No. 10 needles and continue in st.st., inc. at each end of every 4th row until 100 sts. are on needle. Continue straight until work measures 6½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape top of sleeve by dec. at each end of every alternate row until 70 sts. remain. Now dec. at each end of every row until 20 sts. remain. Cast off. Work another sleeve to match.

MAKING UP

Press carefully. Join seams and insert sleeves. Slip stitch the 16 sts. of underflap on right shoulder to wrong side of work. Stitch buttons on centre panel on front at equal distances.

END

Knitted Flower Border (*Continued from page 46*)

in m., rib 103 in c., p. 6 in m.

7th row.—K. 8 in m., rib 99 in c., k. 8 in m.

8th row.—Inc. p. 7 in m., rib 99 in c., p. 7 inc. in m. (117 sts.).

9th row.—K. 11 in m., rib 95 in c., k. 11 in m.

10th row.—P. : 7 m., 1 c., 3 m., rib 95 in c., p. : 3 m., 1 c., 7 m.

11th row.—K. : 5 m., 3 c., 5 m., rib 91 in c., k. : 5 m., 3 c., 5 m.

12th row.—P. : 3 m., 5 c., 5 m., rib 91 in c., p. : 5 m., 5 c., 3 m.

13th row.—K. : 2 m., 2 c., 11 m., rib 87 in c., k. : 11 m., 2 c., 2 m.

14th row.—P. : 1 m., 2 c., 12 m., rib 87 in c., p. : 12 m., 2 c., 1 m.

15th row.—K. : 3 m., 1 c., 13 m., rib 83 in c., k. : 13 m., 1 c., 3 m.

16th row.—Inc. in c., p. : 1 c., 2 m., 2 c., 11 m., rib 83 in c., p. : 11 m., 2 c., 2 m., 1 c., inc. in c. (119 sts.).

17th row.—K. : 2 m., 2 c., 3 m., 1 c., 12 m., rib 79 in c., k. : 12 m., 1 c., 3 m., 2 c., 2 m.

18th row.—P. : 2 m., 3 c., 3 m., 1 c., 11 m., rib 79 in c., p. : 11 m., 1 c., 3 m., 3 c., 2 m.

19th row.—K. : 4 m., 1 c., 3 m., 1 c., 1 m., (3 c., 3 m.) twice, rib 75 in c., k. : (3 m., 3 c.) twice, 1 m., 1 c., 3 m., 1 c., 4 m.

20th row.—P. : 9 m., 1 c., (1 m., 3 c.) twice, 1 m., 1 c., 2 m., rib 75 in c., p. : 2 m., 1 c., (1 m., 3 c.) twice, 1 m., 1 c., 9 m.

21st row.—K. : 9 m., (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., 4 m., rib 71 in c., k. : 4 m., (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., 9 m.

22nd row.—P. : 9 m., 3 c., (1 m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 3 c., 4 m., rib 71 in c., p. : 4 m., 3 c., (1 m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 3 c., 9 m.

23rd row.—K. : 10 m., 4 c., 1 m., 4 c., 7 m., rib 67 in c., k. : 7 m., 4 c., 1 m., 4 c., 10 m.

24th row.—Inc. p. : 13 m., 1 c., 11 m., rib 67 in c., p. : 11 m., 1 c., 13 m., inc. (121 sts.).

25th row.—K. : 11 m., 4 c., 1 m., 4 c., 9 m., rib 63 in c., k. : 9 m., 4 c., 1 m., 4 c., 11 m.

26th row.—P. : 10 m., 3 c., (1 m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 3 c., 8 m., rib 63 in c., p. : 8 m., 3 c., (1 m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 3 c., 10 m.

27th row.—K. : 10 m., (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., 10 m., rib 59 in c., k. : 10 m., (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., 10 m.

28th row.—P. : 10 m., 1 c., (1 m., 3 c.) twice, 1 m., 1 c., 7 m., 1 c., 2 m., rib 59 in c., p. : 2 m., 1 c., 7 m., 1 c., 1 m., (3 c., 1 m.) twice, 1 c., 10 m.

29th row.—K. : 11 m., 3 c., 3 m., 3 c., 6 m., 3 c., 4 m., rib 55 in c., k. : 4 m., 3 c., 6 m., 3 c., 3 m., 3 c., 11 m.

30th row.—P. : 19 m., 1 c., 4 m., 5 c., 4 m., rib 55 in c., p. : 4 m., 5 c., 4 m., 1 c., 19 m.

31st row.—K. : 20 m., 1 c., 2 m., 2 c., 10 m., rib 51 in c., k. : 10 m., 2 c., 2 m., 1 c., 20 m.

32nd row.—Inc. p. : 20 m., 2 c., 12 m., rib 51 in c., p. : 12 m., 2 c., 20 m., inc. (123 sts.).

33rd row.—K. : 21 m., 1 c., 2 m., 4 c., 10 m., rib 47 in c., k. : 10 m., 4 c., 2 m., 1 c., 21 m.

34th row.—P. : 21 m., 2 c., 5 m., 1 c., 9 m., rib 47 in c., p. : 9 m., 1 c., 5 m., 2 c., 21 m.

35th row.—K. : 22 m., 3 c., 4 m., 2 c., 9 m., rib 43 in c., k. : 9 m., 2 c., 4 m., 3 c., 22 m.

36th row.—P. : 23 m., 4 c., 4 m., 1 c., 8 m., rib 43 in c., p. : 8 m., 1 c., 4 m., 4 c., 23 m.

37th row.—K. : 24 m., 3 c., 5 m., 1 c., 9 m., rib 39 in c., k. : 9 m., 1 c., 5 m., 3 c., 24 m.

38th row.—P. : 26 m., 1 c., 5 m., 1 c., 9 m., rib 39 in c., p. : 9 m., 1 c., 5 m., 1 c., 26 m.

39th row.—K. : 32 m., (3 c., 3 m.) twice, rib 35 in c., k. : (3 m., 3 c.) twice, 32 m.

40th row.—Inc. p. : 30 m., 1 c., (1 m., 3 c.) twice, 1 m., 1 c., 2 m., rib 35 in c., p. : 2 m., 1 c., 1 m., (3 c., 1 m.) twice, 1 c., 30 m., inc. (125 sts.).

41st row.—K. : 32 m., (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., 4 m.. rib 31 in c., k. : 4 m., (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., 32 m.

42nd row.—P. : 32 m., 3 c., (1 m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 3 c., 4 m., rib 31 in c., p. : 4 m., 3 c., (1m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 3 c., 32 m.

43rd row.—K. : 33 m., 4 c., 1 m., 4 c., 7 m., rib 27 in c., k. : 7 m., 4 c., 1 m., 4 c., 33 m.

44th row.—P. : 37 m., 1 c., 11 m., rib 27 in c., p. : 11 m., 1 c., 37 m.

45th row.—K. : 33 m., 4 c., 1 m., 4 c., 9 m., rib 23 in c., k. : 9 m., 4 c., 1 m., 4 c., 33 m.

46th row.—P. : 32 m., 3 c., (1 m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 3 c., 8 m., rib 23 in c., p. : 8 m., 3 c., (1 m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 3 c., 32 m.

47th row.—K. : 32 m., (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., 10 m., rib 19 in c., k. : 10 m., (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., 32 m.

48th row.—Inc. p. : 31 m., 1 c., (1 m., 3 c.) twice, 1 m., 1 c., 10 m., rib 19 in c., p. : 10 m., 1 c., 1 m., (3 c., 1 m.) twice, 1 c., 31 m., inc. (127 sts.).

49th row.—K. : 34 m., 3 c., 3 m., 3 c., 13 m., rib 15 in c., k. : 13 m., 3 c., 3 m., 3 c., 34 m.

50th row.—P. : 42 m., 1 c., 10 m., 1 c., 2 m., rib 15 in c., p. : 2 m., 1 c., 10 m., 1 c., 42 m.

51st row.—K. : 42 m., 1 c., 8 m., 3 c., 4 m., rib 11 in c., k. : 4 m., 3 c., 8 m., 1 c., 42 m.

52nd row.—P. : 43 m., 2 c., 4 m., 5 c., 4 m., rib 11 in c., p. : 4 m., 5 c., 4 m., 2 c., 43 m.

53rd row.—K. : 45 m., 1 c., 2 m., 2 c., 10 m., rib 7 in c., k. : 10 m., 2 c., 2 m., 1 c., 45 m.

54th row.—P. : 46 m., 2 c., 12 m., rib 7 in c., p. : 12 m., 2 c., 46 m.

55th row.—K. : 48 m., 6 c., 8 m., rib 3 in c., 8 m., 6 c., 48 m.

56th row.—Inc. p. : 46 m., 1 c., 6 m., 2 c., 6 m., rib 3 in c., p. : 6 m., 2 c., 6 m., 1 c., 46 m., inc. (129 sts.).

57th row.—K. : 48 m., 2 c., 7 m., 1 c., 13 m., 1 c., 7 m., 2 c., 48 m.

58th row.—P. : 49 m., 5 c., 3 m., 1 c., 13 m., 1 c., 3 m., 5 c., 49 m.

59th row.—K. : 51 m., 5 c., 2 m., 1 c., 1 m., 3 c., 3 m., 3 c., 1 m., 1 c., 2 m., 5 c., 51 m.

60th row.—P. : 53 m., 3 c., 3 m., 1 c., (1 m., 3 c.) twice, 1 m., 1 c., 3 m., 3 c., 53 m.

61st row.—K. : 55 m., 1 c., 3 m., (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., 3 m., 1 c., 55 m.

62nd row.—P. : 59 m., 3 c., (1 m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 3 c., 59 m.

63rd row.—K. : 60 m., 4 c., 1 m., 4 c., 60 m.

64th row.—Inc. p. : 63 m., 1 c., 63 m., inc. (131 sts.).

65th row.—K. : 61 m., 4 c., 1 m., 4 c., 61 m.

66th row.—P. : 60 m., 3 c., (1 m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 3 c., 60 m.

67th row.—K. : 60 m., (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., 60 m. (*Continued on page 70*)

I have *two* ages!

. . . how old I am . . .
how young I look.
For the soft, smooth skin
that belies the years,
I thank regular
Revenescence care.
Obtainable from leading
Stores as cream
or lotion.

REVENESCENCE
by
Charles of the Ritz

MINTY

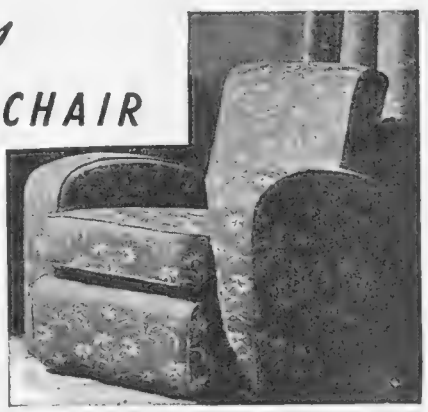
BOOKCASES *are back!*

Now that we can once again obtain the right materials, we can offer the Minty Sectional Bookcases—and at prices free of purchase tax. The Bookcases are as handsome as ever and compare favourably in every way with the prewar standard which made the name of Minty pre-eminent in this field. Made in Oak or Mahogany, the Bookcases are available as illustrated and in many combinations which can be added to as desired.

Combination 30*N*. *Three stacks as illustrated in Oak or Mahogany, no purchase tax,* £59 3 0

Separate Stacks £13 19 0, £18 8 0, £26 16 0

The famous **MINTY** CHAIR



The most comfortable chair on earth! Full-sized lounge, softly sprung. Entirely new and improved method of construction. Settees also in two sizes. Models available from £11.15.0. No purchase tax.

Send for illustrated folders and full particulars to

Dept. B, MINTY LTD., 44/45 High St., Oxford

Showrooms: **London, 123 Victoria Street, S.W.1**
Manchester, 7/9 Royal Exchange Arcade

Lucozade

The sparkling GLUCOSE drink

To help regain strength lost in fighting illness or infection—you would give LUCOZADE. To tempt an unwilling appetite—there is nothing better than LUCOZADE. And if you, yourself, are feeling just a little short of energy, somewhat tired, take a glass of LUCOZADE! There are moments when we all need this sparkling glucose drink. See your Chemist today about a supply of LUCOZADE.

Get

Lucozade

it is so energising and palatable

From Chemists 2/6 a bottle
Plus bottle deposit 3d. (returnable)

LUCOZADE LTD., GT. WEST ROAD, BRENTFORD, MIDDX. *royds 20/C*

68th row.—P. : 60 m., 1 c., (1 m., 3 c). twice, 1 m., 1 c., 60 m.

69th row.—K. : 61 m., 3 c., 3 m., 3 c., 61 m.

Break off c. and continue in all m. st.st. until work measures 12 ins. from the cast-on edge. Shape armholes by casting off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows, and dec. at each end of the following 7 rows (101 sts.). Now divide sts. for neck opening thus: (right side of work) k. 43, cast off 15, (loop on needle) k. 42.

Continue straight until work measures 17 ins. from the cast-on edge, then dec. at the neck edge on every row until sts. are reduced to 36. Continue straight until work measures 19 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulder by casting off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 4 rows starting at armhole edge. Rejoin wool at remaining sts. and work other side to match.

THE BACK

Using No. 12 needles and c., cast on 121 sts. and work in rib for 3½ ins. until welt exactly matches the front before commencement of conversion of k. 1, p. 1, into st.st.

Change to No. 10 needles and Fair Isle patt., thus :

1st and 2nd rows.—K. and p. in m.

3rd row.—K. : 5 m., * 1 m., 3 c., 3 m., 3 c., 6 m., 4 c., 5 m., ** ; rep. from * to ** once, 1 m., 3 c., 3 m., 3 c., 1 m., read backwards from ** to * twice, 5 m.

4th row.—P. : 5 m., * 1 c., (1 m., 3 c.) twice, 1 m., 1 c., (2 m., 3 c.) twice, 4 m., ** ; rep. from * to ** once, 1 c., (1 m., 3 c.) twice, 1 m., 1 c., read backwards from ** to * twice, 5 m.

5th row.—K. : 5 m., * (2 c., 1 m.) 4 times, 1 c., 3 m., 1 c., 2 m., 3 c., 3 m., ** ; rep. from * to ** once, (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., read backwards from ** to * twice, 5 m.

6th row.—P. : 5 m., * 3 c., (1 m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 4 c., 5 m., (1 c., 3 m.) twice, ** ; rep. from * to ** once, 3 c., (1 m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 3 c., read backwards from ** to * twice, 5 m.

7th row.—K. : 5 m., * (1 m., 4 c.) twice, 7 m., 1 c., 7 m., ** ; rep. from * to ** once, (1 m., 4 c.) twice, 1 m., read backwards from ** to * twice, 5 m.

8th row.—P. : 5 m., * 5 m., 1 c., 11 m., 1 c., 7 m., ** ; rep. from * to ** once, 5 m., 1 c., 5 m., read backwards from ** to * twice, 5 m.

9th row.—K. : 4 m., 1 c., * (1 m., 4 c.) twice, 6 m., 1 c., 1 m., 1 c., 5 m., 1 c., ** ; rep. from * to ** once, (1 m., 4 c.) twice, 1 m., read backwards from ** to * twice, 1 c., 4 m.

10th row.—P. : 3 m., 1 c., 1 m., * 3 c., (1 m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 3 c., 5 m., 1 c., 2 m., 1 c., 3 m., 1 c., 1 m., ** ; rep. from * to ** once, 3 c., (1 m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 3 c., read backwards from ** to * twice, 1 m., 1 c., 3 m.

11th row.—K. : 1 m., 2 c., 2 m., * (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., 5 m., 2 c., 2 m., 3 c., 2 m., ** ; rep. from * to ** once, (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., read backwards from ** to * twice, 2 m., 2 c., 1 m.

12th row.—P. : 1 c., 4 m., * 1 c., (1 m., 3 c.) twice, 1 m., 1 c., 5 m., 3 c., 6 m., ** ; rep. from * to ** once, 1 c., (1 m., 3 c.) twice, 1 m., 1 c., read backwards from ** to * twice, 4 m., 1 c.

13th row.—K. : 1 c., 4 m., * 1 m., 3 c., 3 m., 3 c., 6 m., 4 c., 5 m., ** ; rep. from * to ** once, 1 m., 3 c., 3 m., 3 c., 1 m., read backwards from ** to * twice, 4 m., 1 c.

14th row.—P. : 1 m., 1 c., 20 m., 4 c., 21 m., 4 c., 19 m., 4 c., 21 m., 4 c., 20 m. 1 c., 1 m.

15th row.—K. : 2 c., 23 m., 1 c., 24 m., 1 c., 19 m., 1 c., 24 m., 1 c., 23 m., 2 c.

16th row.—P. : 1 c., 119 m., 1 c.

17th row.—K. : 1 c., 119 m., 1 c.

Continue in all m. st.st. for 6 rows, now still working in st.st. inc. each end of the next and every following 8th row until 133 sts. are on needle. Continue straight until work measures 12 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape armholes by casting off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows and dec. at each end of the following 7 rows (101 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 19 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulders by casting off 9 sts. at the beg. of the next 8 rows. Change to No. 12 needles and continue in k. 1, p. 1, rib upon remaining sts. in c. for 1 in. Cast off in rib.

THE COLLAR

Holding right side of front towards you and using No. 12 needles and c., pick up and k. 60 sts. down one side of neck from shoulder to where sts. were cast off in centre. Work in k. 1, p. 1, for 1 in. Cast off in rib. Work a similar border along other side of neck.

THE SLEEVES

Using No. 12 needles and c., cast on 83 sts. and work in rib as for front for 1 in., finishing on a 2nd row of rib. Change to No. 10 needles and commence converting the rib into st.st. for a pointed effect edged with Fair Isle thus :

1st row.—K. 2 in m., rib 79 in c., k. 2 in m.

2nd row.—P. 2 in m., rib 79 in c., p. 2 in m.

3rd row.—K. 4 in m., rib 75 in c., k. 4 in m.

4th row.—Inc. p. 3 in m., rib 75 in c., p. 3 inc. in m.

5th row.—K. 7 in m., rib 71 in c., k. 7 in m.

6th row.—P. 7 in m., rib 71 in c., p. 7 in m.

7th row.—K. 9 in m., rib 67 in c., k. 9 in m.

8th row.—Inc. p. 8 in m., rib 67 in c., p. 8 inc. in m.

9th row.—K. 12 in m., rib 63 in c., k. 12 in m.

10th row.—P. 12 in m., rib 63 in c., p. 12 in m.

11th row.—K. 14 in m., rib 59 in c., k. 14 in m.

12th row.—P. : inc. 1 c., 9 m., 1 c., 2 m., rib 59 in. c., p. : 2 m., 1 c., 9 m., 1 c. inc.

13th row.—K. : 3 m., 1 c., 6 m., 3 c., 4 m., rib 55 in c., k. : 4 m., 3 c., 6 m., 1 c., 3 m.

14th row.—P. : 3 m., 1 c., 4 m., 5 c., 4 m., rib 55 in c, p. : 4 m., 5 c., 4 m., 1 c., 3 m.

15th row.—K. : 4 m., 2 c., 1 m., 2 c., 10 m., rib 51 in c., k. : 10 m., 2 c., 1 m., 2 c., 4 m.

16th row.—P. : Inc. 4 m., 2 c., 12 m., rib 51 inc., p. : 12 m., 2 c., 4 m., inc.

17th row.—K. : 5 m., 1 c., 2 m., 4 c., 10 m., rib 47 in c., k. : 10 m., 4 c., 2 m., 1 c., 5 m.

18th row.—P. : 5 m., 2 c., 5 m., 1 c., 9 m., rib 47 in c., p. : 9 .m, 1 c., 5 m., 2 c., 5 m.

19th row.—K. : 6 m., 3 c., 4 m., 2 c., 9 m., rib 43 in c., k. : 9 m., 2 c., 4 m., 3 c., 6 m.

20th row.—P. : Inc. 6 m., 4 c., 4 m., 1 c., 8 m., rib 43 in c., p. : 8 m., 1 c., 4 m., 4 c., 6 m., inc.

21st row.—K. : 9 m., 3 c., 5 m., 1 c., 9 m., rib 39 in c., k. : 9 m., 1 c., 5 m., 3 c., 9 m.

22nd row.—P. : 11 m., 1 c., 5 m., 1 c., 9 m., rib 39 in c., p. : 9 m., 1 c., 5 m., 1 c., 11 m.

23rd row.—K. : 17 m., (3 c., 3 m.) twice, rib 35 in c., k. : (3 m., 3 c.) twice, 17 m.

24th row.—P. : Inc. 15 m., 1 c., (1 m., 3 c.) twice, 1 m., 1 c., 2 m., rib 35 in c., p. : 2 m., 1 c., 1 m., (3 c., 1 m.) twice, 1 c., 15 m. inc.

25th row.—K. : 17 m., (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., 4 m., rib 31 in c., k. : 4 m., 2 c., (1 m., 2 c.) 3 times, 17 m.

26th row.—P. : 17 m., 3 c., (1 m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 3 c., 4 m., rib 31 in c., p. : 4 m., 3 c., 1 m., (1 c., 1 m.) twice, 3 c, 17 m.

27th row.—K. : 18 m., 4 c., 1 m., 4 c., 7 m., rib 27 in c., k. : 7 m., 4 c., 1 m., 4 c., 18 m.

28th row.—P. : Inc. 21 m., 1 c., 11 m., rib 27 in c., p. : 11 m., 1 c., 21 m. inc.

29th row.—K. : 19 m., 4 c., 1 m., 4 c., 9 m., rib 23 in c., k. : 9 m., 4 c., 1 m., 4 c., 19 m.

30th row.—P. : 18 m., 3 c., (1 m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 3 c., 8 m., rib 23 in c., p. : 8 m., 3 c., 1 m. (1 c., 1 m.) twice, 3 c., 18 m.

31st row.—K. : 18 m., (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., 10 m., rib 19 in c., k. : 10 m., 2 c., (1 m., 2 c.) 3 times, 18 m.

32nd row.—P. : Inc. 17 m., 1 c., (1 m., 3 c.) twice, 1 m., 1 c., 10 m., rib 19 in c., p. : 10 m., 1 c., 1 m., (3 c., 1 m.) twice, 1 c., 17 m., inc. (99 sts.).

33rd row.—K. : 20 m., 3 c., 3 m., 3 c., 13 m. rib 15 in c., k. : 13 m., 3 c., 3 m., 3 c., 20 m.

34th row.—P. : 28 m., 1 c., 10 m., 1 c., 2 m., rib 15 in c., p. : 2 m., 1 c., 10 m., 1 c., 28 m.

35th row.—K. : 28 m., 1 c., 8 m., 3 c., 4 m., rib 11 in c., k. : 4 m., 3 c., 8 m., 1 c., 28 m.

36th row.—P. : 29 m., 2 c., 4 m., 5 c., 4 m., rib 11 in c., p. : 4 m., 5 c., 4 m., 2 c., 29 m.

37th row.—K. : 31 m., 1 c., 2 m., 2 c., 10 m., rib 7 in c., k. : 10 m., 2 c., 2 m., 1 c., 31 m.

38th row.—P. : 32 m., 2 c., 12 m., rib 7 in c., p. : 12 m., 2 c., 32 m.

39th row.—K. : 34 m., 6 c., 8 m., rib 3 in c., k. : 8 m., 6 c., 34 m.

40th row.—P. : 33 m., 1 c., 6 m., 2 c., 6 m., rib 3 in c., p. : 6 m., 2 c., 6 m., 1 c., 33 m.

41st row.—K. : 33 m., 2 c., 7 m., 1 c., 13 m., 1 c., 7 m., 2 c., 33 m.

42nd row.—P. : 34 m., 5 c., 3 m., 1 c., 13 m., 1 c., 3 m., 5 c., 34 m.

43rd row.—K. : 36 m., 5 c., 2 m., 1 c., 1 m., 3 c., 3 m., 3 c., 1 m., 1 c., 2 m., 5 c., 36 m.

44th row.—P. : 38 m., 3 c., 3 m., 1 c., (1 m., 3 c.) twice, 1 m., 1 c., 3 m., 3 c., 38 m.

45th row.—K. : 40 m., 1 c., 3 m., (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., 3 m., 1 c., 40 m.

46th row.—P. : 44 m., 3 c., (1 m., 1 c.) twice, 1 m., 3 c., 44 m.

47th row.—K. : 45 m., 4 c., 1 m., 4 c., 45 m.

48th row.—P. : 49 m., 1 c., 49 m.

49th row.—As 47th row.

50th row.—As 46th row.

51st row.—K. : 44 m., (2 c., 1 m.) 3 times, 2 c., 44 m.

52nd row.—P. : 44 m., 1 c., 1 m., (3 c., 1 m.) twice, 1 c., 44 m.

53rd row.—K. : 45 m., 3 c., 3 m., 3 c., 45 m. Break off c. Work should now measure approximately 6½ ins. Continue in all m. st.st.. shaping top by dec. at each end of every alternate row until 69 sts. remain. Now dec. each end of every row until 25 sts. remain. Cast off. Work another sleeve to match.

MAKING UP

Press all parts except ribbing. Join seams and insert sleeves. Oversew edges of neck border.

END

Sustaining Salads *(Continued from page 57)*

NORWEGIAN SALAD

Ingredients: 1 cupful shredded cabbage (crisp inside leaves); 1 cupful shredded red cabbage; 1 cupful macedoine of vegetables such as diced carrots, potatoes; beetroot, and a few pickled onions; 1 tin herrings; seasoning—vinegar, teaspoonful sugar.

Mix together the cabbage and vegetables. Dress with vinegar (sugar and seasoning added). Arrange in a bowl with herring amongst it.

BEAN AND CREAMED MUTTON SALAD

Take about ½ lb. of French or runner beans. Remove any strings and slice finely. Cook in salted water together with 1 small onion and a pinch of bicarbonate of soda. When tender, remove onion and drain. When quite cold make a border of beans on a dish. Mince a little left-over mutton and cream with a little mayonnaise, about a dozen capers and a tablespoonful of chopped parsley. Pile cream mixture in centre of dish and garnish with sprigs of parsley.

END

Over half-a-million housewives

have chosen *Jackson*

"CLEANLINE" ELECTRIC COOKERS

★ There is less to clean in a Jackson

★ Automatic Cookery

★ Simmering Control

★ Largest Hot-cupboard Space

★ Heated Drawer

★ and you can

cook more food in a

Jackson

ELECTRIC COOKER

Jackson Electric Cookers are sold on attractive Hire Purchase Terms in most districts. Ask for Free Silver Recipe Folder when you see the Jackson Cookers at your local Showroom or Electricity Service Centre.

The Jackson Electric Stove Co. Ltd., 143 Sloane Street, London, S.W.1. *and branches.*

Enrich your Salads

C&B

salad cream

KIA-ORA's

WHO'S WHO

No. 2

B..... | William George

AGED 7 and a bit. Educated, according to his father, at Saturday morning cinema shows; and, less noticeably, at local day-school. Owner of one mongrel puppy (variegated) and two white mice (confiscated). Judges the success of a birthday party by the number of glasses of Kia-Ora he can consume; fails to understand why anything he enjoys so much should be so wholeheartedly approved by his elders.

KIA-ORA

the most delicious of all fruit drinks

LEMON · ORANGE · GRAPE FRUIT · LIME · LEMON BARLEY

Amusing The American (*Continued from page* 15)

expenses. But you will see lots and lots of quick, snippety films, animated cartoons, newsreels and sundry novelties like puppet shows ("Kukla, Fran, and Ollie" are very amusing and as good, in their way, as Muffin the Mule), lightning artists, songs at the piano, and so forth. Of course, there are the usual talent-spotting shows compèred by Arthur Godfrey, formerly a disc-jockey and now the highest-paid television star in America, and variety shows with the inevitable Milton Berle who seems to be on television most of the time and is, to a Briton like me at any rate, not particularly funny. Weather forecasts, like ours, are demonstrated by means of maps and charts, but whereas in England we look at the isobars with a certain restless boredom while the announcer says " . . . to-morrow the weather chart is expected to look like this," the American commentator preserves one's sanity with a wonderful line of comic patter.

One may certainly see short, inexpensive playlets from time to time. There is, for example, a series called *Lights Out* which is designed to thrill, shock and terrify. I only found it horrifying, but not in the way the producer intended and let me say right away that although designed for an adult audience, it might in this country have had some appeal for a rather simple and backward boy of twelve. But I am certain I have never seen anything nearly so bad on B.B.C. television. Of course, with five or six different channels, one has a selection of programmes but, owing to interference from the skyscrapers, reception is poor on most and double image a commonplace. The chief triumph of American television seems to be in the field of sport; sporting events are frequently televised with skill and imagination, though it is a pity so much time is given to all-in wrestling which everyone knows is nothing but an empty charade with the contestants displaying all the approved indications of agony.

The root cause of this haphazard and irresponsible television policy is that to the New Yorker, television is the latest novelty, an amusing gadget, and not a powerful new instrument that is capable of educating the public, influencing thought and revolutionizing social life.

There are, however, small coteries of thoughtful people who refuse to accept the baser offerings of Hollywood as the apotheosis of the film and have formed a movement to support and encourage pictures that seek to exploit the more serious possibilities of the cinema. This movement is called the World Documentary Theatre and on the night I attended one of its showings at the Barbizon Plaza Hotel, I saw a most engrossing assortment of short "interest" films from France, Great Britain, Russia and other countries; the most remarkable was one that showed terrifying tropical insects and jungle beasts devouring each other. Not quite the thing for the squeamish (who, by the way, were warned of the subject and invited to retire to the foyer if so disposed) but a powerfully absorbing zoological study in which the special potentialities of the film camera were fully utilized. World Documentary Theatre is an idea that might profitably be copied over here. It is to be hoped that the men and women responsible for this organization in New York will be able to extend their influence to those places where television policy is formulated.

And what of ordinary radio? Out of interest, though seldom for pleasure, I switched on every morning in my hotel room where radio is laid on like the iced water and, one imagines, is used just as indiscriminately. I listened at other times of the day, of course, and, trying to remember what I heard, I now have a confused impression of music, music, music, mostly indistinguishable from the song of that name, "audience participation" programmes with people sailing gaily up to the microphone to have a breathtaking gamble on the sixty-four dollar question, and cliff-hanger serials and soap operas. I found the frequently recurring "commercials" intensely tedious, but was assured that this was only because I was not used to them. "After a while," people told me, "you don't really hear them, and your ears develop a habit of shutting them out of the real programme material." Listening one morning shortly before Christmas, I heard an announcement which, for sheer lack of principle, surpassed all precedent. "Buy your Christmas gifts at the So-and-so Jewellery Store," coaxed the announcer. "You can't afford it? Then buy them on our easy credit system and take a year to pay."

Libel laws are seemingly non-existent, and it is quite startling to British ears to hear radio "columnists" like Louella Parsons, Walter Winchell and film star Robert Montgomery quoting American *entrepreneurs* by name and blandly accusing them of every vice, racket and filthy crime of which anyone could be capable. One of America's most powerful men is repeatedly attacked on the air and in the newspapers and magazines, yet he contrives to stay out of jail, and so do his denigrators.

But I should be grossly unfair to American radio if I did not add that one can also hear an unending stream of first-class music on station WQXR, which is owned by the *New York Sunday Times*, and one or two other networks, WNEW in particular.

While in New York I wanted, above all, to possess one of the new long playing gramophones, although, since my return, I have learned that we may expect to see them here very soon. Long selections from musical shows and entire symphonies are recorded on a single, light, wafer-thin disc that is unbreakable. At a friend's apartment I heard the Mahler Fourth Symphony—a long enough work, in all conscience, and it was only interrupted once, while the disc was turned over. Production of these records is more economical and therefore cheaper to the public. Moreover, they ease the difficulty of storage so painfully familiar to every record collector. Works are recorded on a vinylite plastic (basically a Canadian resin), but the grooves are infinitely smaller than on standard records, and each twelve-inch disc may comprise as much as three-quarters of a mile of soundtrack thinner than a human hair. In addition, the turntable revolves at a much slower rate—thirty-three and one-third or forty-five revolutions per minute instead of the customary seventy-eight. With a certain amount of ringside enthusiasm, New Yorkers have been diverting themselves with the spectacle of Columbia and Decca, who have standardized their speeds at thirty-three and one-third, gripped in tense commercial battle with RCA, their mighty opponent, who prefer their own "Victorgroove" records which play five minutes at forty-five r.p.m. on a superfast noiseless changer. RCA are, however, beginning to record a limited number of works in their celebrity catalogue at thirty-three and one-third for the benefit of people who own machines which only play at this speed. The battle of the speeds is now gradually resolving into an accommodation between the companies, and some kind of standardization is inevitable.

On the whole, and leaving aside these mechanical advances, the quality of American sound recording is not as good as ours; the tone is too brilliant, the balance uneven, and the treble registers brought out disproportionately.

There in a few short paragraphs are my impressions of the New York entertainment world. They are merely opinions, of course, and therefore personal, but representative, I think, of the average British view.

END

Tremors In The Bull Ring (*Continued from page* 16)

charges. But Parrita did not do Manolete's great speciality, though he has done it infrequently: standing *between* the scarlet cloth and the bull, that is, with the *muleta* behind him.

However: over four of the Arles killings, I shall draw a veil. An American student beside me on the 2,000-year-old stone seating of the Roman arena kept almost squealing: "But why don't they finish it off?" What had happened was that the matadors had not plunged the last sword accurately enough, with the result that bulls dragged themselves ever so slowly and for whole minutes close to the ringside, as they bled to death inside. You may not kill a bull unless he is on all fours and two of these bulls finished sitting—for all the world like Disney's Ferdinand but without flowers. I found myself murmuring "Alas my poor brother!" that afternoon.

THE packed, multi-coloured crowd registered acute disapproval more than once, and threw insulting trivialities into the ring in room of the kissed flowers and scarfs at a successful Spanish afternoon. Each time I sought the explanation and it did not vary. They were not getting their money's worth. Especially the mounted picadors were prematurely fatiguing the bull by pressing their spears too deeply into the beast's shoulders, causing such wounds that blood issued freely till the end.

If the bull ring is really slipping, and figures suggest this to be the case, then the first reason is that bullfighters are getting softer. They are putting on acts which conceal a growing disinclination to run serious risks. This over-wounding is one of them. And now they propose to substitute very heavy *banderillas* like small harpoons, to make up for a recent ban on fireworks joined to those darts in the shoulder.

For a century it has been customary to surprise and singe apathetic bulls by means of fire-crackers, because bulls that won't get going do not tire themselves and so are more dangerous to kill than "brave" bulls that have run themselves out. But the Spanish public is unlikely to roll up as of old to see apathetic bulls prematurely harpooned by way of a change from the fireworks.

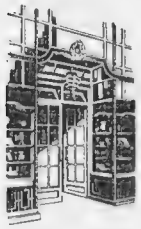
The fans further complain of the practice of filing the tips of the horns, and clamour for genuinely heavy four-year-olds instead of the slender-legged light-weights that are so often offered nowadays. Less and less does one hear the cry "brave (or good) bull!" of more and more that of "*Fuera! Fuera!*" not infrequently accompanied by bottles and cushions. Personally, I feel for the fellows told to get out in this wounding manner. They've been a thousand times closer to bulls than I'd ever care to be. But I'm no hardened fan, just an occasional visitor. However, the point is that get-rich-quick has dug deeply into bullfighting in latter years, in part due to the soaring dollar finances of Mexican rings—only ones capable of showing a light to Spain's—and that the Spanish public doesn't like some of the effects.

It complains that promoters want to land fortunes on the strength of four or five fights only, that too many leading fighters have developed No. One film star notions as to their worth in coin, that breeders demand exorbitant sums for bulls, that seat charges are too high, thanks to a combination of speculators and the State taking fifty-two per cent. This shrewd public is not to be put off by women bullfighters, competent as one of them is, or by lovely new golden sand in room of dirty grey. It wants its thrills.

A propos I was astonished to discover how few deaths occur in bullfighting. In the first half of this century there were twenty-two. Thousands of wounds and injuries, hundreds of cases resulting in incapacity, but only twenty-two deaths! Including Joselito, Marshal and Manolete (*Continued on page* 74)

Reproduction Clocks

BRASS Lantern Clock, copy early English, from the collection of Reproduction Clocks displayed in the showrooms at 112 Regent Street—our only address.



Entrance to '112'

Height 9¾ inches
£15.0.0

The GOLDSMITHS & SILVERSMITHS COMPANY LTD
112 REGENT STREET · LONDON · W.1

NUMBER **112** IS OUR ONLY ADDRESS · TELEPHONE: REGENT 3021

Perfume . . . the loveliest thing about you

NEW PERFUMED COLOGNES

Shower-cool, elusive . . . newly created by Goya in fragrances matched to each of his famous perfumes. Gardenia, Decision, Vibration, " No. 5 ", Great Expectations, Goya Heather.

Perfume Gift Size 60/-
Handbag Phial 2/6
Matching Cologne (one ounce) 3/-.

Goya

GOYA · 161 NEW BOND STREET · LONDON · W1

BATH & WEST
ROYAL ULSTER
Issue of June 14

ROYAL HIGHLAND
ROYAL COUNTIES
Issue of July 12

After the SHOWS, "SPORT & COUNTRY" publishes the pictorial souvenir. The Show personalities, the prize-winning animals, the exhibits . . . a record to keep and enjoy. Before "THE ROYAL" there will be two Show issues; June 14 and July 12. If you go to the Shows you will enjoy them; if you cannot go, they will put you right into the picture. Just order from your Newsagent. He will deliver to your home.

SPORT & COUNTRY

THE ONLY ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER DEVOTED EXCLUSIVELY TO THE BUSINESS, SPORTING AND SOCIAL ACTIVITIES OF THE AGRICULTURAL INDUSTRY.

FOOD WITHOUT FLIES

You work hard in the kitchen, keeping it spotless. You spend hours there preparing good food to keep your family healthy and happy. But all your efforts may be in vain if there are flies about. Flies carry disease and are one of the main causes of polluted food. How can you kill them quickly and provide lasting protection against these dangerous pests? Just spray your kitchen walls, and other places where flies settle, with Cooper's Household Flyspray. This quickly clears the room of flies and makes sprayed surfaces lethal to them for weeks. Cooper's Flyspray has a pleasant smell too, and won't stain your walls or furnishing fabrics. Ask for it by name.

COOPER'S FLYSPRAY

for quick knockdown — positive kill — lasting protection

COOPER, McDOUGALL & ROBERTSON LTD., BERKHAMSTED, HERTS. Est'd. 1843

50/C13

among the aces. If I put the average number of fully-fledged *corridas* each year as midway between 250 and 300—anyway that's what it has been during the last decade—it emerges that one man loses his life every 600 fights or so, every two-and-a-quarter years.

Another curiosity is that the death-rate is higher when Spanish fighters visit French towns—Marseilles, Nimes, Arles, Toulouse, Bordeaux—than when they appear at home.

I imagine that an English interpretation of present bullfighting as seen by the average Spaniard, is not far removed from "the slick years." With outstanding personal exceptions which are not confined to the ace artists but usually occur in close association with them. The widespread tendency to get by with less genuineness is also here apparent. Such utilitarian levelling when applied to an exotic creation like the bull ring, inevitably detracts from its magnetic *ensemble*—and make no mistake, blood and sand, and all there still is something magnetic about a bullfight.

Attendances are falling in Spain's four hundred bull-rings, large and small. Built to accommodate more than 2,000,000 people in the shade or in the sun, they may provide as many as 2,000 fights in a full year. Yet the great majority of these fights are local affairs on the small side. To arrive at an assessment of the bull ring's continued appeal, one turns to the *corridas* in the main urban centres through Spain, and this is what you get.

In 1943 there were 240 such *corridas*; in 1944, 245; in 1945 the total rose to 288; to sink again to 244 in 1946; to rise anew to 276 in 1947, and up further to 291 in 1948. By

Tremors In The Bull Ring

then Manolete had gazed for the last time up at his public in that moment when the bull swept by but inches from his groin, and without a scrap of doubt the passing of this idol has had a bearing on the bull ring's popularity.

Last year the number of *corridas* had sunk to a record low for this century—181.

The most obvious cause of diminishing returns from the toros is Futbol. The males of the Spanish masses, up to an age like forty, have gone daft on football, and it has been noticed that they are ready to shell out for this, while letting the bulls go by. This is what has got the ring proprietors, the breeders, the entire professional bullfighting community properly worried.

END

Sterling Quality (*Continued from page* 39)

WITH the discovery of the ruins of the Roman city of Herculaneum in 1770, design underwent a decided change. Led by the Adam brothers, English domestic styles became severely classical. These enterprising Scotsmen designed everything for the home, including silver. The urn became the supreme object of veneration and much was designed in its image. Teapots, coffee pots, sauce boats, bread baskets, sugar castors, and milk jugs all followed the same severely classical style, but the craftsmanship and taste of this period ensured a successful adaptation to the new mode, and the pieces of this period have great elegance of form and decorative detail.

The classic tradition carried on into the ensuing Regency period when designs were heavier and more architectural and monumental. This style is epitomized in the collection, presented at various times, to the Duke of Wellington, which was on view at the Victoria and Albert Museum some three years ago.

Paul Storr was the most celebrated Regency silversmith.

In the reign of William IV silver became more florid, and during the long Victorian epoch, design became still more elaborate and ornate, sometimes reflecting the outposts of Empire in strange realizations of jungle and bamboo. It must be left to the collector's discretion to pick out the Victorian pieces he finds most congenial.

Many small pieces of silver can be picked up fairly cheaply. Snuff boxes are fascinating and can sometimes be used for cigarettes. Wine tasters (little circular bowls with a handle on one side) are charming for ashtrays.

Old punch bowls look lovely filled with roses on a polished table, and if you collect antique miniature Dollshouse silver, which was made as far back as Queen Anne's reign you will have started a drain on your purse for life

END

Duel At The Frontier (*Continued from page* 31)

his thick lips and obviously flattened nose.

Vavro pointed to the telephone. "You'd better pass the usual message to the next post," he said. "If they're not too deeply asleep to hear the bell ringing."

Emil obeyed automatically. It was his usual task, anyway. He turned his back on Vavro, churned at the handle of the instrument, passed his message. A drowsy voice came back to him along the line. The routine acknowledgement followed by a resentful: "And give us a bit of peace for an hour or so, will you? We've an extra man and we're settling down to a hand of cards."

Emil chuckled. "I'll not disturb your game, Josef," he promised.

And, somewhere at the back of his mind, there was an entirely different train of thought. Where had Vavro lost his great-coat? And why had he been sneaking up towards the small gap in the wire? Then, something else flashed into his mind. Something he should have realized from the start. *Vavro had no rifle.*

He turned sharply, the question on his lips. But it wasn't uttered. He took a nervous step backwards. Vavro had a revolver and it was pointing at him. Just behind the weapon were Vavro's eyes, more like those of a cunning animal than ever.

Emil said, weakly: "Vavro! What's this mean? If it's your idea of a joke. . . ."

"A joke!" Vavro practically spat the words out. "It means, my stupid one, that I am going to take a walk—through the gates and down the slope. . . ."

"You! A fugitive! Clearing out?"

Vavro showed stained, irregular teeth in a smile.

"My source of influence has been arrested," he said. "Some new purge, I suppose. Well, what am I to do? Stay until the net closes round me?"

Emil recovered from the shock. The unwavering revolver worried him; but he tried to put on a show of calmness.

"Can't say that I blame you," he answered. "It's a wise man who knows when to quit. Pity we haven't a bottle here—we could have celebrated your departure. However, it can't be helped. Best of luck to you!"

Vavro's eyes seemed loaded with suspicion.

Danger had put Emil's brain on the alert. Nothing was escaping it now. He knew that Vavro intended to kill him. Not for a minute or two, perhaps. Vavro's animal brain worked slowly. It would take a little while to build itself up to committing murder. It wasn't quite there yet. Also, there was something else disturbing Vavro. In spite of the revolver and the mastery, he was uneasy. Listening like an animal in fear of the approaching hunters.

Of course! Josef from the next post. "We've an extra man." They were reinforcing the posts at last. There had been talk in that direction for some time. It was not enough to have two men—that was only the skeleton coverage along parts of the line. Reorganization was taking place.

But Vavro . . . yes, he must talk to Vavro. This was a grim duel. The quicker brain against a revolver.

"Come, Vavro, why look at me like that. No reason for me to hinder you, is there?"

"And shoot me in the back as soon as I start off down the road? Do you take me for a fool? No rifle and a civilian coat! Proof positive and you'd receive the usual reward."

Emil smiled. "No need for you to have worried about the coat," he said lightly. "Over the other side, you'd have had no difficulty. The more uniform, the better. They'd hope to get information, you see."

"I told you I lost it," Vavro growled.

"Your coat, your story," said Emil lightly.

Vavro scowled. "If you must know the truth—there was somebody who had great need of it. I needed money. Understand?"

Emil did. There were few things Vavro would not do for money. That was why Vavro would never believe that he would be allowed to go down the road without a rifle being aimed at his back.

"Anyway," Emil declared, "I wouldn't shoot you. Go—and make the most of it."

"You think you can trick me?" There was anger coming into the small dark eyes. Vavro working himself up to the deed. Any second now.

Emil had moved his feet, very quietly. He was standing firm now, with one against the wall of the hut. The other was well forward, against the small table which acted as a barricade between Vavro and himself.

"Keep your hands where I can see them!" snapped Vavro.

Emil spread the gloved fingers out, as though to emphasize that he was unarmed. He started a lazy smile. Checked it. Shouted: "Vavro! Look out!"

The oldest trick, of course. And Vavro didn't fall for it. But in his slow brain, he recognized it as a trick and consciously rejected it. There was a halting to the processes of his mind.

Emil's feet moved swiftly. The table flew forward and he threw himself to the boards

The report of the revolver in the small hut was like thunder. There was a smarting searing pain across Emil's cheek.

But Emil had no time to think of this. He was on his feet again and hurling himself on the stocky Vavro who had been knocked to his knees. The two rolled backwards and forwards in grim struggle. In Emil's ears was a confused medley. Gasping, tortured breath. Thudding, scraping boots.

Then an infernal clatter as he managed to drive Vavro backwards against the stove. There was a cascade of miniature fireballs. Vavro cried out with pain, clapped his hands to his face. The revolver fell a few inches away from him. Before he could recover, Emil had snatched it.

And now there was little noise in the hut. Laboured breathing. Emil's quiet steps as he moved to a safer distance. The clatter of his rifle as he moved it to a safer place.

Slowly, Vavro picked himself up. On his feet, he swayed a little. He placed his hands tenderly at the burns on his face.

Emil was aware of a warm trickle running from his cheek down the inside of his collar. The cheek itself was numb.

Vavro moistened his lips. One of them was cracked; but he forced a smile.

"We were a bit hasty, Emil," he said, and there was obscene fawning in his voice. "We've been on duty together for over a year now. We've never had a serious quarrel, you know."

"Pity you didn't think of that before you tried to shoot me," Emil grated.

"I wouldn't have done it. You startled me. I only wanted your promise that I could go. It was wrong of me. You wouldn't harm a Service comrade, would you, Emil?"

There was no humour in Emil's smile. "It will mean promotion for me," he observed. "It's been my due for a long time. I'm afraid they'll put you up against a wall, Vavro." He shrugged his shoulders. "That's no affair of mine, though. I've just my duty to do. And it's not my duty to look beyond my duty That's what they always tell us, isn't it?"

Vavro hesitated. (*Continued on page* 76)

H·M·V — H·M·V

THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED
SUPPLIERS OF GRAMOPHONES. RECORDS

RADIO AND TELEVISION APPARATUS
TO HIS MAJESTY THE KING

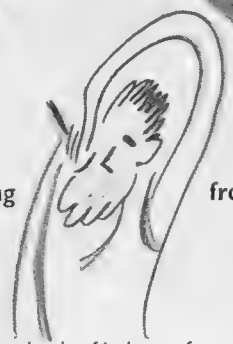
BY APPOINTMENT

"HIS MASTER'S VOICE"

The Hallmark of Quality

H·M·V — THE GRAMOPHONE COMPANY LIMITED, HAYES, MIDDLESEX — H·M·V

HIGHER OUTPUT!



Father's shaving from the Creda

We don't stop the wheels of industry from *our* house every time we want hot water during peak hours! And we don't wait for the water to heat either. Our Creda storage water heater uses a minimum of electricity to heat the water, and because of the special lagging and automatic heat control, it gives us lashings of piping hot water whenever we want it, for every purpose—and at very low cost indeed There's a Creda storage water heater to suit every size of family and every type of plumbing system. Visit your electrical contractor or your electricity service centre NOW

Creda electric storage water heater

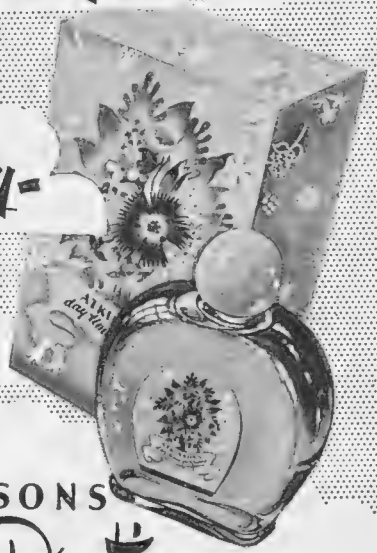
MADE BY THE HOUSE OF Simplex

Simplex Electric Company Limited
Oldbury Birmingham & Branches

A TI COMPANY

For all day-

For every day-



THE NEW PERFUME IDEA

ATKINSONS Daytime PERFUMES

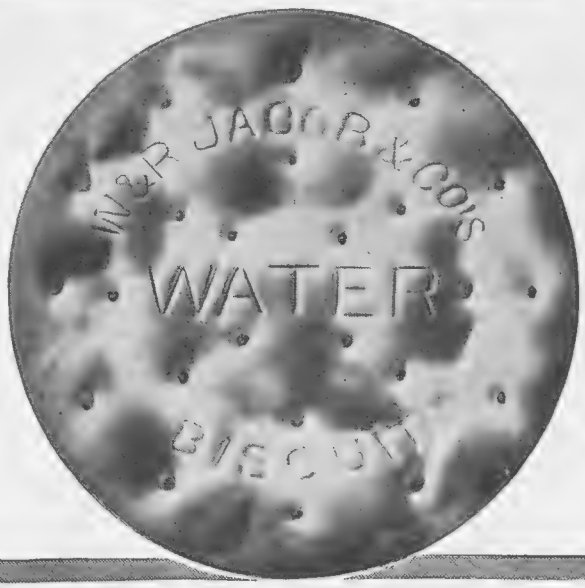
MIRAGE • CHYPRE • BAL DE FLEURS • LIGHTHEART

No longer any need to hoard the pleasures of perfume for the special occasion. Here are four enchanting new perfumes, created in such a form that they can be used freely all day, every day. Each perfume contains exclusive essences and yet is moderately priced to be within reach of the slenderest purse.

6/7 · 11/2 · 19/5 · 35/6 (inc. tax)

ADP 2-880-133

J. & E. ATKINSON LTD., 24 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1



JACOB'S

Water Biscuits

with the nutty flavour people like

W. & R. JACOB & CO., (LIVERPOOL) LTD., BISCUIT MANUFACTURERS

He took an impulsive step nearer; but drew back as Emil waved the revolver at him. His beady eyes seemed to draw closer together as he frowned.

"Listen, Emil," he whispered. "You'll be promoted easily enough—without turning me over. When the new men come along, you'll be in charge . . . especially with me out of the way. Let me go, Emil. Tell you what—I've money in my pockets. American dollars." He tried a wink; but it ended in a grimace of pain. "American dollars, man," he repeated.

"A sensible precaution," Emil murmured. "Ensures your welcome on the other side, eh?"

"I'll give you a hundred—if you'll let me go."

The left side of Emil's face was becoming stiff. The smile hurt him, but he managed it.

"Two hundred," Vavro pleaded.

"Aren't you afraid that I shall shoot you?" Emil taunted him.

"You shall throw away the bolt of your rifle—and remove the bullets from the revolver. . . ."

"What sort of fool do you take me for?"

"Oh! You can keep the rifle by you for a club . . . if you're afraid of me."

"No fear," said Emil. "I don't trust you, that's all."

"We've been comrades," Vavro whined. "Listen—three hundred. . . ."

"Make it five," said Emil.

"Four!"

"I said five."

"You drive a hard bargain," Vavro complained.

It was settled. They understood each other. Emil took the bolt from the rifle. Opened the door a little, and cast it out into the darkness.

Vavro nodded approvingly. "You'll find it easily enough, using your torch." He fumbled in the large pockets of his coat.

Emil, keeping the revolver handy, reset the table. He moved the rifle, so that it could be snatched up at the first sign of treachery. He opened the revolver, shook out the remaining bullets. Counted them.

"Five," he said. "Satisfied?"

Vavro nodded. Reluctantly, he placed three bundles of notes on the table. One was half the thickness of the others. Emil, with one hand, flicked them over.

"Right," he said. "A pleasant walk, Vavro."

"The key of the gate?"

"In the usual place. Help yourself. Leave it in the lock. You won't feel so nervous if I'm not following you."

Vavro hesitated. Grunted. Backed to the door, pushed it open wider. Disappeared. Emil could hear quick steps, the opening of the gate. Then steps which were much faster, going away down the road across the narrow no-man's land.

Whistling softly, he reloaded the revolver. Placed it on the table. He crossed the room to the corner where he had flung his haversack. Unfastened the straps. For a few minutes he was fully occupied.

Then he left the hut, picking up the bundles of notes from the table. He crammed them into his bulging pockets.

He reached the open gate, passed through it.

Very useful, he thought, an extra five hundred dollars. What would Vavro say if they encountered at the frontier post on the other side?

Emil's whistling became louder as he began to walk down the road.

END

Marion Kept The Ring (*Continued from page* 19)

nothing, Marion. You're the sweetest girl I've ever known. It's I who have been wrong, wrong all the time."

"You mean, you don't love me!" She was almost holding him at arm's length now.

"I'm afraid I don't love you enough. . . . Hell, I've gone and cut myself!"

The dialogue was interrupted for the best part of five minutes while he dealt with the blood. When he went on he was in difficulties because he couldn't decide what it was that Marion would say next. At first she replied harshly: "Well, if that's the way you feel about it!" That would have made the rest all beautifully simple, but he had to recognize the fact that Marion was not the least likely to say it. She was much more likely to say: "Timothy dear, you're tired out, you'll feel quite differently in the morning." What was his answer to that? And worse still, what did he do if she threw a scene and said she was going to commit suicide on the dance floor?

Owing to the delay due to the razor-cut, Timothy never had time to finish that rather tricky part of the dialogue: he just left it for some clever improvisation at the time. He did, however, in the taxi going to the restaurant do the end-piece scheduled for the taxi coming away from it. Marion was beside him, of course, a little tearful, but resigned; and she now saw how right he was about it all. They were both very young: they couldn't know how they were going to develop. It was much better that they made an end to it now. But he hoped she would keep the ring he had given her in remembrance of his undying admiration and esteem.

Timothy was horrified at the end of this dummy dialogue when he discovered that he was a little resentful when Marion took him at his word and kept the ring. Good heavens, he asked himself, am I really as mean as all that? Can't I *want* to give her that? And what a liar I am, too! Why can't I say straight out that I want her like hell but can't face the brats all over the flat? Really I'm lucky that she doesn't understand me! No woman who understood *me* would think of marrying me for five minutes.

TIMOTHY was only four minutes late at the restaurant but Marion was already there, and the first thing he had to do was to apologize for being late. She made that very easy for him. He noticed then that she had a new hat on, a very saucy little hat, and he had to make some comment on that. His carefully preoccupied air seemed to pass entirely unnoticed by her, but he could not help observing that she on the contrary seemed on the top of the world. His heart sank when he thought how he was going to bring her tumbling down from that position.

When the first course arrived he just pecked at it, trying to fill up the dreadful gap in the dialogue to come. Marion then at last did notice that he was not eating much.

"Not hungry?" she asked.

"Not very," he answered. This was the moment when Marion might have asked if there was anything on his mind, but she missed that opportunity.

"I'm famishing," she went on. "Didn't have any tea. You don't mind if I go on guzzling?"

"Not at all," Timothy said.

"I'm glad you like the hat," she continued.

"It's a lovely— hat."

"Do you know why I got it?"

"I suppose you just wanted a new hat."

"Don't be silly, darling. I always want a new hat. But I don't always get it."

"Then there was a special reason?"

"There was. Care to guess?"

"You got that rise at last."

"Don't say 'At last' like that. But you're right. I did get it. And I didn't have to ask for it either."

"Dear, darling, that's wonderful. How much was it?"

"Ten bob a week. Like to hear about it?"

Timothy said that he would and Marion then began. She worked in one hat shop and had bought the hat in another; and as she not only described all the hats in both shops, but also what everyone had said to her both about the hats and the rise in salary, Timothy was getting very confused by the end of it.

He was also painfully aware when they began dancing that he had not done any of the preparatory work he had intended. He no longer had to simulate any air of preoccupation; it was there quite genuine and unmistakable, but Marion still seemed to be unaware of it.

When the slow foxtrot began she looked up at him lovingly.

"You've cut yourself!"

"I know. I was in rather a hurry."

"Do you always shave twice a day, Timothy?"

"Only when I go out in the evening."

"It must be a bore shaving. And it must be difficult to avoid that mole on your left cheek. Do you do the south side or the north side first?"

"The south side, generally."

"And then the north side?"

"That's right."

"It must be a bore! But then at least you don't have to pluck your eyebrows."

Timothy had been dancing listlessly as the unforgiving moments slipped away. Now he took a sudden pull at himself and began rather hoarsely.

"Marion dear, I've been wanting. . . ."

But that was no good either.

"I know, dear," Marion answered very quickly. "You're tired, and you want to go home. We'll just have one more dance and then go."

Timothy was in a state of abject misery as they got into the taxi. They had had three more dances by that time, but still he hadn't said anything and it was only a ten-minute drive to Marion's flat. If I don't do it tonight, he told himself, I'll never do it. We'll go on and get married, and be unhappy all our lives. Twice he opened his mouth and wetted his lips with his tongue; but the words just would not come out, and he sat on with his arm listlessly round Marion's waist, not kissing her and not saying anything.

Finally the taxi was drawing up and still nothing had been done.

"Here we are already!" Marion said it quite brightly and then squeezed his hand and kissed him lightly on the cheek. "You'll feel better to-morrow morning," she went on. "You see, I know what it was that you wanted to say."

By this time she had jumped out and closed the door. Finally she turned and spoke to him through the open window, still quite gaily and brightly.

"It's been lovely knowing you, Timothy. And I think you'll make a sweet husband—when you grow up."

It wasn't till she was running up the steps to the house that Timothy opened his hand and saw the glint of diamonds in it.

WHEN Timothy thought he had had a bad night dreaming about the crying babies he didn't know what bad nights were. This was a thousand times worse. He had shouted "Hi! Marion! No! Wait!" as she ran up the steps; but she didn't pause and the taxi-driver was now looking at him in an offensively sympathetic manner. Timothy curtly told him to drive on and he drove on, remarking at intervals that you never could tell with women. Timothy was completely bewildered at his sensations. After all, the evening had produced the very result that he had wanted it to produce: without any action on his part; without either tears or commotion; and he had even got the expensive ring back. Surely in those circumstances he ought to feel both relieved and pleased! But he didn't feel either pleased or relieved. He felt lost, ill-used, and homeless. And the ring which had looked so proud and pretty on Marion's finger was just a meaningless piece of metal and stone as it lay in the palm of his hand.

It was worse when he had got rid of the sympathetic taxi-driver and gone up into his flat. The first thing he did there was to ring Marion's number; but, as he fully expected, there was no reply. For a time then the feeling of being ill-used and ill-treated took hold of him again. He quite overlooked the fact that (*Continued on page* 78)

INTERFLORA
WE TELEGRAPH FLOWERS

BIRTHDAYS . WEDDINGS
ANNIVERSARIES . ENGAGEMENTS
PROMOTIONS . BON VOYAGE
BIRTHS . CHRISTENINGS ETC.

Fresh Flowers by wire . . .

The quickest way to send Good Wishes

A gift of flowers, one of the most delightful ways of wishing happiness, is even more appreciated when *telegraphed.*

Wherever you see the "Winged Mercury" sign you will find a good florist who can have fresh flowers delivered to your friends the same day whether they be just locally or thousands of miles away.

Ask your nearest Interflora florist for details of this unique and inexpensive service.

Interesting and descriptive leaflet sent on request.

LOOK FOR THE "INTERFLORA" SIGN AT YOUR LOCAL FLORIST

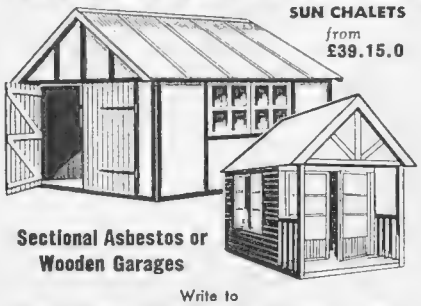
ISSUED BY INTERFLORA (Dept. B.E.), 358/362a KENSINGTON HIGH ST., LONDON, W.14

THE MOST TREASURED NAME IN PERFUME . . .

CHANEL

GREGORYS SECTIONAL BUILDINGS

SUN CHALETS from £39.15.0



Sectional Asbestos or Wooden Garages

Write to
GREGORYS SECTIONAL BLDGS. LTD.
Dept. AK, 278 High St., Uxbridge, Middx.
over Denney's (Bakers) Tel.: UXBRIDGE 2801
for illustrated list of the above, also Greenhouses, Sheds, Loose Boxes, Poultry Houses, Pig Houses, etc.

★ *After a Brylfoam Shampoo your brush becomes a magic wand, revealing new beauty in your hair.*

So beautifully easy . . .

so easily beautiful

because Brylfoam cleanses so thoroughly yet so gently, your hair is infused with new radiance, new sparkle. Let your mirror tell the story—the story of glowing, glorious hair-health! And how wonderfully manageable Brylfoam makes your hair: how economical it is, too. Remember the speedy, creamy lather suits every type of hair — dry or greasy, dark or fair. Ask for Brylfoam and see how beautiful your hair can be! In handy tubes, 9½d; large, economy size, 1/10d.

there's more foam in
BRYLFOAM
THE ORIGINAL CREAM **SHAMPOO** IN A TUBE

royds 23/37

It must be a DINKY TOY!

Mothers, Fathers, Uncles and Aunts say this always automatically when buying toys for youngsters. They have had their instructions!

DINKY TOYS
are made by Meccano Ltd

he had set out earlier in the evening intending to break off his engagement: that by now had entirely slipped from his mind. Marion really had behaved outrageously treating him like that without any explanation. What had he done to offend her? Nothing! He had not been more than four minutes late: he had admired her new hat, listened to her stories, danced whenever she wanted to. What more could he do? At this moment he noticed the ring grinning at him from his dressing table and he got up angrily and threw it into a drawer where he couldn't see it. "Well, if that's the way she feels about it!" he began. But then he remembered that that was one of her lines, not his, and sat down disconsolately on the bed fumbling with his shoelaces.

It was worse still when he got into bed and turned the light out. The whole evening came sweeping back over him, with every remark of Marion's, every gesture and every expression. What was it that she had said at the end? "I know what it was that you wanted to say." What could that mean? Timothy shot up in bed and turned the light on when he asked himself that question. What could it mean indeed! It could only mean that she had seen through his silences and preoccupation, and knew that he wanted to break the engagement if only he could find the words to do it with. Timothy stared round at the empty, silent, unfeeling room and wished for a moment that he had the sympathetic taxi-driver there to talk to. "But it's awful if she thinks that!" he said aloud. "She mustn't think that! I must ring up and explain." He picked up the receiver and had his forefinger all ready for dialling, but finally put it down with a groan, turned the light out, and tried to get some sleep.

It was only half an hour later that he shot up in bed again as though he had been stung by another wasp. "You'll make a sweet husband," she had said. "When you grow up." Now what did that mean? Well, Marion's remarks generally meant precisely what they said and nothing else. So it must mean that she didn't think he was grown up. "But that's absurd!" Timothy said aloud in the darkness. He hadn't turned the light on this time. "I've got a University degree, war service in Malaya, written two books and got them published. I've got a good brain, a better and quicker brain than she has. . . . But does that mean that I'm grown up? Does it mean that I'm fully equipped to face life? Does it mean that I wash behind my ears mentally as well as physically? Does it mean that I'm even half as much an adult as she is?"

The answer to all these questions, Timothy had to admit, was in the negative. And having admitted that, he at last got some fevered, unrestful sleep.

THE next thing to do was to meet Marion again and she did not make that easy for him. When he telephoned she recognized his voice at once, said, "Please, Timothy, no telephoning" quite kindly, and hung up immediately. When he wrote she did not answer. In the end he was forced to try and catch her in the street as she came away from work, as he had once already in the earlier, happier days of his courtship.

In preparation for this he did a lot of double-dummy dialoguing in the privacy of his flat. He no longer did it when he was shaving, but strode about the flat mumbling to himself at all hours of the day and night. There was still the difficulty that he could not be sure even of Marion's first response; but it did help him to get his own mind clear. He wanted to be quite sure that he did not tell any lies this time. For one thing he did not want to tell lies to her, and for another he was now pretty sure she would spot them if he did. So he went on working and working at it and in the end it came out something like this.

It was a fine evening and he had been waiting about a quarter of an hour, glancing nervously this way and that, when Marion trotted out of the shop in the same saucy little hat. She started back when she saw him there and he then began breathlessly.

"Marion, please, I must talk to you a moment!"

"But it isn't any use, Timothy," she answered. "I meant what I said. Every word of it."

"You remember what you did say?"

"Yes, of course."

"That I'd make a sweet husband when I grew up?"

"Yes, I know. And I still think it."

"But I have grown up, Marion!"

Timothy paused frowning when he came to that part of the dialogue. Surely it would have some effect if he said it like that! She would smile perhaps. Even put her arm through his. . . . No, that was expecting too much. But she would smile, faintly, unwillingly. And he would take his opportunity and hurry on.

"I have really, Marion. Please let me talk."

"But we can't talk in the street."

"There's still a seat in the gardens round the corner. You said you liked it there once."

Again he had to assume that that had the desired effect, and the next thing was that they were sitting down on the seat. He had to assume that the seat was empty, but it generally was at that time of evening.

Marion was cool, distant, disbelieving, as she sat down.

"When did you do all this growing up, Timothy?" she asked.

"I did it very suddenly," he told her. "Just a week ago. Between your flat and mine."

"That was sudden, Timothy! How did it happen like that?"

"Shock, Marion."

"Was it really such a shock as all that?"

"The most frightful shock I've ever had in my life."

This was the crucial point. There was no time to wonder how Marion was going to react to it. He mustn't give her any time to react. He must rush on straight away.

So he rushed on. Like this.

"Oh I know I asked for it," he said. "You were quite right up to a point. I didn't of course intend to break off the engagement. (That's a lie, he told himself; but she can't possibly know for certain, so I'll leave it in.) I didn't intend to break off the engagement. But I was wavering. You see, I wanted both the substance and the shadow: the reality and the dream. I wanted the freedom of my freedom without its loneliness, and the completeness of being married without its obligations. In other words, I was thinking as a child, a very spoiled child; and you brought it home to me in just four words."

Marion now really smiled at last.

"You have been growing up, Timothy!"

"D'you think I'd make a sweet husband now, Marion?"

"Yes. But you mustn't overdo it. I'd like a little of the child left."

TIMOTHY knew he was expecting a good deal; but this time for once, with a few minor variations on Marion's part, the dialogue went almost exactly as he had planned it. And what he hadn't planned, Marion at this point just held out her finger towards him; and he was thus able to slip the ring on again where it belonged, and to leave out the rather prosy ending to the scene which he had so carefully prepared. He held her very close and kissed her instead.

END

Women In The Arctic (*Continued from page* 13

of civilization's penetration of northern latitudes. At all events, they give to the Arctic that solid foundation on which the pioneer can build another new town.

For a woman, life in a polar settlement offers no greater hazards or discomforts than it does in the more remote of English villages.

Houses and cabins are invariably well built and adequately heated, and there is no queueing.

"All I've got to do is to phone my weekly 'list' to the store," the blonde wife of Mining Engineer Haakon Stuedal, at the polar settlement of Sverdup, told me. "The store delivers to my door by jeep or sledge."

Women fall very naturally into the way of life in the North. For example, when the wife of Scandinavian Bert, keeper of a pull-in on the Tanana River, was expecting a child, she hitched up a dog team and drove eighty miles to Fairbanks for her confinement, returning alone a fortnight later with a baby girl strapped securely to the sledge.

There is no question of shortages of housing, for the North is closed except to those who are specifically required to work there. The Arctic has no room for also-rans. Entry is rigidly controlled, not only in Spitzbergen and Greenland, but throughout the American North, and the northern regions of the Soviet Union.

There are full facilities for the raising of a family: maternity wards in the hospital and a fully trained hospital staff, baby welfare centres, women's organizations, schools, some of them founded by the missions and others by commercial interests, mainly mining and fur trading companies.

One finds washing machines and refrigerators in the smaller settlements of the Hudson Bay Company. The company realizes the advantages of change, and for this reason its personnel seldom spend more than three years at any one post before being moved to another, and further to benefit the women in its settlements every one of the two hundred and seventy "posts" in their territory is furnished individually so that when a move comes the change will be complete.

Where a settlement is ice-beleaguered throughout the winter communications are maintained by tractor-train and air. The difficult gynæcological case is flown in a matter of hours from the remote tundras to the safety and comfort of a modern hospital perhaps 2,000 miles to the south.

I had an example of this last year in the extreme north of Iceland. We had flown over an area of pack ice in search of a missing trawler, and on the way back we were ordered to land at a minute settlement in a fold of the mountains rolling down to a narrow fjord in the extreme north-west of the island some seventy miles south of the Arctic Circle.

We changed course. At four thousand feet the horizon was jagged with black cliffs streaked with snow, and the ice of the Dranga Glacier gleamed in the pale northern sun. Towards the entrance to the fjord we reduced height, bumped down on the fjord and made towards the immense volcanic shingles of the beach, up which we climbed towards a group of men around a stretcher on which lay a woman.

"Going to have a papy," the pilot explained. "Ve must take her to hospital."

Watched by a number of children wearing sheepskin caps, the stretcher bearers tried to heave their burden through the narrow doors of the plane. The latter proved too narrow for the former, and in an effort to squeeze a quart into a pint pot, the men tilted the stretcher so that its occupant nearly slipped off. It was decided to put the stretcher in through the door on the lower side, the plane being tilted with the slope of the beach, and ultimately the stretcher was dumped on the floor with a jolt.

"No time to waste," the pilot said, pointing in the direction of laden snow clouds. "Ve have to leave quickly."

The doors were slammed and bolted. The two engines broke into a roar of life. We slewed round and bumped over the giant black boulders with thuds which must have been sickening to the woman on the stretcher, her face, white and streaming with perspiration. Reaching the fjord we raced along its surface, flicked into the air and flew into a cloud of snow, from out of which there loomed the rocks first on one side of the fjord and then on the other. (*Continued on page* 79)

Keep Healthy

Take
Lixen
THE GOOD-NATURED LAXATIVE
LOZENGES IN BOTTLES 2/2
IN LIQUID FORM 2/5½, 4/4
From Chemists only.
ALLEN AND HANBURYS LIMITED
L68M

AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS!
POST your FILMS to
Will R. Rose LTD.
23 BRIDGE ST. ROW, CHESTER
Write for Price List and special Postal Wrapper
and you will get magnified prints from your small films —
Get 'Magna Prints' (REGD)

Fragrance & Safety in the Sick-room

Zoflora cleans and sweetens the air and induces peaceful sleep. A boon to patients and nurses alike.
Zoflora
Perfumed DISINFECTANT
is a powerful antiseptic which dispels unpleasant odours and imparts its own delicate perfume.
2/- per bottle
or complete spraying outfit 10/-
From your chemist or direct from the makers:
THORNTON & ROSS LTD.
HUDDERSFIELD

Women In The Arctic

Within two hours we had landed at Reykjavik where an ambulance was waiting for our passenger. Three weeks later she was back in the Arctic with a baby daughter, no doubt destined to play a part in the continued development of the polar regions.

In the summer life can be idyllic, with the sun shining throughout the day into the night. Steamers bring new supplies and new faces to the settlements, and aircraft come down gently on the brilliantly blue face of lake and river. Winter is far away and forgotten.

And in winter the Aurora Borealis flashes across the heavens. The snow is crisp and the cold bitter, but given suitable clothing and adequate heating and housing there is no discomfort. And all the while in the back of the individual woman's mind is the knowledge that she is emulating the early pioneers who built new dominions.

END

Pleasure Of Their Company

(*Continued from page* 36)

from the Indians grow the making of headdresses or clay plates, or the desire to learn the first lessons of camping and cooking, or heaven knows what. Our own children spent many holidays when small, on a flat roof, that became in turn, the deck of a ship, a fire station, a racing track that involved roller skates and cycles, and finally we "lived in the country" (in central London!) and kept live ducks on it and with a frame the children made for seedlings, we grew beans, tomatoes and even potatoes.

For bad weather don't forget the joys of "Collecting" for collections of many varieties can create interest and activities, and maybe just one useful sideline is to give help to a child who feels behind his contemporaries in something like swimming or dancing. A lesson or two may do much for happiness and self confidence next term.

LEN CHALONER

Samson

(*Continued from page* 12)

coming. She held two smudged visiting cards in the extreme tips of her fingers.

"I believe these belong to you. Please take them," she observed, and stretched out her hand.

In my numbed state, I failed to catch hold properly and the whirling *punkah* blew the cards behind me. It seemed a risk to stoop for them but she kept a grip on herself and took no advantage of my momentarily defenceless base.

Apologies were obviously useless. I bowed and stumbled to the door, ducking instinctively as I sensed a movement behind me.

"If, without smashing anything more than is essential," Mrs. M. was saying, "you'd leave your cards in the hall as you go out, perhaps you'll dine and dance with us at the club to-morrow."

I wasn't sure that I'd heard aright but it was no use dodging the flak at that late stage, so I turned round. She was smiling at me. She was a damned good-looker, too, that woman.

"But you'd better walk," she laughed. "The club veranda has six columns."

Here was the cue for my carefully rehearsed apology but I didn't recognize the lines that came out:

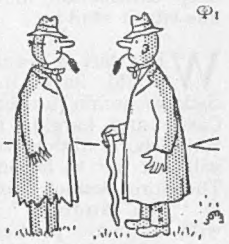
"Mrs. Murdoch, you're swell! Er—I mean frightfully decent. I'm terribly sorry about the cards and the columns and the cows and the cupboard and—er—*everything*. And thanks awfully."

Old man Murdoch was a sportsman, too. He skipped the flaying and just began calling me "Samson". . . . That was Edwards' luck all over; he did the job and someone else took all the credit.

END

Rayner's
FLAVOURING ESSENCES
make your cooking more exciting
RAYNER & CO LTD LONDON N18
ESTABLISHED 1851

There are many imitations



The continued popularity of Aertex cellular fabric over sixty years has led to many inferior imitations, often loosely described as "Aertex." But the *real* Aertex is unique. You can tell it by this label.

Genuine Aertex garments bear this label
CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. LTD. AERTEX LONDON W1
—and utility
CELLULAR CLOTHING CO. LTD. Aertil LONDON W1

but only one
AERTEX

SENSITIVE SKIN needs
Every wash with Cuticura is a tonic beauty treatment. The medicated lather cleans, refreshes and beautifies.
Cuticura
THE MILDLY MEDICATED TOILET SOAP
17

War On The Roses (*Continued from page* 33)

venture near what are literally the ants' aphid farms.

Just as addicted to honeydew are the common yellow ants, which during the autumn will collect aphid eggs and bring them "indoors" for the winter, to form the basis of their aphid herd the following spring. The curious thing is that these eggs are not of the aphids which live within the ants' nests, and to be of any use for honeydew production, when the eggs hatch in the spring the young aphids must be carried outside and planted on vegetation again.

And now the cycle is complete. Side by side with the aphids newly-emerged from the ants' nests, are ranged those which have hatched from the tiny, thick-shelled black eggs hidden deep in the crevices of plants and trees. A new army of aphids is born to carry on the endless battle for survival. The ladybirds and lacewings will attack again; ichneumons and harvestmen will renew their sorties. But the aphids will emerge victorious through sheer weight of numbers.

END

What's It Like On The Moon? (*Continued from page* 20)

past. Each giant crater, some rising like great ringed enclosures sheer out of the plain, would be the last remnant of an extinct volcano, now dead and still. Each mountain peak, some tapering vertically like huge pointed teeth, would be made of spent lava and rock, piled up with the force of tremendous eruptions of æons ago. But no traveller would go as if to a completely strange land. With the aid of a good telescope a superficial knowledge of the visible contours of the moon may be gained by a careful study; with the most powerful astronomical telescope a most accurate and detailed picture of the scene may be built up. And every moon-visitor would as a matter of course take with him large-scale contour maps of the satellite. Charts of the moon have been made over many years past and one British astronomer has just completed what may be the standard moon map. The work of some seventeen years of study and observation, it is drawn to the scale of 100 inches to the moon's diameter and is twenty-five feet across. It gives 700 different named features of the moon's surface, including twenty-eight recently-discovered ones. It also depicts the 60,000 ring-shaped craters, most of them with their curious centre pinnacles and some 60 or 100 miles in diameter. In pocket form such a map will form an indispensable part of the moon men's equipment.

In keeping with the general bleakness of the moon's surface, no form of life whatever would be encountered. No strange creatures of any kind, no animals, birds, insects or fish would be seen. This would not appear surprising since the whole place would give the impression of a barren desert, devoid of all natural life. There is no water or vapour, and consequently no plants or trees, nor any living thing at all.

Deep shadows would be cast from the ridges and mountain peaks, some of them (the ones we can see from the earth) being 50 or 100 miles long across the ground. All would be silent, harsh, uninviting. Overhead the earth itself, like a much larger and clearer moon, occupying a great portion of the dark sky, would be seen with its white polar ice-caps and the outlines of oceans and continents, as on a classroom globe, plainly visible.

Gravity would still be present but in a much reduced form. The result of this would be that the moon's downward pull would be much less strong than that of the earth, and so ordinary earth-like steps would take on several feet and quite considerable jumps could be made without any trouble. This would also mean that heavy loads could be carried much more easily—an important point for moon explorers.

As can be seen the moon, although the obvious first target for earthbound space-travellers, is not a very inviting place. However adventurous the intrepid voyagers may be, none will be sorry, once their objective has been achieved, to return once more to the comparative comfort and friendliness of our own planet.

END

Books (*Continued from page* 34)

medieval to Blake, Wordsworth, and even Richard Jefferies who, though agnostic, was certainly mystic in his response to nature, especially sun-soaked cornfields. All whose interests are essentially spiritual will find deep satisfaction and illumination in this fine-edged study.

WHO but a Yank—even in a novel—would have thought of sending a cockney urchin prowling into sacred Windsor Castle and barging in on Queen Victoria while she is dining with Disraeli, hoping he will ask her to become Empress of India? Theodore Bonnet commits this *lèse majesté* in **"The Mudlark"** (W. H. Allen, 9s. 6d.), with fantastic political repercussions, even after the lad is led off by the Queen's ghillie, John Brown, and put in a House of Correction. We doubt if she would have been amused by this intrusion; but the reader will be by Mr. Bonnet's picture of Victorian England and his idea of cockney and Irish slang.

B. MONTAGU SCOTT is courageous in her choice of theme: a Jarrow family in the Tyneside shipbuilding slump in **"The Hidden Rocks"** (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.) with the daughter marrying an unemployed riveter, going to London with her two children, and seeing her son revert to Jarrow and his father's craft when war has revived the industry. A very human, convincingly realistic story about a bleak patch in our social history; but may we have from her next, please, one with a background less grey, about people not so love-on-the doleful? Why not something nearer the romance and colour of her own sophisticated town life?

IMMEDIATELY after stumbling on a strangled woman on waste ground, Nigel Cassel in Margaret Bonham's **"The House Across the River"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.) meets in a pub a doctor whom he feels is somehow linked with the crime. With his girl cousin he sets out to solve the mystery of the enigmatic medico, but in no detective thriller manner, rather on a psychological plane. Some complicated explanations at the end are attended by a peke which, we read, "sighed more deeply and a resinous tear showed in the corner of one of its milky eyes." At this point we may be inclined to sigh, too, though it is an exceptionally well written first novel.

AN artist's love idyll in Toulon is the at first happy theme of Marjorie Worthington's **"The Enchanted Heart"** (Collins, 8s. 6d.). Unhappiness and separation come when the man, dogged by some inner trouble, begins to drink, lose grip, and behave abnormally. Asked to return to him, the girl decides that her painting comes first and if she does so she will be lost. Out of the conflict comes a poignant heart-story, told with sensitive skill.

WHEN a political officer in Syria becomes implicated with a settlement of anarchistic D.P.s intent on changing society we may expect international intrigue and drama, especially when its leader is an unusual woman. There is plenty in Geoffrey Household's **"The High Place"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.), whose background reminds one of the Marmaduke Pickthall stories.

WIVES, mistresses, love and family conflict in a setting of Wall Street finance in the crazy twenties make John Harriman's **"The Magnate"** (Hale, 10s. 6d.) one of those solid, competent U.S. novels which are also social documentaries, with real-life characters in the ebb and flow of the struggle for wealth.

AS detective thriller-writer Roy Vickers has no fear of surpassing the credible. By page twenty of **"Murdering Mr. Velfrage"** (Faber, 9s. 6d.) there has been enough shooting and rough-housing to afford most other writers a sensational climax, the chief protagonist being a business man with a fever who dopes himself silly with quinine, picks up solicitor Velfrage on the Great West Road, and goes with him to a house occupied by a woman client who has a sort of Hope Diamond and sham parlourmaid. The ensuing drama should delight all lovers of crime in the raw; it gives me the feeling that I have strayed into a madhouse.

All things considered, I think I prefer the nature notes, plays, stories, poems, songs, and Eileen Soper drawings in Enid Blyton's **"Book of the Year"** (Evans, 12s. 6d.). At least I can be an innocent child again, unsullied by bloody slayings.

OTHER books recommended to the attention of readers include: **"Imperial Tokay,"** by Yolanda Földes (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.); **"Tinsel and Stars,"** by John Paddy Carstairs (Hurst and Blackett, 9s. 6d.); **"Poor Man's Orange,"** by Ruth Park (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.); **"The Green Tree and The Dry,"** by Ivan Roe (Hutchinson, 9s. 6d.); **"Facing South,"** by Winifred Peck (Faber, 9s. 6d.); **"Lay Her Among The Lilies,"** by James Hadley Chase (Robert Hale, 9s. 6d.).

MISCELLANEOUS

Joining the "County Books" but embracing a wider field than those that have gone before, is Hugh Shearman's **"Ulster"** (Robert Hale, 15s.). Mr. Shearman, a member of the younger generation of Ulster writers, is a specialist in history, and, in presenting the chequered story of the North, with all its twists and turns of circumstance through the centuries, such knowledge is invaluable. In **"Among the Doctors"** (Christopher Johnson, 12s. 6d.), Dr. Alfred Cox writes the reminiscences of a full and interesting life from his first entry into general practice to his appointment as Secretary of the British Medical Association. **"The Home Vet,"** by Androcles (Crosby Lockwood, 5s.), is a practical handbook for all pet keepers written by a veterinary surgeon. **"Ladies Long Loved"** (Cornish Brothers, 8s. 6d.) is a further collection of essays and sketches, grave and gay, by A. le Matthison.

END

1.7.50

PRINTED IN ENGLAND by Odhams (Watford) Ltd., St. Albans Road, Watford, Herts, and published monthly by the Proprietors, British National Newspapers, Ltd., Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Advertisement Offices, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford St., W.C.1. Entered as second-class matter June 20th, 1929, at the Post Office, Boston, Mass. under the Act of March 3rd, 1879. Sec. 397 P.L.&R. Registered for transmission by Canadian Magazine Post. Sole Agents for South Africa: Central News Agency, Ltd. Sole Agents for Australia and New Zealand: Messrs. Gordon & Gotch Ltd. Sole Agents for United States of America: The International News Co., Ltd.

GOR-RAY COMPLETES THE PICTURE

GOR-RAY
Registered
skirts one better!

Gor-ray Ltd 107 New Bond Street W1

A-ah! here's the garden fruit...

BIRD'S CUSTARD POWDER

Such a feast of colour! Glowing fruits to tell of the glory of early Summer. Delicate strawberries, rich tints of cherries, raspberries and blackcurrants . . . the bloom of sun-ripened plums . . . the first apples . . . all for your delight.

And, how the velvet-smoothness of Bird's Custard complements the tang of the fruit, served fresh or stewed.

With Bird's you *know* that every bowl of custard you make will be equally creamy, equally smooth, equally perfect. Ask your mother and she will tell you that Bird's quality never changes.

Always better with Bird's Custard